

Sea Girls Part One

By 1941aaa

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Two young men meet at college and fall in love and have a wild adventure.

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Part One. Would you believe that it was a sprig of mistletoe that changed my life? I was then eighteen years of age, but before we get to that, I'd better fill you in prior to this. I was born and raised in Harrow, London, and lived with my mother and father in a nice big house for we were quite well off. My father taught English at my local school while my mother, at the same school, taught French and Domestic Studies, i.e., cooking. They had met at college with my mother being an exchange student from France. They fell in love and got married and managed to secure a place at my school as teachers. I came along two years after their marriage. My Grandmother on my mother's side, being alone in France, came over and lived with us and looked after me in my early years while my mother was at school. So I was brought up speaking both French and English. It was also through my Grandmother and mother that I spent a lot of those years, helping, if that's the right word, in the kitchen and so came to love cooking, especially the cuisine of France. Needless to say that when I did come to attend the same school that my parents taught in, I used to always come top of the class in the Domestic Studies and French, though not so good in all the other subjects. I wasn't bright enough to be able to sit for a university place, much to my parents dismay, but I had shown this remarkable talent for cooking. With me professing that this was what I wanted to do, they agreed to fund me to attend Derwent College which was basically a school for aspiring chefs located in Stanmore. So at the age of eighteen, I left home to attend this college for the next two years. It wasn't really a college per se, but an old hotel that had been adapted to take in twenty students a year, ten boys and ten girls. This was the limit because the old hotel only boasted thirty rooms on two floors so it was a matter of doubling up with the girls on the first floor and the boys on the top floor. The two male teachers had their own rooms on this top floor and the two female teachers had the same on the first floor along with the girls. The top floor also housed the two porters, one on the day shift and one at night. They also acted as the security guards. On the first floor lived the two cleaners, the school secretary did not live in. * On entering the college through the main door, there was a lounge off to the left with a small bar, that we found was tended by one of the teachers on a rota basis. Off at the end was the office. On the right from the hall was the dining room that had been shortened in length by having the kitchen moved up from the basement, which now served as a preparation room as well as having the freezers down there as well as a small bakery. This was also used as a classroom as

was the actual kitchen. * At my initial interview, it was noted that I spoke fluent French as well as being brought up by a domestics teacher which resulted in my being accepted into the college as well as being able to afford the fees which was quite high. It was because of my French that I was paired off to share a room on the top floor with Georges Roznoir, an English born boy but of French parentage. He explained to me later that his family had traced their name as far back as Agincourt where one knight had on his shield a black rose. The latter being spelt as roz in French whereas the noir was black when both translated into English, hence the name, but that was as far as they could go for they couldn't find out his real name as he was always known by his shield. We were introduced in the lounge on our arrival with it being said that we would be sharing a room. I took to him from the off, being about the same height and quite good looking, though with tongue in cheek, not as good looking as me. It was a mixed bunch as it goes in respect of nationalities which was good as we would also be able to learn some of their own countries specialties while they learned ours. The pairings had been made and being given our room numbers, we all trooped out and up the stairs to find them and get settled in. Georges and I with our suitcases in hand, found our room, number twelve and went in. 'Well Rosie,' I said as I dumped my suitcase down on the floor. 'Our home for the next two years.' Instead of using his christian name of Georges, I'd used the play on the first part of his surname and with him not objecting to my calling him this, it became the name he got known by with the others. By the same token I didn't mind him shortening my name of Nicholas to either Nick or Nicky. It was nice to note that as the place had once been an hotel, it contained its own bathroom with the usual facilities, just inside the door on your right as you entered the room. Past this and off to the right were two single beds with a small table between them with a lamp on top. Hanging from the ceiling between the two beds was the main light with a horrible coloured shade. Opposite the beds was a small dressing table with mirror and a chair either side. The wardrobe was built into the wall up against that of the bathroom and opposite was the window that looked out over the street below. 'Which bed would you like?' I asked of him as we surveyed the room. 'It doesn't really matter Nick,' he said. 'A bed's a bed,' as he sat down on the first one, giving a little bounce on it. 'This one will do.' Which pleased me for I would then have the one closer to the window and would be able to catch the breeze first in the height of summer. So I put my suitcase on what would be my bed and opened it and began getting my things out. There were two drawers either side on the dressing table which was as good a place as anywhere for my underpants, socks and handkerchiefs. I hung my trousers and jacket on the right hand side of the wardrobe and found that it also had drawers for shirts and T shirts. Footwear went onto the bottom while toiletries went into the bathroom. As instructed, when we'd finished unpacking and our suitcases put under the beds, we went down to the lounge to be told the rules of the college. There were too many to list here and there were groans from some of the boys to learn that the bar was only open from eight till ten of an evening and that drunkenness would not be tolerated. If we did want to stroll round the town of an evening, we had to be back inside by eleven o'clock. Also the girls were forbidden the top floor and the boys the first floor at all times. Any female caught in a male bedroom would be expelled immediately, the same for the boys if caught or seen coming from a room of a female. 'No fun to had there then,' said Rosie in a whisper to me. 'But they

didn't say anything about when we're outside,' I whispered back to him with a grin. Though I didn't think the girls would go for having it somewhere outside when it was cold. Which was a bit of downer for me seeing as I was still a virgin when it came to having been able to have sex with a girl. * We also learned that it was the second year students who prepared and cooked all the meals, taking it in shifts to do this and what we would be doing in our second year. This first year being to be able to know all kinds of fish and meats. How to pick the freshest and learn how to cut joints and gut fish and really start at the very beginning of the culinary art. This also included the art of baking and making pastries etc. Though there were some like me, that had been brought up in this way, there still would be a lot to learn. * Our first dinner there was above café style but on a par with any good hotel in its presentation and taste and I enjoyed it. Rosie and I had two beers at the bar in the lounge afterwards before going up to our room and bed. We had to be up for breakfast at eight for our lessons would start at nine. When in the second year, our start in the morning would be six o'clock to prepare the breakfast if it was our turn. This was to be my first night away from home and then to be sharing a bedroom with another person, though I wouldn't have minded it being a girl. Rosie, I learned later, had a brother and so wasn't as shy as I was in undressing until naked in the presence of another male. With his clothes off and placed on the chair on the left of the dressing table, he went off into the bathroom to brush his teeth and have a pee before getting into bed. I saw, in his nakedness, that he had a prick and balls about the same size as mine and as he was prepared to walk about near like this, I soon lost any inhibitions about him seeing me fully naked. I'm not ashamed to admit that I did shed a few tears into my pillow that first night, it being my first time away from home, but soon got over that as I had fun for the rest of the year. * I learned that Rosie's family owned a bakery in Barnet, just north of London and this was his speciality in the confectionery line whereas mine was in French cooking. It's all very well in the cooking and preparation of these meals but it was here that I really learned how to first cut the joints of meat for me to be able to do it right by the joint or chop. During that first term, we were mixed on a frequent basis, each learning what we knew from the other and I got on quite well with both the girls and the boys, and before we knew it, Christmas was upon us and we all mucked in with seeing to what would be our Christmas dinner that followed up into being a grand little party in the bar to round off the last night before the holiday. The lounge had been gaily decorated with chains, balloons, streamers and mistletoe. With there being several sprigs of the latter, they got many a couple getting a kiss while being beneath it. I think I got to kiss most of the girls of both years during our drinking over the two hours that the bar was open. I also surprised myself by how much I drank in those two hours too, for I was quite tipsy when the bar finally shut down. Rosie enjoyed himself too for he was in much the same state as I was and he even stumbled as we went upstairs after finally saying goodnight to those still there in the lounge. It was in this state that I pulled down one of the sprigs of mistletoe and took it up to our room. We bounced off several walls on our way before falling into our room. We both sat on the ends of our beds as we took off our clothes, throwing them in the direction of the chair opposite until we were naked. I then stood up and with the sprig of mistletoe in my hand, got up onto my bed and straddled my legs to stand on his too and fixed it to the horrible lamp shade that hung from the ceiling. I nearly fell over when I got down

but was satisfied to see it hanging there and beckoned Rosie to come over to me as I now stood beneath it. 'I haven't wished you a Merry Christmas yet,' I slurred. 'Come and give me a kiss.' He stood up, nearly falling over and came round between the beds and into my arms. 'Merry Christmas,' I said and held him close to me and we kissed. Boy! That was some kiss we gave each other, arms tight to the other, pressing not only our lips, but our bodies up close and we both got the same reaction. I could feel his cock rise up and be hard, the same as mine between our tightly joined bodies. Both our lips seemed to part at the same time and our tongues met and began to move against the other as the kiss became prolonged. I think we were both conscious of how our cocks were throbbing being tightly squashed between us but neither of us seemed to want to break off the physical contact we were having. But we did. 'Christ!' we both said in unison as our bodies came apart, looking into each other's eyes, trying to see what this kiss had meant, but I couldn't see what he was thinking and I don't think he knew what I was either. Our outstanding cocks were still touching each other as our hands were still in contact with our upper bodies. 'I've got to get rid of this.' I gasped as I moved away and went past him and into the bathroom, my cock, up hard and throbbing, painfully I might add. I leaned my left hand up onto the tiled wall above the toilet and used my right hand to jerk myself off, which didn't take more than a few strokes for me to start shooting my sperm out and into the toilet bowl. What a relief that was but it had also put my mind in a turmoil. I had kissed quite a few of the girls when down in the lounge but not have the reaction that I'd just had in the kissing of Rosie. The thought of any kind of homosexuality between us never entered my thoughts at this time and so I gave my now deflating cock a final shake before going back into the bedroom. Rosie was now in bed and his face was screwed up, his eyes closed and I could see that his hand was under the covers by his stomach and knew that he had just finished in jerking himself off. His body had reacted the same as mine at the contact and I wondered just what were his thoughts at this time. I got into my own bed and turned off the lamp and settled down but not in my mind as I tried to get to grips with the way my body had reacted to that kiss. I fell asleep while still stroking my now flaccid penis. As I said at the beginning, it was that sprig of mistletoe that started things off. * Nothing was said between us in the morning when we got up and saw to our ablutions before getting dressed and packed before leaving to go to our respective homes for Christmas. Goodbyes were said to all the others with the wishes for a merry time and also a happy New Year as we left the college to go off to the station for the train. That was the Bakerloo line though I had to change at Wembley Park onto the Met. Line for Harrow. Rosie had got a taxi for this would be far quicker for him than trying to get to Barnet by underground. * It now seemed strange to get undressed on my own and not have Rosie there opposite me as I got into bed and turned the light off, not saying goodnight to him that evening. In the darkness there, I then thought of the kiss we had and how both our bodies reacted to this. It hadn't happened when I kissed the girls under the mistletoe but it had with him. Just this thought had brought my cock up to a full erection and I slowly rubbed it as I thought of that kiss again. I pushed the covers back so that I had my cock upright in my hand as I moved the outer skin up and down the shaft, loving the feel and wondered if I would react the same way again if we kissed. The next minute I was rubbing myself hard and gave out a sigh as my coming shot up all

over my stomach and lower chest, squeezing hard to get the last drops out before fumbling for a handkerchief to wipe myself clean. With another sigh, I pushed the handkerchief under my pillow and dropped off to sleep with the thought of kissing Rosie again when we returned to the college. * It was a lovely Christmas again, me helping mum do the main dinner and was not denied having some wine with them at the meal, well I was eighteen and allowed to have a drink now and then. Even though we had central heating in the house, we still had an open fireplace and we burnt the traditional Yule Log on Christmas Eve. Logs were burnt on New Year's Eve too as we saw in the New Year and a few days after this, mum and dad went back to work while I still had a few more days before it was my time to leave for the college. The parting wasn't so bad this time when I kissed mum goodbye and shook dad's hand and it wasn't long before I was back in my room at the college. * I was there before Rosie and saw that the mistletoe was still hanging from the lampshade before I unpacked my suitcase. It wasn't long before he turned up and we wished each other a Happy New Year before we went down for our dinner that had been cooked by the second year students that had to start on as soon as they had arrived. We had a couple of beers in the lounge before we went up to our room, nearly everybody turned in early. We sat, as we usually did, on the bottom end of our beds to undress, throwing our clothes onto the chair opposite. I was naked first and sat down near the top of my bed until Rosie walked round where I then stood up and faced him, standing under the sprig of mistletoe. 'We had a Christmas kiss under this,' I said as I looked up at the sprig hanging there, making him glance up to it. 'Shall we wish each other a Happy New Year the same way?' I said somewhat shyly. We looked into each other's eyes, a small smile on his face as he nodded and moved into my arms and our lips met again in our second kiss. Holding each other as we went into a clinch, the fronts of our bodies met as did our pricks and, as before, with this close contact as we kissed, our pricks became rampant cocks again, being squashed between us. 'Oh Christ!' I said as our lips parted but with us still pressing our bodies against each other. 'It's happened again,' I managed to say in a strangled voice. 'Mmmm,' he murmured as the tip of his tongue came out and moved across the lips I had just kissed. My cock throbbed even more as I saw this for it was so erotic to my mind then. 'I've got to get rid of this,' I stuttered as I pulled free from his arms and went off to the bathroom and jerked off into the toilet bowl. He did the same as last time, by laying in his bed and I saw that he had just done the same though it must have been into a handkerchief. I quickly got into my own bed and turned off the lamp but I couldn't get off to sleep, thinking of that kiss again and it wasn't long before I was up hard again. 'Nick. Are you still awake?' I heard Rosie whisper. 'Yes,' I whispered back, still slowly rubbing my second erection. 'I...I've been thinking about the kiss we had,' he said. 'So have I,' I replied, feeling a tremor run through my body. 'Would...could we have another,' he stuttered, 'for I liked it.' 'So did I,' I said with a tremble in my voice. 'Will you get into bed with me so that we could have another one?' his voice low as he asked this. 'Yes,' I said, my heart thumping as I pushed my covers back and got out from my bed and moved that short space across to his. He'd pushed down the cover for me to get in alongside him, our bodies touching and I could feel the heat that his was giving off. He couldn't help but feel that I had an erection as I turned on my side towards him, it getting squashed up tight to his thigh. My arm went across his chest as in the dim light coming

in from the window, I could see that his eyes were shining and saw him give his lips a touch with his tongue. 'Oh Rosie,' I groaned as I then moved right over and on top of him, feeling that he was as hard as I was. His arms came round my back as I moved my head down and our lips met once again in a kiss. There was passion from both of us as we kissed, mashing our lips against each other until they parted and our tongues gave both of us a kind of an electric shock. My cock was really hurting me now as our tongues played with each other and I began to move my body up on his, feeling our cocks rubbing together as I moved. 'This is lovely,' he murmured as I moved on top of him and I gave him another kiss before speaking. 'If I keep doing this, I'm going to come all over your stomach,' I said. 'Then let it go for I'm nearly there now,' he replied and raised his head to kiss me again. I leaned my head forward to push his down as I kissed him back and began to really move myself up on top of him. I could feel his hard cock rubbing against mine between our stomachs and loved the feel of where it was and kept moving, getting faster as I reached my peak and began to shudder as I came. I could feel it squishing out between us and knew from his movements under me that he too had come at the same time, smearing our joined sperm between us. We both gave out a sigh as I slowed down and could feel the sticky mess making our stomachs slippery. 'That was great,' he said as his hands came up to the sides of my head and pulled it down for him to mash his lips tight up mine in yet another kiss. 'It was,' I said when he released me. 'But let me clean up the mess we're now in,' I said as I eased my body up off of his, hearing a squelching noise as we parted. I got off the bed and went into the bathroom and wet a flannel and wiped the joined mess of our coming from my stomach and cock before rinsing it and taking it back into the bedroom. He was still on his back, his deflating cock still on his stomach as I wiped the mess from this and ran it over the head of his cock. 'Get back in,' he said hoarsely as I finished, so dropping the flannel on the floor, got back into bed with him. Here we both rolled onto our sides and kissed again and just kept stroking each other's body until we fell asleep. * It was strange to wake up feeling another body next to mine and my morning erection pressed up tight to his back. It didn't take long for it to sink in where I was and my hand moved over his thigh and felt that he too had an erection and gave out a small groan as I grasped it firmly and began moving my hand up and down on the hard shaft. 'That's nice,' he murmured. 'Don't stop. Just keep going.' I realised that he would come all over the sheet if I did so, so I quickly released him and rolled the other way to be able to reach down to the floor and pick up the flannel. He'd given out a groan when I had released him and had now rolled over onto his back so I had to shift my body so that I was almost hanging out over the side of the bed. He was smiling up at me as I took hold of him again but now with the flannel over the head of his cock as I resumed jerking him off. It didn't take long before I felt his thighs tighten up as he began to spend himself into the flannel. His eyes were closed as he sighed and knew that he had finished. 'My turn to see to you now,' he said as he shifted his body for me to lie down on my back, my cock hard and throbbing now up and laying on my stomach. How lovely it was to have a different hand from mine doing what I like being done to my morning erection. Having been really aroused at doing it to him, I was soon bucking my hips as I came in the flannel that he'd put over the head. 'Just lovely,' I said, breathing out at just having another wonderful experience of being seen to by someone else in this fashion. He leaned over and

gave me another kiss before saying that it was time we got up for a shower. * It seemed a long day before we were back in the lounge to have our beer and getting a secret smile from Rosie as we sat together with the others, talking over the day and it wasn't long before we left the lounge and went up to our room. It didn't take long for our clothes to be taken off until naked and it was Rosie who went and stood under the mistletoe for a kiss before bed. Our bodies met at the same time as our lips and had our upright cocks again being squashed between us. 'Can we do the same in your bed tonight?' he breathed out as our kiss was broken off. 'I can't wait,' I smiled back at him as we came apart for me to turn and pull the covers down and get onto the bed. He smiled back at me as I opened my arms for him to get on and in between them, lying on top of me this time. It was nice to have his body on mine, feeling our cocks being pressed hard into my stomach. We kissed but much slower this time, still feeling the passion but without the mashing of our lips. These parted for our tongues to touch and tease as my arms held him tight round his back as he began to move on top of me. It was wonderful having this experience of another person on top of me, feeling our cocks moving between us. 'I'm coming,' I managed to gasp out between our kisses. 'So am I,' he grunted and this time I was able to feel his seed start to coat my stomach along with mine as he still moved on top, pushing himself down hard on me as we released the pressure from our balls. He moved his body sideways after we had finished, still kissing and feeling our sperm getting smeared all over my stomach. 'My turn to do the cleaning up,' he said, giving my nose a kiss before easing himself up to the noise of our bodies parting. His cock, still hard, swayed nicely as he moved as he went off to the bathroom to get the flannel. I lay there looking down at the mess we'd made on my stomach and ran my fingers down into it and got quite a lot sticking to them. Now what made me do what I did next, amazed me, for I then stuck these sticky fingers into my mouth and sucked off the mixture of our two lots of semen. There was a slight taste that I couldn't put a name to and even went and took some more onto my fingers and sucked this off too. I was still sucking my fingers when Rosie came back into the room with a damp flannel to wipe me and I somehow felt somewhat pleased with myself for having done what I had and wondered what a mouthful would be like and if I could then identify what the taste was of. He wiped me down before putting the flannel on the side and got into bed with me, where we kissed and cuddled each other till we fell asleep. This then became the pattern for us every night, taking it in turns to be the one on top in our respective beds. I again, when I was underneath, would sample the product from our balls by taking scoops of it to try and work out what the taste was. The pattern was changed about three weeks later. * Down in the lounge was a vending machine that sold a variety of things, and on this evening, Rosie bought a chocolate ice cream bar to take up to our room. He went and put this down on the dressing table before we took our turns in the bathroom, the cleaning of teeth etcetera. Our undressing routine was the same and when naked, we kissed under the mistletoe and it was several minutes before we broke this off. 'I forgot my ice cream,' he said, moving over to the dresser and peeling off the top half of the wrapper. 'Want a bit?' he asked as he sat down on his bed, breaking off the end. 'No thanks,' I said as I sat down opposite him as I watched some of the ice cream start to drop off the end. 'Bloody thing's melting already,' he said, catching a few drops and taking another mouthful. I watched this as suddenly, a small lump of this ice cream

broke away from the bar and landed squarely on the top of his erect cock. 'Hell!' he mouthed as I watched that blob of cream start to slide off the head. Now I don't know why I did what I did then, but I slipped off my bed onto my knees and went and caught that blob of ice cream with my mouth. Though it wasn't just the ice cream that I took in, but nearly the whole length of his cock. I felt the blob slide down my throat but also felt the heat of his body that had melted it and with this loose cream moving about, sucked it off, using my tongue too in the process. Rosie had given out a gasp as the cold ice cream landed on the partly exposed flesh of his cock and then a second gasp as my mouth closed over it. Now he gave out a groan as I sucked on him, me getting a queer kind of feeling in the pit of my stomach at what I had suddenly found myself doing. I felt my face flush at what I was doing and lifted my head up off of him, seeing what I had just sucked on as if it was the first time that I had looked at it. I looked up at him and saw that his head was thrown back and his eyes were closed but what I noticed more was the fact that he had actually clenched his fist and now his ice cream was dripping all out from between his fingers. He must have grasped it hard when I had taken the head of his cock into my mouth and had squeezed it hard enough to half melt and now drip down to the floor. 'Wow!' he exclaimed, opening his eyes and looking down at me before noticing what had happened to his ice cream. 'Shit!' he now cried out as he stood up, his cock bouncing nicely before my eyes as he moved round the bottom of the bed and off to the bathroom. He must have thrown the rest into the toilet for I heard it flush and then the running of the basin tap. 'That was just great Nick,' he said as he came back into the room. 'Will you do it again in bed?' he asked as he pulled me up and kissed me. It took a moment for me to break free and give out a shaky laugh. 'If you want,' I said, 'though I'll want you to do the same to me.' 'That I will as I liked it, so I think you'll like it too,' he said as he turned and got into his bed, holding the cover up for me to get in alongside him. This I did and went into his arms for our kisses and my mind was in a whirl that I was shortly about to move down the bed and take him into my mouth again. After a few minutes, we broke off and looked into each other's eyes and smiled. I then gave him a quick peck on the lips and moved slightly and kissed his chin and began to move slowly, kissing my way down his body. Butterflies were flitting around in my stomach as my tongue rove down over his, feeling the head of his cock touch the side of my head. I moved mine and looked at the fiery head of his cock, twitching away, it partly exposed by the forced back foreskin and I gave my lips an unconscious wipe with my tongue before opening my mouth and taking him back inside once again. I heard the groan he gave out as I used my lips to push the foreskin right back so that I had the bare flesh under my tongue as I moved it round the head. I felt his stomach muscles tighten up when it stroked over the G string but couldn't suck on him properly until I had more saliva in my mouth. So for a minute or two, I let my tongue continue to stroke the flesh of his cock head while my hand just gently moved the skin up and down the hard shaft. With enough saliva in my mouth, I moved up onto my left elbow to be able to hold his erection upright and was then able to bob my head up and down on the head of his cock as I rubbed the shaft harder. I felt his thigh start to go rigid as he gave out another groan. 'I'm coming Nick, I'm coming,' he gasped and I held my lips tight round the base of the head as his hips started to jerk towards my bobbing head. His cock seemed to swell a little bit more as I felt the first of his coming come up his cock and have it erupt in my mouth. Not one

load, but several, filling my mouth completely. It nearly made me gag as some started to slide down my throat but held most of it there till he stopped his bucking and only then could I swallow what was there. It went down smoothly until I only had the residue there to find that the taste was slight but not unpleasant, and carried on licking all round the head, gently squeezing to get the last drops out before lifting my head up to see the big smile on Rosie's face. 'That was fantastic Nick!' he exclaimed. 'Was it as good for you as it was for me?' he asked, his eyes really shining. 'You'll find out,' I said with a grin, feeling rather pleased with myself for what I had just done and now realised that my own erection was up hard and really starting to pain me. 'Now shift over so that you can see to me in the same way.' He moved himself over onto his side so that I could lay down flat and when settled, he leaned over and kissed me the same as I had done to him and then began to kiss his way down. I couldn't help but give out a tremble as his hand took hold of my cock and hold it upright in his hand. He turned his head and gave me a smile before turning back to lower his head and take my throbbing cock head into his mouth. I gave out a gasp as it was taken in to the heat of his body and gurgled with delight when I felt his tongue move over the top and felt the foreskin being pushed back. It was glorious to feel the movement as it caressed the bare flesh and closed my eyes at the pleasure I was getting. I was loving the way his hand, the first one to ever handle my cock in this fashion, was holding it tight and rubbed the soft skin up and down on the hard muscle beneath. It wasn't long with his hand movements and his sucking that I neared my peak, and like him, had gasped out that I was about to come. 'Mmmm,' was all I got in response except for him grasping me tighter and moving his hand a bit faster and I gave myself up to the pleasure as my hips began to move up to meet his bobbing down head and started to send my seed up into his mouth. It was lovely. Very lovely indeed. The bonus I got was the fact that he was fondling my balls at the same time. He must have swallowed my coming for he didn't let go of me for several minutes as he kept on sucking and squeezing. He finally lifted his head up and gave the top of my cock a kiss before moving up the bed and into my open arms for a kiss. 'That was just great,' he said, his eyes shining brightly after our kiss. 'We should have started doing this earlier.' 'What did you think of the taste?' I asked. 'Can't really say. It wasn't as unpleasant as I thought it might have been,' he replied. 'So you prefer us doing it this way instead of us rubbing our cocks up against each other's stomach then?' I asked. 'Oh yes! I enjoyed it. Didn't you?' 'Of course my sweet,' I said, giving him another kiss as well as a strong hug, and it was with lying in each other's arms that we fell asleep. * We were now in the habit of sleeping together in alternate beds, which made the morning task of making it down to just the one bed being made up. This wasn't one of the cleaners job. In our lessons, I noticed that we seemed to be handling more food in its raw state than we would be eating and learned the reason why. This surplus as it were, was made up into dinners that the college had a contract with an old people's home, and that the college prepared both lunches and dinner for the people residing there. This offset the cost of the food for us to learn on and not be wasted. I also found that Rosie was simply a wizard at the art of baking, be it bread, rolls and pastries and other small delicacies that he'd learned from his parent's bakery. His vol-au-vents were first class. I didn't really have a speciality like this and that was why I was there at the college to learn. We laboured away with things like a side of beef and have to cut out

all the joints etc, until we only had the bare bones left which were used in some soups to get the marrow out. The only thing I didn't really like was the handling of a live eel and have to cut its head off before cutting it up into manageable pieces. One of the main things I was not used to and that was how to prepare crab and lobster which became one of my best dishes in the end. Crab sticks was a dirty word at the college. So not only were we learning about food preparation and the serving up of such, Rosie and I were learning more about the erogenous zones of the male body at night. As I think I've already mentioned, we only slept in one of the beds at night, holding and kissing each other as we fondled the parts that we liked to use in our sexual couplings, though this was all oral at the time. Taking it in turns to go down and take the throbbing erect penis of the other into our mouths to suck and gently chew on till we brought about the desired result. This eventually developed into where we would do it to each other at the same time. Top to tail, sucking and playing with the erection in front of our eyes and also found out that we could, later I might add, that some certain spices we could identify in the sperm as we rolled it round in our mouths before swallowing. We would do this to each other at least three nights a week and we would also do it in the morning before getting up if we didn't oversleep, and before we knew it, it was half term. As much as I missed my parents when I was at the college, this short ten day break meant not having Rosie sleeping with me and I found that I missed this more when in my bed at home at nights. Here I could only masturbate and think and imagine that it was Rosie doing it to me, but missing having him suck on the end of my pulsating piece of meat. On returning to the college and going up to my room after this short break, I found that Rosie was there before me. As soon as I dropped my bag on the floor, he pulled me in between the beds and under the now very wilted piece of mistletoe where he hugged and kissed me. I think he missed me as much as I had missed him. I think that this was the first time that we kissed under this while still wearing our clothes, which I might add, didn't stay on long before they were off and we both fell naked onto one of the beds and went down on each other. It was just great to be lying on my side again and having his wonderful erect cock in my hand, pulling the foreskin down to reveal the flaming red head of his cock just waiting to be sucked and chewed. What a delight it was to take him back inside and suck and lick it all over, making him quiver as I touched the G string with my tongue and to also have the same being done to my throbbing erect cock. But now we also used our teeth to nibble our way up and down the solid shaft and sometimes take in the opposite pair of balls to roll around but without using the teeth on these soft plums inside their sac. So we were into the last quarter of our first year there knowing that in the coming year, we would actually be cooking the meals for the others, though on a rota system. This was that five would cook for the forty odd persons that lived in the college as well as the meals for the old people's home, for one week and then assist for the other weeks. But I will come to the exams later as it applied to us. This last part of our first year soon came to an end and Rosie and I made pigs of ourselves in trying to stuff our mouths as much as possible with each other's dick as we could manage, it having to last us for the six weeks we would be away back in our respective homes. There actually were tears in the eyes of Rosie as we kissed one more time under the mistletoe as we said our goodbyes to each other, and seeing his, brought some to my eyes too. * Back home, mum and dad were delighted in the meals that I cooked for them, showing

them what I had learned so far at the college and to justify what they had paid out for me to do so. This was my way of not paying for my lodging as it were, though they would never have asked me for any with me not really earning a wage. The days I got through fine but it was when I would get into my bed of a night that I felt at my worse. I would nearly always have an erection and I would gently rub myself as I thought of Rosie. Rosie getting undressed and seeing his naked body before me, waiting for me to take him into my arms to kiss and press our naked bodies up tight against each other. To feel his hard cock being squashed between us and then taking hold of it and taking it into my mouth to suck and chew on and get him to erupt and give me his semen to taste and savour before swallowing it. I could also see in my mind's eye, his naked body as he went off to the bathroom, seeing the cheeks of his bum slowly move up and down in the motion of him walking. This brought on a craving that I would then like to be able to put my cock in between those ripe cheeks and fuck the arse off him. It was when I got to this point that I would then shoot my load all up and over my stomach and give out a groan that he wasn't there to suck on me. As much as I liked being home, my heart was back in the college with Rosie. So much were my thoughts on my now wanting to fuck him, went out and bought two dozen condoms and a pot of cream to take back with me when the time came. Mum thought it somewhat strange that I didn't go out some evenings to try and find a girl friend, but was pleased that I threw myself wholeheartedly into giving them the best meals I could produce. The first week of September came round and it was time that mum and dad started back at their teaching posts at their school, leaving me at home alone for that one week before college started. It was then that I realised that if it became possible for me to fuck Rosie, he would then want to fuck me in return. How would I react to be then playing the role of being the woman? This gave me food for thought, but not for long for as much as I liked having his erection in my mouth, I now wanted to know what it would be like in having it rammed up my backside. Could I act the part of a woman for him to fuck me? This chain of thought caused me to wander into my parents bedroom and go through the drawer that held mum's lingerie. Just running my hands through what was there made me tremble and have the sudden desire to put some of it on. I carefully took note of how things were placed in the drawer before pulling out a brassiere and a pair of stockings as well as a suspender belt to hold them up. I could hardly contain myself as I quickly stripped my clothes off and sat down on the bed and inexpertly rolled the nylon stockings up my legs. Boy, didn't I get a hard on in just doing this. It was sticking out in front and throbbing like mad, but refrained from touching it while in the process of putting on these female garments. I had no chance of putting the clips of the belt into the hooks with it being behind me and so brought it round to the front and clipped it on this way before pulling it round my waist. I stood up and pulled up the tops of the stockings and put the studs into the clips. This took several goes at doing this, making the studs stay in place and hold the stockings up. My cock was bouncing about as I twisted my body round to be able to clip the side ones properly. I decided to fix the bra in the same way by doing it from the front before twisting it round and then putting my arms through the shoulder straps before settling it down at the front. I used my socks to pad the cups out and when this was in place, finally stood up and went and looked at myself in the wardrobe mirror. It looked rather incongruous to see myself with these bits of female clothing on and have a massive

erection sticking out in front of me that I almost laughed, but at the same time, got a vicarious thrill at seeing myself in this mode of attire. So much so that I actually began posing myself before this mirror, giving my mouth a pout and looked to see just how I looked at different angles. My hair was now quite long, not having had it cut for nearly a year, making it more of a pony tail, I now pulled it forward round my head to frame my face. This was really the first time that I had studied my looks and saw, not without some dismay, that if it wasn't for my cock jutting out like it was, I could actually be looking at a female posing in front of this mirror. With this thought in mind, went and sat down at the dressing table and used mum's brush on my hair, bringing more forward and round and saw that with a little make-up on, I would indeed look very much like a female and not a male at all. With my erection really paining me now at just looking at myself, I quickly got my handkerchief out of my trousers that were lying on the floor and posed myself before the full length mirror and jerked myself off. Too many thoughts flashed through my mind in those few moments of me jerking away at my cock. One being how would Rosie react to seeing me dressed like this? Would Rosie dress up like this so that I could think that it was a woman that I was fucking instead of a man? They were the main two though I had to overcome the first hurdle and that would be getting Rosie to bend over for me to fuck him. Other thoughts ranged through my mind as I took off this clothing and carefully replaced it exactly the way that I had found it in the drawer. I mulled these over as I got dressed back into my own clothes and went downstairs and made myself some lunch. I cooked dinner for my parents again that night and later, when I was in bed, I relived the thrill I had got in putting on that female underwear and jerked myself off again before falling asleep. This dressing up I did every morning for the few remaining days of the holiday, loving the thrill and erotic stimulation I got from pulling up the nylon stockings and fixing them to the belt before parading myself in front of the mirror. With my hair brushed properly and wearing the bra, with my cock and balls pushed back between my legs, it looked as though I was actually seeing a woman reflected in that wardrobe mirror. I tried turning round to see what I looked like from the back, but couldn't do so without another mirror to look into, which we didn't have. *