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Subject: A Term at Mollie's 5

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.

Thanks to Steve, Mark, Clive, Benjamin, Kavi, and Andi who have contacted me to say how much they are enjoying the tale so far. I always welcome constructive criticism so long as it's praise (ho! ho!ho!). If you have any ideas for future thought, please contact me.

A Term at Mollie's

Chapter Five.

It is the custom at Mollies as an all male School, that when swimming in the beautiful, indoor pool, not to wear a costume. As a language Master, and the most junior at that, I was expected to oversee sports and pastimes when the boys were not formally under the tutelage of a Master. There had to be someone present, due to Health and Safety Regulations, and if any of the lads wanted an 'out of hours' dip they would find someone to cover. So it was not surprising when Rose and Melhuish knocked at my Room door one Saturday after lunch and asked if I would oversee a group who wanted a swim. I was up-to-date with my work and had little to amuse me. I told them to get their friends together and wait at the entrance for me, whilst I went to the keys safe for the whole Gymnasium Block Keys.

About twenty boys were waiting for me and without any ado I unlocked the pool, gymnasium and changing rooms. Its a sad reflection that everything had to be individually locked to curtail vandalism by local 'yobs'. I went into the gymnasium Office and hung up the keys before walking into the gymnasium to ensure that there newer sufficient boys to use the trampoline, 4 spotters a safety. Next through the training room to find Rose, a keen and muscular Senior from one of the other Houses, preparing for some circuit training. Then on into the pool hall. The boys were waiting around the sides for me to blow a whistle giving them the OK to enter the water. As I scanned the perimeter of the pool, I was conscious of their playful excitement, and could not help noticing the different amounts of pubic hair on display. Some were simply pre-pubescent, reflected by their height and build, and others were much taller and less gangly, sporting sprouts of hair in groin and armpits. Then there were those who had no hair at all, completely shaven everywhere. This was totally acceptable by the other boys as a fashion statement, like hair gel, or ear studs. I noticed several of the Seniors had nipple pins.

As the blast of my whistle died away the noise level in the hall was shattered. A make-shift game of 'British Bulldogs' started and the number of lads diving in across the pool dwindled as those in the water 'caught' them. It only took about seven or eight crossings and the number had diminished to two, with the rest catching. They split up, with Melhuish going up to one end and Roberts down near the others. Then they nodded to each other and dived to reach the other side. Melhuish disappeared under a concentration of thrashing, grabbing bodies, like minnows going for bread, whilst Roberts almost outwitted the bunch out for him but finally succumbed, being brought to the surface about 7 feet short of the pool side by Schwartz who had a two-handed grasp of his cock and

balls to tether him. The game over I opened the equipment locker doors, so they could have access to floats, polo balls and the like and went back into the Office.

Like most of the School, the facilities were reasonably hi-tech. From the Office I could keep good watch over the whole interior of the building via closed circuit TV. A bank of a dozen monitors enabled me to keep watch without moving a muscle. When the building was empty this set up was able to record continuously for 24 hours, with a control panel able to instantly show any incidence of movement the cameras detected. A tell-tale light was flashing on the panel to show that movement had been detected since last checked. A push of a button started a reply on a monitor.

At about 10 am that day, four pupils had entered, locking the door behind them. As I watched the camera switched to that in the training room. The boys were already in t shirts and shorts and they went over to the weight training benches. Two lay on the benches whilst two stood at their heads to help handle the weighted bars. I presumed that they must have had permission to gain access and cast my gaze to the live monitors, studying each to make sure that nothing untoward was happening.

It must have been a few minutes later when I cast a glance at the recorded monitor to find that the boys were 69ing on a bench. Their t shirts and shorts removed, they were just clad in jocks, with the pouches pulled to one side so that each could suck his partner. As I watched, the lad laying on the bench put his legs in the air and his partner reached round his buttocks and inserted a finger in his friend's bum hole while continuing to suck him. I was able to see that his friend was having the same done back to him, as the camera could see the reflection in the mirrors that lined the walls. The other couple had arranged themselves so the bench ran parallel to the mirror and the lad underneath also had his legs up in the air, but he was being soundly fucked in the arse by his mate, who stood with his feet either side of the bench. Both were looking at the reflection of themselves as they moved. Then one of the tops said something to the other top and they both stood up and moved to stand in-front of the mirrors. Each took the erect cock of the other and began a quick wank, whilst they watched themselves. After twenty or so pumps they split again, to stand over the faces of the two laying on the benches, who were wanking themselves in a frenzy. I could see by their body twitchings, that all four were close to cumming, and suddenly the one that had been arse fucked spurted cum up his front. This signalled the others to cum, and each in turn either coated their stomach or the waiting face below. As they finished was aware of someone standing at the door watching me.

"We've finished in the Gym and put everything away, Sir. Rose asked me to tell you he was out of 'training' as well. Asked me to tell you as he saw you were busy. We're all going to be in the pool. And wondered if you would like to join us?" Without waiting for a reply, the tousled hair disappeared poolwards, leaving me to check the empty monitors to verify what the lad had said. I reset the motion detection panel and left to go the the changing room.

I could hear a shower running as I removed my clothes and hung them on a peg. As I entered the shower-room the give myself a rinse-down I saw Rose, under a shower with his back to me. I started my shower and Rose asked over the noise, "Pass me some Shampoo will you," holding his hand out behind him. I don't think he realised it was me, but I reached for the bottle and handed it to him.

He turned as he said "Thanks," and I could see that he had a half hard cut cock. I stood luxuriating in the hot falling water. My own 10 inches was now hanging nicely, jutting out a little before pointing at the floor. I had taken time out the previous night to shave my pubic area, denuding all the way from my ring, along my crack to my cock and balls. Rose's eyes never left looking at them as he said, "Must say thanks for letting us in this afternoon. Much appreciated. Heard about the School Council decision earlier in the week. Think it's well deserved. Well done and Welcome."

And then he started lathering his crutch with a handful of shampoo.

“Thanks,” I answered a bit lamely, “Got to go to the pool,” and I left him to do what a boy seemingly at Mollies has to do, constantly. As I entered the poolside, several boys called me to be next to them and I chose to stand next to Melhuish. Somebody yelled “Go,” and we all dived to the other side. Another “Go,” and we returned to the first side, snaking agilely out over the poolside to stand again. I saw a couple of lads looking up from the water at my bum and hanging balls and cock. The water was cool, but not cold, and the 'crown jewels' were still hanging. I bent over and gave each a hand, pulling them out the water and landing them on the poolside. “Gosh, thanks Sir” they both said in unison, staring at my cluster now it was in close-up.

“Go,” was shouted and we all dived back into the pool. There were quite a few catchers now, but I found that instead of trying to pin my arms to my side and lift me bodily off the pool floor, thereby officially 'catching' me, I felt several people feeling my crutch, cupping my balls and holding my cock, as I swam past. This happened several times I dived from side to side, and I started to get a hard-on, my cock swinging from side to side as it engorged with excited blood when I stood up out of the water and readied for the next dive. Finally there were less than five of us left on the poolside, each sporting an erection, myself included, whilst the majority were in the water looking up at us. A shouted “Go,” and we all dived, but I found myself the sole target, with hands grasping at me from everywhere, as the water was thrashed into foam by this feeding frenzy. I found the bottom of the pool and stood up, whereupon my cock was enveloped by one hot mouth determined to give me a suck underwater. For my part I responded in a similar manner, my hands brushing and clutching balls and little stiffies (and some not so little stiffies), all the while wading toward the shallower end. I had boys holding onto my legs and waist to try and stop me moving, and one jumped up onto my back.

I reached up and back and took hold of him, pulling him over my head. He was now at my mercy and upside down. I let him slip through my hands until I had hold of his waist and then lowered him so he could suck my hard cock, now above the water, and his object of desire. In turn I lowered my head and firstly licked his balls, and then managed to suck in the whole length of his four inch finger of a cock. Some of the other boys surrounded us and splashed us with water, bouncing up and down with glee. Eventually he became too heavy to hold and I carefully let him down into the shallow water. Finally with a shout of, “Everyone out! It's have a shower time,” I made for the ladder to climb out.

Standing on the side, my 10 inches pointing the way out like a baton, I cleared all from the pool and followed them into the showers. The shower room was full of steam and shouts, as the naked boys from each year, goosed and clutched others as they stood under the showers. I stood back from the melee and watched. Over here a lad leaned under a shower head with his arms on the tiled wall, either side of the up-pipe, enjoying another lad bum-fuck him using soap as lube. A third was kneeling to one side watching the cock go in and out whilst he wanked the standing lad's cock. Over there a boy was laying on the tiles whilst four others circle jerked over him, aiming to splatter his face and chest with spunk. I went over to watch them and a lad got behind me. He reached round my hip to hold my cock and started to wank me. I could feel his own cock pushing and pulling between my cheeks, grazing across my brown ring, but he did not enter me.

Seeing me as part of the circle jerk, others joined in, until there were about ten lads wanking. My wanker lubricated his hand with shampoo, and the head started to get covered with foam. I redirected some of the shower water to wash it off a bit, and the lad behind stuck two slippery fingers through my legs to tickle my balls. Then they slipped back to my hole, and in. I moved my legs further apart and allowed him better access whilst he continued to wank his hand up and down my cock. Suddenly, his searching fingers found my prostate and the two fingers started tickling it. I felt

myself about to cum and took hold of my cock, pulling it firmly and pointing it down at the lad on the tiles. As he tickled my prostate, the lad behind weighed my balls and massaged them, holding them like worry balls, trying to rotate them in his open palm. Then I was pumping my balls empty, spewing rope after rope of spunk over the lad as he lay with his eyes shut and his mouth open, his tongue searching for gobs that landed on his chin and nose. Others joined in the cum-fest, milking their cocks as they pumped their ball sacks dry. His skin became opaque with cum.

When I could see clearly again I found I was surrounded by an orgiastic group of sucking and fucking that I had never experienced before.

And I loved it!

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