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

A Term at Mollie's

Chapter Eight.

A couple of days later I passed young Tim Paisey in the Main School corridor. He was with a gaggle of other boys and smiled when he saw me. After a courteous, "Good Morning Sir," he broke from his friends and asked me quietly if he could meet me after lessons. I asked if there was anything wrong, to which he smiled mysteriously and said that the two Morris twins and he wished to ask me some questions in private. I told him I would be free that afternoon, and he asked if we could meet off the Music Corridor in Practice Room 4. He then told me it was his custom to be booked in there at that time every day, and that it was quiet and private. "Until 4.30," I concluded with him and we went our separate ways.

Mollie's has an extensive Music School with many pupils graduating to the Royal Academy of Music, and prompt on 4.30 I walked down the Music Corridor accompanied by various pianos and stringed instruments. I knocked on Room 4's door and walked in. Tim, Mike and Mark had set out four chairs and were standing, waiting for me. I sat down and they sat in front of me.

"So what is this all about?" I asked pleasantly.

"Well, Sir, .... you see Sir," started Mike Morris as his brother nodded with each word, "we thought, that is Tim, Mark and I thought, that we would ask you if, so far, you had been doing the fucking..... Sir?"

"I'm sorry Morris," I said more than surprised and a bit angry, "but that is none of your business," and I started to get up from the chair.

"No listen to us, Sir," said Tim Paisey, "Mike has not actually said what we mean. The three of us really love fucking and being arse-fucked." "Love it!" repeated Mark. "So we thought that maybe you would like it too..... to be fucked that is, and we wanted to ask if we could be the ones to do it..... fuck you that is." Tim's eyes dropped to the carpet as he stopped talking and then, after a few seconds of deathly silence his eyes looked up and into mine.

"You think that I have only had sex with others, but not others with me, and that I am missing out on getting fucked myself. Is that it?" I asked him, and before he could answer I continued, "You three have a wonderfully warm heart to think of me, and to risk my anger, just because you think I am missing out?" They nodded. "I think that would be a wonderful idea. How very kind of you. So far most of the boys have selfishly wanted me because I have a big prick, but not you!"

The three boys visibly sagged with relief that their idea had been accepted by me. "And how are you going to accomplish satisfying me, I mean without being rude, you are not the most endowed of

the School?" I asked.

"Simple!" said Mark, "same as we do in the Club. Strap-ons! We each have one that our cocks fit into and voilà! Ten inches of fuckstick at the ready!"

"And we can wank over you when you are getting your breath back," added Mike practically.

"We done it to guys lots of times." enthused Tim.

Three sets of eager faces looked at me expectantly. "And when is this going to be?" I asked, rearranging the lump in my crutch as I hardened at the thought of these youngsters having their way with my ass.

"I booked the room for an hour. Should be enough time. And don't worry about noise, these rooms have sound-proofing. Only high pitch frequencies can be heard outside." He suddenly stopped and looked at me seriously, "You're not a screamer are you?" He turned to the other two. "Better take it easy at the start." Mark, in the meantime, had opened his knapsack and taken out three 10 inch strap-ons made of firm but bendy sparkling plastic. He gave me one to look at. The harness and front plate looked like a jockstrap and was made of a pliable thick material. It had a hole in the front that could accommodate a cock around which the false, hollow sparkling 10 inch erection was fitted. The shaft was thick and seemed quite firm to the touch with a latticework of ridges like veins, and the circumcised head was as large as I imagined I could take. The lads had not waited for my reply, but were stripping naked. Tim and Mike stepped into the strap's webbing and cinched it up and when they arranged a table in the centre of the room their outsize cocks bobbed about almost obscenely as they moved. Mark took his strap from my hands and I watched as he pulled his up his legs and, feeding his stiff little cocklet into the hole in the front, tightened the belt so that it did not fall off him. It only remained for me to shed my clothes which the three helped me with.

The table had adjustable height legs and had been set previously, so when I knelt and leaned forward on the table my proffered rear was at a convenient height for the lads. "Not the first time this room has been used for this," I thought. Tim stood opposite me and applied KY to his weapon, sliding his hands up and down the plastic cock openly and lasciviously. A warm tongue began to wash up and down the valley of my buttocks, hot as it touched but cold as the lubricating spittle cooled behind it. Then I felt the cold application of KY to the cleft of my buttocks and the insertion of a smaller-than-mine finger into my rectum which sent shivers up my spine. I turned to see Mike concentrating on my hole, his fingers now working in and out loosening my ring. But it was Mark who offered his plastic cock up to the entrance of my fucktube. As Mike held my buttocks open he gently eased the head inside me and I felt his hands rest on my hips as he gave short pushes, working the strap-on deeper and deeper in with each stroke. I looked sideways to where there was a wall sized mirror, there for musicians to observe their technique as they played. Mark's technique was to stand with his head back on his shoulders, his mouth open and his hands on my buttocks. I could see his spine flex as his bottom thrust the dildo he was wearing in and out of me. It felt divine, the lubricated mushroom head sliding right up my colon, the shaft ridges exciting my sphincter and the shaft itself scraping back and forth over my prostate. Then I saw Tim getting ready for his turn. He held the dildo in his right hand at right angles to his body and as Mark withdrew, inserted his own almost without missing a beat. His technique was totally different, pushing himself in up to the hilt with some force and then pulling back slowly until the head almost popped out. I had been wanking myself but my hand was tugged off my cock and replaced by a deep hot mouth and a hand. I luxuriated in this new development, admiring the feeling of the hand that was manipulating my flesh and the mouth and swirling tongue that titillated my glans.

Then it was Mike's turn. Tim withdrew and helped me to turn and lay on the table on my back with

my legs in the air. Holding my knees, Mike slid his strap-on into me with ease, and he watched my expression as he reamed my ass at speed for me. Then he parted my legs and leaned forward and took the tip of my rigid ten inches in his mouth, all the while fucking me. It did not take long before I could feel the culmination of stimulation of my cock and hole begin to make my spunk boil in my balls. I hissed a warning but he continued to suck me, so I shot my load into his mouth, pumping six or seven times into his throat with careless abandon, coating his tonsils with thick white sperm, before he swallowed it all down to his stomach.

He withdrew from me and, as he had promised earlier, pulled the strap-on off his erection and began to wank himself frenziedly. The other two had climbed onto the table and were either side of my head. I watched as then also wanked themselves furiously, seeing their balls tighten slowly up to the shaft until my eyesight was obscured by their cum as it rained on my face. I then became aware that my ass-hole was being assaulted again by Mike. Having stimulated his cock to orgasm, he was thrusting and cumming in my open hole. I sat up and wiped my eyes clear and looked down my body to see Mike's final spasm thrust. He looked at me and smiled.

“Pity to waste a good cum when there's a nice hole beckoning to be filled,” he laughed.

Please do contact me at [alex.carbine@sky.com](mailto:alex.carbine@sky.com) I do not always clear my in-tray every day, but all are answered fairly quickly. I also have other stories in the 'Stories by prolific net authors' section.