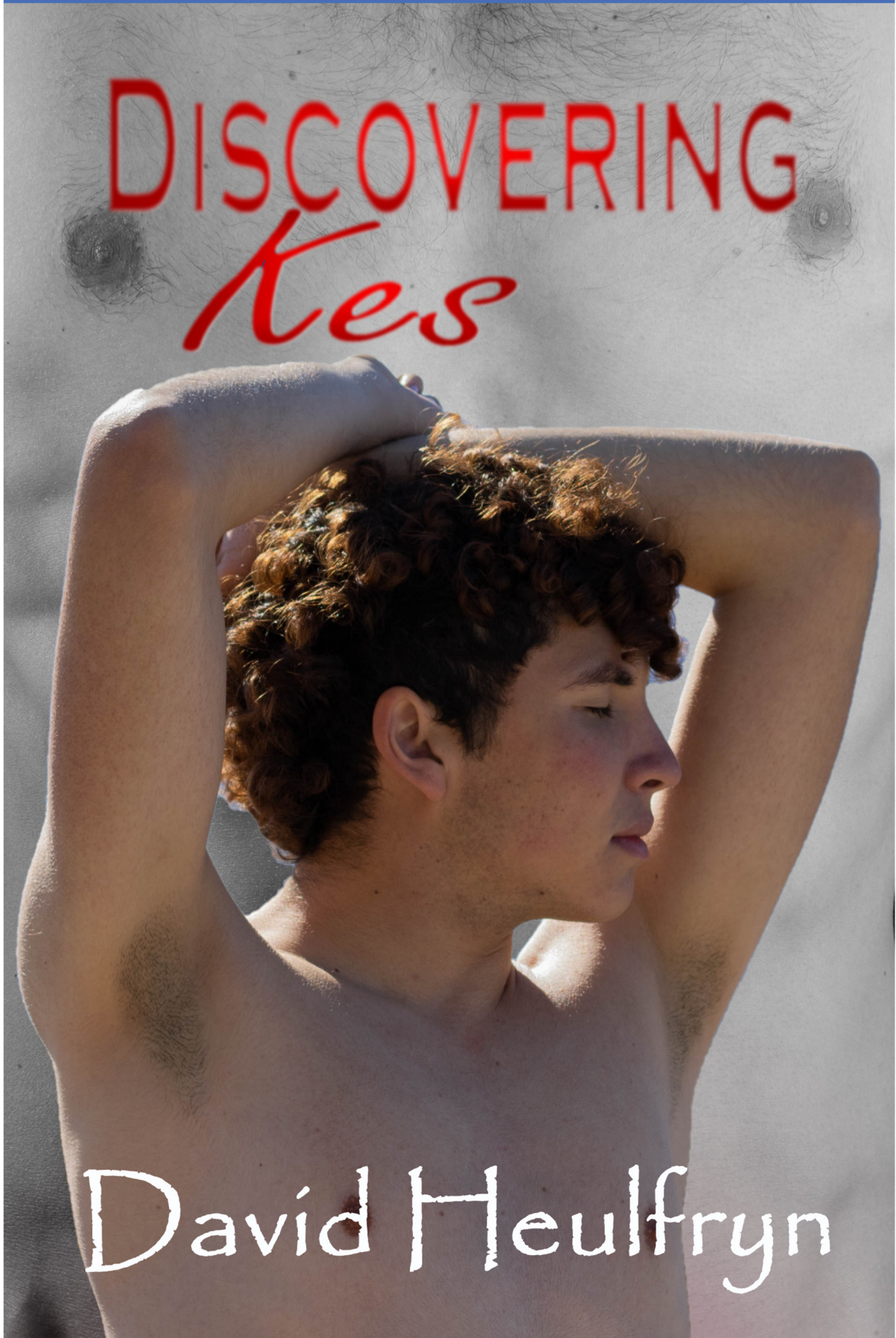


Cockaigne Chronicles

DISCOVERING  
*Kes*

David Heulfryn



**Discovering Kes**

A Cockaigne Chronicles Novel

by

David Heulfryn

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Also by David Heulfryn

*Becoming Kes*

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## **Their First Date**

Kes was excited and anxious about his date; he'd never asked a man out before.

Philip worked for Cockaigne Pharma, and Kes had volunteered for a clinical trial. Unfortunately, the trial was aborted due to an incident, but it ended with Kes and Philip walking into Cockaigne, both naked, and Kes asking Philip out on a date.

Kes was planning to move to Cockaigne once he got a job, so he spent his time researching the town and knew precisely what awaited him when he moved.

Cockaigne is not your ordinary town in middle England. It is independent and has its own rules, laws and punishments. It was this that drew Kes to the place.

After his experience as a trial subject for Cockaigne Pharma, he grew accustomed to the casual nudity and the sexual freedoms the town had to offer. Reluctant at first, Kes was becoming an avid nudist.

He got excited when he read about a small bistro in the centre of town called Nature's Table. It was just what he was looking for, excellent reviews on the food and service, and it had the added bonus that all the customers and staff had to be naked.

Kes smiled to himself. Philip rarely wore clothes, so it wouldn't be a problem for him, and Kes needed to get used to doing everyday things naked.

He remembered when Philip took him to the pub, and he stripped naked just to get a free pint. By the end of the evening, he didn't care.

So the place and time were set; Kes just had to fill in the rest of his day.

Since returning home to his modest bedsit with no job to occupy his mind, he quickly got bored. But he didn't want to return to the old Kes; he needed to maintain his enthusiasm for his potential new life in Cockaigne.

Philip had given him the latest copy of the local newspaper, The Cockaigne Chronicle. He flicked through the news stories and found the job vacancies. So many were out of his league, research analyst at Pharma, Investment advisor at some firm Kes hadn't heard of. Then he noticed that the leisure centre was looking for staff. They needed a cleaner, not something he wanted to do, and a part-time lifeguard.

Kes remembered that he had his old lifeguard certificate he did at school and rang them up.

The receptionist sounded young, but she transferred him to the centre manager. Kes became nervous; he hadn't expected to be talking to the manager; he'd better make a good impression.

An interview was arranged for the next day at 10am.

When Kes put the phone down, he heaved a heavy sigh and slouched on the sofa.

Kes thought *this was really happening*, and he felt a strange sense of nervous anticipation in his stomach. This was actually a job he wanted and a way to get into Cockaigne. He had been forced to apply for all the other jobs, so if he ever got to an interview, he displayed a 'couldn't care less' attitude and ensured he wouldn't get the job.

Kes became excited. He had two things to look forward to, a date with Philip and a job interview. He needed to talk to someone, so he rang his mother. But she fobbed him off by saying she was going out and would call him later. His father would be at work, and his brothers hardly ever answered their phones. He didn't want to ring one of his mates as they

wouldn't understand. They always took the piss out of Cockaigne when they talked, and Kes had realised he might have to leave them behind.

With no one to share his good news with, Kes lay on the bed and took an afternoon nap.

Kes walked the ten miles from his bedsit to Cockaigne for his date with Philip; he was too excited, and the exercise would calm him. He wore jeans and a polo shirt and had a rucksack over his shoulder. As Kes approached the road sign, declaring that he was entering Cockaigne, he stopped and took off his clothes. Now in Cockaigne, he would walk the rest of the way naked.

As he went into the town centre, he consulted the small map on his smartphone to find his way to the bistro. He was confident he would be on time.

At five to eight, Kes saw the bistro sign in the distance and noticed the light dimming as the sun started to set over the rooves of the building. Before opening the door, he rummaged in his rucksack, took out a little bottle of cologne, and sprayed himself.

Before he could even shut the door, a naked man in his early forties approached.

"Good evening, Sir. Welcome to Nature's Table. My name is Manuel, I'm the head waiter here, and I believe it is your first time with us." The man smiled and exuded charm.

"Yes." Kes stuttered. "How do you know?"

"I have an excellent memory for faces," Manuel said and then looked down Kes' body, "amongst other things." He smiled knowingly.

Kes wasn't used to people being so open about checking him out; he looked down and noticed his cock and balls had shrunk a little in the cool evening air.



“Do you have a reservation, Sir?” Manuel grinned.

“Yes, a table for two under the name of Young, Kes Young.”

“Ah. Young Kes. Your table is ready, and your date waiting. Please follow me.”

Kes left his bag with the head waiter, who put it in a locker and followed him into the dining area. Kes spotted Philip easily and couldn't help grinning as he approached. Philip stood and kissed Kes on the lips before they sat opposite each other.

“I'm surprised you picked this place,” Philip said.

“Why? Because you have to be naked?”

“No. Because it's vegetarian.” Philip smiled.

“Fuck! I didn't know, I liked the look of the place, and it had great reviews. I didn't realise. Sorry.” Kes apologised, shaking his head at the mistake.

“Don't worry,” Philip smiled, “you'll just have to give me some meat later.”

Kes looked up at Philip, and they chuckled.

“It's great to see you again, Philip.”

“We only saw each other yesterday. You make it sound like we haven't seen each other for ages.”

“It feels that way. Yesterday you were just my friend. Today, you are my date.” Kes looked down at his lengthening cock. “I just hope I can control myself.”

“Same here.”

Manuel interrupted them by bringing over two oversized menus and handing them to Kes and Philip.

“Would you like anything to drink before you order?” Manuel asked.

Kes looked over at Philip. “What do you fancy? Beer or wine?”

“Let's have a glass of wine,” Philip said.

Kes looked up at Manuel and ordered a bottle of the house white. Manuel said he would return shortly with the wine and to take their order.

“Have you been here before?” Kes asked Philip.

“No. It’s my first time too. I know about the place, but not being a veggie, I never bothered to come here.”

“I don’t know what half this stuff is,” Kes whispered. “What’s seitan?”

“Fuck knows.” Philip laughed. “It all sounds nice, though.”

The bistro was packed, full of naked people. But Kes couldn’t care less anymore; he had become used to being naked and seeing other people naked that he didn’t pay them much attention. That’s what Kes would have you believe, but he’d spent most of his time around naked men; here, it was mixed, and the women outnumbered the men. Nevertheless, Kes occasionally glanced sideways at them, checking out their tits.

Philip brought his eyes back to their table. “What do you fancy?”

Philip asked.

“Not what. Who.” Kes grinned.

Manuel suddenly appeared at their table; he surprised both of them as he uncorked the wine and poured Kes a taste.

“Nice, thank you.” Kes looked at Manuel, who poured both men a glass.

“Are you ready to order yet?” Manuel asked.

“Not yet. Give us another few minutes.” Kes told him.

“We’d better hurry,” Philip said. “I’m going to try the smoked shallot tart. What about you?”

“I think I stick to what I know and have the burger. Black bean and seitan, apparently. You can try a bit when it comes.”

Kes quizzed Philip about his day at work but was just being polite. He really wanted to tell Philip he had a job interview.

He blurted it out as Philip was mid-sentence.

“I’ve got a job interview tomorrow.”

Philip was so pleased that he stood up and gave Kes a hug. “That’s brilliant.”

Manuel returned to take their order and swiftly departed; he sensed he had stumbled in the middle of something and didn’t want to disrupt them.

“Where is it?” Philip asked.

“The leisure centre, they want a lifeguard. It’s just like what we were talking about yesterday.” Kes’ eyes gleamed.

“Fab, if you get it, you can start looking for a flat. I’ve already started keeping an eye out. There’s one near me, but it’s a fair walk to the leisure centre. There may be one closer. What type are you looking for?”

“I don’t care; anything will be better than my tiny bedsit. But I would really like a separate bedroom. I hate having to eat, sleep and relax all in the same room. Perhaps even a shared house.”

“I’ll see what there is. My ex works for the local estate agency. I could always ask him.” Philip didn’t sound too sure about roping in his ex-boyfriend to help.

“Let’s see how we get on first. What I want to know is how do I go about the interview? What do I wear?”

“That’s easy, Kes. Go naked.” Philip smiled.

“Are you serious? I did think about that to show I want to integrate into Cockaigne, but thought it may look too obvious, too desperate.”

“I’m deadly serious. And it will show you’re serious. Trust me, you will get extra brownie points for it.”

Kes sighed. “Thank fuck for that. I don’t have a suit that fits anyway.”

“Let’s run through some questions.” Philip was now getting excited.

“Ok.”

“Why do you want this job?” Philip stared intensely at Kes.

“I have found that I enjoy working with people, and although I have been unemployed for several months, it has given me the time to discover what I enjoy and want from my life. Helping people is high on the list. This role will also enable me to reconnect with one of my loves from school, swimming. And when I saw the advert, I thought about my time training and how proud I was when I got the certificate. I want to bring that pride to the leisure centre.” Kes smiled at Philip.

“Fucking hell, Kes. You lay it on thick.”

“Too much?”

“Not for me; I’d give you the job.” Philip cocked his head and battered his eyelashes at Kes, “but I’m biased.”

After the meal, Kes went over to grab his wallet from his bag. He took out his card and paid for the meal, knowing it would wipe out most of his spare cash. But he figured it was worth it.

Philip joined him as Manuel passed the card and receipt back to Kes.

“Thank you, gentlemen. I hope you enjoyed your meals.” Manuel asked.

“Delicious,” Kes said.

Philip took hold of Kes’ hand as they left the bistro. Outside, they stopped; Philip turned to Kes and kissed him. Their mouths opened, and they tasted each other as their tongues toyed and played inside their mouths.

They pulled apart.

“Thank you for a wonderful evening,” Philip said to Kes.

“It was great. I really enjoyed it.” Kes said and started to kiss Philip again.

Kes didn't care that people were walking past as they kissed. He didn't care that his cock started to get very hard and poke Philip in the leg; he could already feel Philip's cock poking him and leaving a slimy trail as it jumped around his thigh.

Philip broke away again. “Would you like to come back to my place?” He asked.

Kes nodded.

## Kes' First Time

It was a short walk back to Philip's house. The night was cool, as the cloudless sky made it colder than it should be. Their erections never subsided as both men anticipated what they knew would come. Kes was getting nervous as he was unsure if he was really ready to get fucked for the first time.

Philip took Kes straight to his bedroom. They stood at the foot of the bed and passionately kissed again.

Philip stroked his hand down Kes' chest and grabbed his hard shaft. Kes inhaled deeply as his cock was touched; their lips remained locked as Kes sucked in the air from Philip's lungs into his.

Kes felt Philip slowly stroke his cock, but the sensation and anticipation had taken him too close to the edge. So he pulled away, and their bodies separated.

"I'm too close." Kes gasped.

Philip smiled, grabbed Kes by the shoulders and turned him around. With a firm shove, he pushed Kes face down on the bed. As Philip sank to his knees, he grabbed Kes' buttocks and pulled them apart. He saw his virgin hole for the first time.

Kes groaned as he felt Philip's tongue swipe at his anus. He spread his legs wider to help Philip lick and probe his hole. No one had ever touched him in that place, the sensations sending waves of pleasure through his body and out through his dick, which throbbed with each touch. Kes could feel the dampness on the duvet as his cock leaked precum; if it weren't crushed between his body and the mattress, he would grab hold of his cock, hard, and pound it until he came. But he didn't need to. Philip was an expert in anilingus, and Kes couldn't contain his scream as his cock exploded and spewed cum between the mattress and his belly.

Philip smiled as Kes buried his face into the duvet to muffle his scream as he came and thrust his tongue as deep into Kes as he could, feeling the pulsing hole squeeze his tongue.

Kes could barely catch his breath before Philip flipped him over and stared at the congealed mess his spunk had made in his crotch. Philip could see Kes' cock wilt slowly, coming down from its orgasm.

Kes panted as Philip sucked in his slime-covered, rubbery cock. His lips made the cock come alive again, and it was soon hard and pushing against the back of Philip's throat.

Philip didn't gag. He swallowed and devoured all of Kes' cock until his nose was deep within his mass over cum soaked pubes.

He giggled and pulled away, letting Kes' cock slip from his lips.

"I've got cum on my nose." Philip giggled. "I think I'm going to sneeze!"

He let out a loud sneeze and sprayed Kes with saliva.

Philip wiped his nose. "Sorry." He said sheepishly.

Not one to let the moment die, Philip placed his hands on Kes' flank and rubbed up and down, moving inwards over his belly and chest until they met and rubbed back to the sides, mixing Kes' cum and Philip's sneeze.

Kes lifted his head and looked at Philip for the first time since it began. All he could do was grin at him, but his eyes told Philip to do what he wanted with him. Kes watched as Philip went down on him again. He anticipated the feel of his cock in his mouth, but Philip bypassed it and delved into his pubes, sucking out the cum, leaving his saliva behind.

Philip swallowed, tasting what he could, but it wasn't the same. He wanted to taste it from the source, unfettered by pubes and the residue

of shower gel Kes had used earlier. Philip sucked in Kes' cock again. It started to go soft, but his lips soon stopped that, bringing it back to life.

Slowly, Philip sucked and licked the cock between his lips; he savoured the taste of tacky, half-dried cum from the shaft and smiled whenever he felt it throb and was treated to a trickle of precum.

Beneath him, Kes writhed and groaned. His hand gripped the duvet, squeezing it hard when he felt his cock throb. He wanted to touch Philip and feel his hair through his fingers, but he didn't have the energy to lift himself to do it, to play an active part in what Philip was doing to him.

Never in his life had he felt so good. Never had his cock been so expertly worshipped. If this is how a guy could make you feel, he may never want to feel a girl's lips on his cock again.

It was time for Philip to up the ante. He felt Kes' balls while he sucked his cock, and rolled them in the palms of his hands as they were tight against Kes' body, a clear sign he was close to cumming. Philip extended a finger and traced it backwards until he felt the damp hole his tongue had explored earlier.

Without ceremony, Philip thrust his finger inside.

Kes gasped, arched his back and gripped the duvet; he held it so tight his knuckles went white.

Philip was given a long stream of precum.

Both guys were momentarily frozen in the air; Kes with his hips off the bed, Philip's finger deep inside his arse and Kes' cock lodged in the back of his throat.

Kes flopped back down, trapping Philip's fist under him and forcing his finger deeper inside. Philip tried but failed to keep Kes' cock between his lips, and it ended up flailing backwards, slapping Kes on the belly and throwing out an arc of precum and saliva, which sprayed Philip in the face.



Philip licked his lips and devoured Kes' cock again. He sucked harder and pounded Kes' hole with his trapped hand.

Kes started to groan louder, squirming against Philip's hand.

This time he managed to tell Philip he was about to cum, but Philip kept going. Kept pounding Kes' arse and kept sucking his cock.

He kept sucking even when he felt it swell and throb, and his cum squirted to the back of his throat.

Philip had closed his throat in anticipation so he didn't choke. He could take a quick breath through his nose as Kes spewed his spunk into his mouth if needed.

Kes moaned as his cock became too sensitive, and Philip pulled off. Then, as Kes' cock slapped against his belly, he swallowed the cum he collected in his mouth.

It tasted sweet.

Philip brought himself along Kes' body and started to kiss him. Kes could taste the last remnants of his orgasm on his tongue as he lay trapped underneath Philip.

Both men were elated and existed only in that moment; the world around them no longer existed.

They squirmed against each other, and they could feel their hard cocks rubbing between them.

Kes had cum twice but was still hard. He couldn't believe it. Never before had this happened. He was strictly a one-shot wonder and snoozer, but Philip had awoken something within him.

Philip lifted himself up and sat on Kes's belly; his cock was pointing to the sky, his angry knob exposed and wet; it was angry at not being touched. Beneath him, Kes was hard, and he could feel Kes' cock pushing along his perineum, and when he looked down could just see his exposed knob peek out from underneath his balls.

They looked at each other, their chests heaving as they sucked in air to replenish their reserves.

Philip lifted himself slightly and reached behind him to pull Kes' cock from beneath him. Again, he sat back down; this time, Kes' cock pointed up between his buttocks.

This time when Philip raised himself and reached to grab Kes' cock, he pointed it between his buttocks and felt it touch his hole.

Kes gasped. He wasn't expecting this.

Slowly, Philip lowered himself, engulfing Kes' cock. When it was all in, and his weight was back on Kes' thighs, Philip let out a long slow sigh, and Kes watched as Philip's cock throbbed wildly before spraying both their chests with cum.

"I've wanted to feel this from the moment I saw you." A tear rolled down Philip's cheek as he spoke.

Kes said nothing. He wasn't in any fit state to say anything.

Philip started to slowly fuck himself on Kes' cock. Up and down, slowly at first, as he recovered from his orgasm. It felt excruciating, as when Kes' cock prodded his prostate, his cock would throb, and another drop of cum would emerge and roll down his shaft. It ensured his cock stayed hard while Kes' cock was inside him.

The motion quickened, and the breathing hastened. Beneath him, Kes was just flailing his head from side to side, screaming, '*oh, fuck*'.

Philip's cock kept bobbling like a pendulum, slapping each of their bellies in turn.

As he looked down at Kes, Philip saw a sheen of sweat covering his skin, with beads collecting on his forehead. His hair looked damp, and his eyes were shut tight.

Philip felt a pang in his stomach for the man. He might have called it love were it not for the lust flowing between them.

He kept riding Kes' cock, working up a sweat of his own. Kes looked exhausted and now lay motionless with just a sense of ecstatic pleasure on his face.

Kes grunted, and Philip could feel his cock throb inside him.

Philip kept fucking himself on his cock. In truth, he didn't want it to end, but he knew it would happen shortly.

So he made the most of it and enjoyed the feeling of Kes filling and stretching his insides.

Kes started moving again, thrashing against the bed.

Philip quickened his pace.

Kes screamed.

Philip sank deep onto the bed, pushing Kes' cock further inside him as he felt it throb and squirt out its third load of the evening.

As Kes came down from his orgasm, Philip squeezed his inside and started to milk Kes' spent cock.

There was nothing Philip could do to coax anything more from Kes' cock. Like a dead snake, it slid from the slimy hole it had expired in and flopped between Kes' legs.

Philip sat on Kes' hips and took hold of his hard cock for the first time that night. It was sticky from having cum earlier, but it was still ready for what Philip wanted.

Philip spat on his hand and stroked the glob of saliva over his cock, groaning as he did it.

He shuffled down and grabbed Kes by the legs, lifting them up before shuffling forward until his cock almost touched Kes between his legs.

Kes just let it happen. He was too exhausted and too drained to care. Whatever Philip did, he knew he would fucking love it, and he was desperate to feel Philip inside him. Desperate for Philip to be his first.

Kes tried to lift his head and look down at what Philip was doing, but it was too great an effort. He felt Philip push his legs further back, almost to his shoulders, and his hips rolled upwards, exposing his backside, his splayed buttocks and his virgin pink hole.

He felt his cock twitch in anticipation, and it burped some spent cum as it tried to regain its life.

Philip positioned his cock against Kes' hole. He pulled back his foreskin and let a string of saliva climb down from his lips before dropping onto his reddened and exposed knob.

Kes felt his hole twitch as Philip pushed against it. He wanted it, he wanted Philip to fuck him, to make love to him, but he'd only had one finger up him. He wasn't sure if he was prepared enough.

Thankfully, his muscles were too tired to tense up with the anxiety. Kes just trusted Philip and waited until he felt him push against him.

Kes could feel the resistance, but Philip kept a steady force against his hole. Kes gasped and pushed out, opening himself up and sucking in Philip's knob.

He felt a stinging pain at first, but it quickly subsided as he loved the thought of Philip's cock inside him. Kes relaxed, knowing Philip wouldn't hurt him.

With a gentle push, Philip eased his cock deeper inside Kes. Both men moaned when he slid in the final inch and were deeply connected.

Philip leant down and began to kiss Kes passionately. He didn't want to move. He wanted to stay inside him, feeling him press against the length of his shaft. Feeling that pressure against his cock meant Kes was there, and deep down, he never wanted him to leave.

A tear rolled down Philip's cheek and onto Kes. That shared tear meant so much to Philip. He knew Kes hadn't seen it and was glad. He didn't want to scare Kes away. Besides, he didn't know if it was real or if

he was lost in the lust of the evening. That feeling of love he felt earlier was now growing inside him and deepened as he felt Kes' insides squeeze his cock. He couldn't say anything, not yet.

The joining of their bodies felt so natural to Philip he didn't want to disconnect himself, but they couldn't stay locked together forever. He wanted to give Kes his first fuck, and he wanted it to be the best he would feel for the rest of his life.

Philip started to gyrate his hips while their lips remained locked and tongues played.

Philip started with long and slow strokes, feeling Kes' rectum collapse and expand as he pushed and pulled his cock in and out. Kes groaned into his mouth and began to gasp; he needed more air. Their lips parted, and Kes drew in a sharp breath.

Philip liked this position when he fucked a lover. It felt more intimate, and it always made his cock ache as he fucked.

Kes had just given himself over and let Philip fuck him. He enjoyed every stroke once his hole had gotten used to his girth.

Philip kept thrusting, increasing his speed with each stroke. He now needed to cum. He'd only cum once and needed one final release inside Kes.

He closed his eyes and kept fucking him, feeling Kes beneath him, his body squeezing the invading cock, either trying to squeeze it out or squeeze it so it couldn't get out.

The pleasure soon mounted. It was nearly over.

Philip now pounded Kes' arse. The speed and the force rocking the bed and the headboard banging the back wall.

The noise was becoming deafening; the banging, the groaning, the moaning.

Philip was panting, knackered beyond his limits. Deep down, he dug into his reserves and kept pounding Kes.

Finally, he came with one final thrust deep inside Kes. He stopped and brayed to the sky as his cock erupted.

Philip collapsed beside Kes. He reached out and held him in his arms; both men fell asleep without a word.

## The Interview

Last night was just the tonic Kes needed. He woke relaxed, refreshed and feeling fucking fantastic. He showered but spent most of the time fending off advances from Philip.

“I would love you to fuck me again, but I don’t want your cum leaking from my arse while I’m at the interview.” Kes sighed. He was as disappointed as Philip was.

They settled for sucking each other off before getting ready.

Philip had to go to work, but he lent Kes a spare key so he could get back in after the interview. Philip said he’d cook them something for dinner as he wanted to hear how it went. And he hoped they would have something to celebrate.

Kes kissed Philip on the doorstep as he went off to work. He sighed when he shut the door; he had a few hours to kill before setting off for the interview.

He was very nervous and couldn’t settle. Kes tried watching the television and even took a book from a bookshelf, but nothing took his mind off his interview. He had never been this nervous before. Kes knew he’d have something to lose if it didn’t go well. He was desperate for it to go well so he could start a new life.

Kes decided to give himself an hour to walk to the leisure centre. He would take it slow so he didn’t turn up sweaty and flustered. He clipped on his money belt and just sat, looking at the clock, waiting for the time to leave.

He wished he could pop back to his bedsit to grab his certificate, but he wouldn’t have time. He could let them have it later if they needed to see it. In the end, he decided to leave early but took a slightly longer walk.

A smiling young man greeted him when he entered the leisure centre. Kes noticed his eyes scan his naked body. The young man was seated behind the reception desk, wearing a red t-shirt and shorts.

“Hi. I’m here to see the manager. I have an interview at eleven.” Kes smiled, hoping to start with a good impression.

“Just a moment.” The young man picked up the telephone. “What’s your name, please.”

“Kes Young.” He shuffled nervously from foot to foot.

“Kes Young is here.” The man said and then put the phone down. “Someone will be with you shortly.” He said to Kes. “Are you here for the lifeguard job?” He asked.

“Yep.” Kes smiled. “Care to give me any pointers on how to impress him?”

The young man laughed. “Nope. You’ll do just fine as you are. He likes to be surrounded by naked young men.” He whispered conspiratorially, “The other guy was older and came wearing a bloody suit. For a lifeguard job!”

They were disturbed by a middle-aged man appearing, wearing nothing but a jock strap.

“Kes Young?” He held his arm out to shake hands. “I’m Charles, Charles De’ath. But don’t let that put you off. I’m the centre manager.” He chuckled at his own joke.

“Pleased to meet you, Sir.”

“Charles, please. As you can tell from my attire, we are very informal here.” Again he chuckled at his own joke. “Follow me, Kes.”

Kes was led into his office and was offered a chair. Charles sat behind his large desk, strewn with paperwork, and off to one side, a laptop that didn’t appear to be used very often.



“I was just looking at the rota for next week. We need to juggle some staff around as someone is taking some tests next week, and it's mucked the rota up. If I could get someone to start immediately, it would all easily slot into place.” Charles tidied some paperwork.

“Well, I'm available immediately. I'm between jobs at the moment and was really glad when I saw this vacancy.”

“Good. Now, I have your CV. You're not from Cockaigne, are you?”

“No, Sir.” Charles frowned when Kes called him Sir. “Sorry, no, Charles. I have a friend who lives here, and I have just been part of a trial at Cockaigne Pharma. So I know what to expect.”

“Perhaps.” Charles sucked in air through his teeth.

“Tell me about the trial you were a part of.”

Kes smiled. “Well, it was supposed to be about some cream to relax your anal muscles, but it turned out...”

“You were part of that!” Charles butted in. “I heard all about that. Nasty business. It didn't portray Cockaigne in a good light. I heard there were some arrests. They're keeping all the juicy gossip secret for the moment. What can you tell me.” Charles leant forward on his desk, eager to hear what happened.

Kes relaxed as he explained what happened in the trial, the forced bondage of his friend, the anal sex they were expected to have and the incident that brought the whole trial crashing down around their ears. Charles' eyes widened as Kes described how a friend drew blood as his mouth was being forcibly fucked by another volunteer.

“Fucking hell.” Charles gasped. “No wonder it was stopped. It sounds like they overstepped the mark.”

“But it was only a small group, one doctor and a couple of nurses who abused the trial. I don't think the company itself approved of it.”

“Well, I fucking hope not.” Charles leant back in his chair as his brain digested the scandal.

Kes sat silent. He brought his knees together and rested his hands on his thighs. He was trying not to show his nerves.

Charles looked at his watch. “I suppose we better get on with the interview and not just gossip.”

Kes nodded.

“It’s an interesting tale you tell. It’s not all nudity and sex in Cockaigne, and I appreciate how you dressed for the interview. But it does make me wonder if you are seeing the real Cockaigne. Are you really ready for life in Cockaigne? I don’t want to hire someone and then find out that living here is not what they thought it would be.”

“No, Sir.” Kes coughed. “Charles. During the trial, I met someone, a new friend. He works for Pharma and has lived here for many years. He has told me all about the place, the laws, rules and punishments. I’m under no misapprehension of what happens here. I fully understand, and I want to be part of it. Just the little exposure I’ve had.” Kes blushed and looked down at his naked body, “Just the little experience I’ve had in Cockaigne has meant so much more to me than a lifetime out there. This is where I want to be. This is where I need to be. I feel it. This is my life now. Whether I get this job or not.”

Charles considered what Kes had said. “You obviously have no problem with nudity or sex in public if your experiences from the trial are anything to go by. But what about discipline? How would you feel about being publically shamed for any wrongdoing?”

“Well, Charles. Firstly I’d hope it never happened. I would always try to uphold the laws of the town. I would want to start by reading all about the rules and knowing what I can and can’t do. What is expected

of me as a resident. But I will take the punishment without complaint if I do something wrong.”

“You wouldn’t run back to the other world to prevent you from being given a beating?”

Kes tried not to show his surprise that it could happen. “No, Charles.”

“Good. So who’s your friend in Pharma?”

“Philip. I stayed with him last night to prepare for this interview.”

“I know Philip. A good lad. He comes in at least once a week to either use the gym or the pool.”

Kes smiled.

“Is there anything you want to ask me about the job?”

“I’m a little surprised you haven’t asked me if I can do the job,” Kes said.

Charles smiled. “You’ve got a valid certificate, haven’t you?”

“Yes.”

“Then you can do the job. You see, Kes, working in Cockaigne is only partly about whether you can do the job or not. The big part is if you will fit in. Will we get on?” Charles pointed between him and Kes. “Will you get on with the other staff? I suppose it’s more about personality. We will only know if you have the ability when you start.”

Kes beamed. Had he just been offered the job?

“Anyone can have a certificate. I’ve seen qualified lifeguards who are excellent and others who are afraid to dive in the water or aren’t observant enough. Which reminds me. What make is my jockstrap?”

Kes thought a moment. “Well, not that I took a long look, but I think it was N2N.”

“See, you are observant. So do you think you can do the job?”

“Yes, Charles. I’m positive, and I will give you 100% every day.”

“Good. Because the level of candidates coming into my office has been fucking terrible. Rules state I should always give preference to current residents, but there is no way I can justify that.”

Charles reached over in a gesture to shake hands again. “So if you want it. It’s yours.”

Kes couldn’t hide his excitement. He grabbed Charles’ hand and shook it vigorously.

“Wow there, boy. You’ll break my wrist.”

Kes let go of the man and sat back in his chair.

Charles went into a desk drawer and pulled out a form. They sat quietly as he filled it in.

“Take this. It proves you have a job here. Take it to security to get your permanent permit and register. This will also entitle you to rent a home here.”

“Thank you, Charles. I won’t let you down.”

“Good. Can you start tomorrow, the early shift? 6 a.m.?”

“No problem, Charles.” Kes hadn’t hoped for such an early start on his first day, but he wouldn’t say no. “What do I wear?”

“Come as you are. You’ll get your uniform tomorrow.”

“And...” Kes was embarrassed to bring this up. “What will I get paid?”

Charles laughed. “I will have to have a word with Philip. Your education has been severely lacking. Cockaigne gives every adult resident the full-time national average wage, whether you are full-time or part-time. Currently thirty-four thousand a year.”

“Fucking hell.” Kes gasped but clasped his hand over his mouth when he realised he’d sworn. “Sorry.”

“Don’t worry about it. So you see why jobs are so sought after in Cockaigne. We must be careful not to let the money chasers in who don’t really accept the principles of living in Cockaigne.”

“I can understand that. And thank you for seeing I’m not one of those.” Kes sounded genuine.

“I have a nose for these things. And I know Philip wouldn’t be helping you unless he was sure you were sincere.” Charles clapped his hands together, getting back to business, “You will be initially needed twenty hours a week, but there is the opportunity for more if you want it.”

Kes looked confused. “So how does that work? I get paid a full-time wage for twenty hours. What happens if I do extra? Do I get paid more?”

Charles explained how things worked in Cockaigne.

Every resident over eighteen received the national average wage regardless of whether or not they were employed and how many hours they worked. This was paid directly to every resident by Cockaigne Council. Each employer could decide whether or not to top up the resident’s benefit based on their job role. But this meant that every resident earned a living wage. Employers were only obliged to pay part-time workers extra if the employee worked more than forty hours a week. With each resident having enough money to make a comfortable life in Cockaigne, they could work in areas that interested them or improve them. They could live the life they wanted, free from pursuing jobs that didn’t interest them just to earn a living. This is why they needed to be wary of outsiders seeking employment in Cockaigne just for the money rather than the lifestyle. This is why Cockaigne has a 95% employment satisfaction rating.

Charles joked, “I’m really going to have to punish Philip for doing such a bad on you.”

“Please don’t. He’s been so good to me.”

“Philip is a good friend. He knows when I’m joking. Now, I will see you tomorrow. But please feel free to make use of the facilities before then.”

“Thank you, Charles. I really appreciate this.”

Kes wanted to dance out of the office but thought it better to casually walk instead. He turned to close the door behind him and noticed Charles had been taking a long look at his arse.

Kes put his stuff in a locker and went swimming for a few hours. Practising his skills again so he wouldn't be rusty tomorrow.

## **A Visit to Security**

As Kes left the leisure centre, he started to feel self-conscious as he walked back into town to find the security station. He felt comfortable being naked inside. That was how he had learned to like nudity, being inside Cockaigne Pharma and being ushered from room to room whenever they wanted to perform experiments on him. But he had never been naked outside for this long before, and this was a new experience for him.

Once in the town centre, an uncomfortable feeling grew as he was surrounded by others, some naked, some half-naked and some fully dressed. The titillation from being naked around others who weren't caused his cock to harden.

At first, Kes was embarrassed but soon walked proudly down the street, his nearly nine-inch cock swaying from side to side and leading the way. He enjoyed it when people looked down at it and felt it throb slightly. A few times, he gave it a couple of strokes just to satiate his lust, not daring to go the whole way and wank himself to orgasm in the street.

Kes saw the blue illuminated sign declaring 'Cockaigne Security' ahead of him. He looked down at his cock. His erection was not going anywhere. For a moment, he considered finding a quiet place to spunk away his hard-on. But quickly dismissed the idea as he may look too much like a pervert if caught. Ironically if he openly wanked himself to orgasm on the street, no one would have thought twice. Kes knew this but was not ready to take that step yet.

With a deep breath, Kes entered the station, his cock proud and his foreskin partially retracted to reveal his moist knob.

There was a young blonde woman behind the desk, in uniform. His cock throbbed, his balls ached, and without touching himself, he came over the hard floor of the station.

“Well, I’ve never been greeted like that before.” The young woman said to Kes.

Kes went bright red. He’d never spontaneously spunked his load before.

“Don’t worry about it.” The lady said, seeing his embarrassment. “There’s nothing wrong with releasing your semen here.”

Kes looked up and smiled at her.

“I’m Officer Grace. What can I do for you except give you such an erotic image that you end up ejaculating without any stimulation whatsoever.” She grinned.

“Sorry. I’m new here, and it just kinda happened. I don’t know why. You are beautiful, by the way, but I think I have a boyfriend.” Kes tried to explain.

“I’m flattered to know I can even turn a gay man.”

“No, not that. I used to be straight. I’ve had many girlfriends, but he’s my first boyfriend. It’s complicated, but I think Cockaigne Pharma had something to do with it.”

Grace interrupted him. “Well, before you go into your entire life story and your troubled childhood.” She grinned at him, “why don’t you tell me why you are here.”

“Oh, right.” Kes fumbled and handed over the paper that Charles had given him. “I need to give you this.”

Grace took the paper and knew instantly what it meant. “Welcome to Cockaigne. I think you’ll fit in nicely.” She glanced down the form, saw his job offer and then looked up and down Kes’ body. “Lifeguard. You



certainly have the body for it. I may go swimming more often.” She winked at him.

“I’m only part-time, but I’ll keep an eye out for you. I’ve not started yet, so I don’t know what I’ll be doing and which pool I’ll be responsible for. I had a quick swim in the exercise pool before I came here, which was massive, and the adventure pool looked very busy too.” Kes suddenly shut up. He felt he was rambling to calm his nerves.

“No problem, Kes.” She saw his name on the form. “Come with me, and we’ll get you registered and logged, and you’ll have your residence permit within the hour.

“That quick!” Kes was surprised.

“We don’t mess around in Cockaigne.”

Grace led Kes through to another room. As she left, she rang a bell under the desk, and a young male officer took her place at the front desk.

“Please sit down.” Grace gestured to a chair next to an official-looking desk. “We will need to do a few things, so let’s start with your fingerprints and then do a mouth swab for DNA.” Grace knew nearly everyone balked at their DNA being taken, so she preempted the question. “Everyone in Cockaigne has their DNA on file. We have a low crime rate and a high conviction rate, and we want to keep it that way.”

Kes went along with everything. When she asked for an address, he explained that he lived outside the area but was looking to move here soon. He said he might occasionally stay at Philip’s place.

She took his outlander address. “It’ll be easier to get your own place in Cockaigne if you don’t live here. They will make you a priority. If you say you’re staying with your boyfriend, they may think it’s not worth trying to find you a flat.”

“How do I get one?” Kes asked.

Grace opened the desk drawer and pulled out a 'Welcome Pack'. "Take a look at this. It'll tell you everything you need. But once we're done here, why don't you just pop your head into the estate agent on the high street, state a claim now and get them looking."

"Thanks." Kes took the papers. "I will."

There was just one final thing to do before getting his resident permit. He needed to be photographed. It didn't take too long as he was already naked. Grace took a headshot, face on and then each side of his face. She also took full nude pictures, front and back. She commented that Kes made the process quicker by arriving naked and hard.

Grace sat back at the desk and downloaded the pictures into the desktop computer. A small machine began to whir, and it spat out a card.

"Here you go, Kes, your resident's permit. This entitles you to all the benefits and responsibilities of being a citizen of Cockaigne."

"Thanks." Kes took the card and looked at the pristine piece of plastic.

"The chip has all your details stored, along with photographs. Any business or security officer can ask to see it at any time, so please remember to carry it with you, always."

"I will, and thanks you again. Philip lent me this money belt to keep things in."

"Just one thing I should remind you of," Grace looked serious, "a few new residents have been forgetting to get their mandatory inoculation by the deadline and have had to be punished. I'm sure they were genuine oversights, but we can't make an exception. I encourage you to make an appointment with the local GP practice to get your inoculation. It's not optional. That's why failure to do so is punishable."

Kes looked concerned.

“Don’t worry,” Grace smiled to put him at ease again, “you have a week. But please don’t forget.”

Kes took his welcome pack and was about to leave when Grace reminded him to read up on the laws and punishments.

“You look like a nice young man. You don’t want to get caught out.” She told him.

He smiled back at her and left, unsure if she was flirting with him.

After looking at the estate agent, Kes walked back to Philip’s house. It was only mid-afternoon, and he was tired and hungry. In the excitement of the interview and becoming a true resident, Kes had forgotten to grab lunch.

Kes let himself into the house and went straight upstairs.

He wanted a bath. He needed a bath.

His hard cock had barely subsided all day, and as he lay in the hot water, he started to leisurely stroke his cock.

It wasn’t long before he shot his load up his chest and fell asleep in the water.

## Back Home

Philip expected to see Kes when he got home but couldn't find him. The bathroom was the last place he looked. There, he found Kes fast asleep in the cool water. Philip stroked his cock at the sight of the sweet, naked, peaceful Kes, his naked body and the dried cum on his chest.

He dipped his hand in the water. It was lukewarm. Philip crouched next to Kes and gently rocked his shoulders, trying to wake him.

Kes began to stir and sat bolt upright when he saw Philip beside him. Shocked that someone else was in the room with him.

"Sorry to alarm you," Philip said softly. "You were asleep, and the water had gone cold."

Kes looked back at Philip. "Sorry, I dozed off. I was so tired."

Philip grabbed a towel and held it out to Kes. "Come on, get up. That water's freezing. You must have been in there over an hour."

"I got in when I got back from town." Kes stood up and let Philip dry his body while the water drained.

Philip led Kes through to his bedroom. Kes' cock gradually expanded as they walked. Philip smiled when he saw Kes standing naked and hard in his bedroom. He slapped Kes' hard cock.

"I know what that thing wants, but it's not going to get it." Philip smiled.

Kes blushed and shivered; his skin was still cold from the water. Philip hugged him, crushing his hard cock between their bodies.

"Let me warm you up." Philip squeezed tight, enjoying his naked body touching Kes' smooth skin.

Kes wrapped his arms around Philip, "You are too good to me."

Philip chuckled and pulled away. Their eyes locked, and they shared an unspoken moment. Philip turned, grabbed his robe from the back of his bedroom door, and helped Kes into it.

“I love you naked,” Philip grinned, “but you also look good in this. So warm and toasty.”

Kes felt warmer, but his cock wasn't going down, not while Philip stayed naked. Kes opened his robe slightly and let his cock poke out.

Philip glanced down and grinned. Kes' cock wasn't going to be ignored. “I missed you today.”

“I missed you too.” Kes smiled at Philip.

“Not you! I'm talking to your cock!”

Philip pushed Kes backwards onto the bed. Kes laughed as he sunk into the mattress, his cock swaying and pointing to the ceiling.

Philip dropped to his knees and grabbed Kes' cock. His lips quickly followed and wrapped themselves around Kes' knob. Kes gasped as he felt Philip lick and suck on his sensitive head. Despite having cum in the bath earlier, Kes was ready to blow again. Any touch by Philip made Kes excited, and his cock swelled. Philip went further down, brushing the robe aside to expose Kes' bare legs and torso. He could now feel Kes' dark pubes tickling the tip of his nose. He stifled a sneeze and swallowed.

Kes groaned as he felt Philip's throat squeeze his cock, and a stream of precum oozed out and down his throat.

“Fuck!” Kes exclaimed and grabbed hold of Philip's head. He ruffled his once-perfect hair and felt the silky strands on his fingertips.

Philip was eager to feed from Kes and relentlessly worked on his cock. The gentle massage Kes gave to his head made him feel safe, wanted, and perhaps even loved.

The two young men moved in perfect harmony. Kes writhed beneath Philip, gently pressing his cock deeper into Philip's mouth, who wrapped his tongue around his cock, licking and tasting the juices seeping from it. He opened his throat, allowing Kes' cock to slip easily in

and out. Both had their eyes closed, lost in the moment and the sensations they felt.

Kes felt his balls ache and gasped as his orgasm came over him quicker than expected. He didn't have time to warn Philip and shot his cum into his mouth.

Philip gagged initially but pulled back to allow Kes' spewing cock the space to flood his mouth with salty cum.

Kes relaxed, letting his hands slip from Philip's head and thud onto the mattress. He sighed, a deep sigh of contentment.

Philip swallowed and let Kes' sticky cock slip from his lips. He pulled himself up Kes' body and softly kissed his lips. Kes opened his eyes and wrapped his arms around his body, holding his tight.

Kes rolled Philip over and straddled his naked body. Kes threw the open robe off his body and pressed down against Philip's hard cock. It slipped underneath Kes, rubbing against his perineum and pushing against his balls. Kes wasn't ready to get fucked again, so he writhed on top of Philip, feeling his cock rub against him and poking his loose balls like a snooker cue.

Philip writhed beneath Kes, the pleasure emanating from his cock making it pulsate and radiate throughout his body. Kes looked down on the tortured man underneath him. His eyes closed, and he had a goofy expression on his face.

Kes had never experienced frotting before, and he was getting as much out of this as Philip was. The constant clashing of his balls against Philip's cock had made him hard again, but Kes didn't touch himself. He allowed his hard cock to sway with the motion of their bodies.

Philip was now groaning loudly and thrusting his cock hard against Kes. Now was the time for Kes to grab his cock and start stroking, Philip was getting close, and Kes could feel his cock begging to be touched.

They knew it wouldn't be much longer as Philip turned up the energy another notch. His cock leaked precum, splashing on the underside of Kes' balls as they clashed. Kes bore down harder against Philip's cock, exerting more pressure. Kes also stroked his cock harder, precum flying everywhere and over Philip's chest.

Philip groaned. "Shit!" He called out and let his cock erupt.

Cum shot from his exposed, red cock head onto Kes' balls.

Kes could feel the warm cum coat his scrotum and slide down between his wispy hairs, the cum quickly cooled, and his scrotum contracted just as Kes shot his second load over Philip's chest.

Both men gasped for air, and Kes collapsed beside Philip, their chests rising in unison. Philip's hand felt its way across until he touched Kes' fingers.

They clasped hands and lay for a few minutes, recovering from their intense orgasms.

"That was a beautiful end to a fantastic day," Kes said hoarsely.

"It's not over yet!" Philip smiled as he looked at the pale ceiling of his bedroom. "So. You've had a good day. I've had a tediously boring day. But I'd rather hear about yours than talk about mine." Philip squeezed Kes' hand. "I take it you got the job?"

"I start tomorrow, and I also got my permit and met with an estate agent to find me a place to live."

"That's brilliant." Philip turned his head to look at Kes.

Kes turned, and they looked at each other. They bridged the small gap between them and kissed.

"I'm so proud of you." Philip beamed with pride.

"I can't believe it. I've been here for one day, and my life seems to have turned around. I can't wait to start. I can't wait to find my own place

here..." Kes paused and smiled softly at Philip, "and I can't wait to get to know you better."

Philip shuffled closer to Kes and turned on his side to wrap his arm and leg around him. He rested his head on Kes' shoulder.

"I could stay like this forever." Philip sighed.

Kes cradled Philip's head and tousled his hair. "You might want to do something with your hair. It looks a right mess. I like it, but I know you are a perfectionist." Kes chuckled.

Philip slapped Kes' fleshy belly, "Watch it, or I'll make you keep your hands to yourself next time." He traced a finger down Kes' torso and flicked his soft cock. "Or there may not be a next time."

Kes just kissed the top of Philip's head.

Philip persuaded Kes to stay the night so he didn't have such a long way to travel to the leisure centre.

Kes was nervous. This was his first job in a long time, and he began to doubt himself. Could he do the job? Could he cope with having to be there on time and not lie in bed for as long as he wanted? Philip stayed with him all evening, trying to encourage Kes and build his confidence. He asked Kes what he had to do to get his lifeguard qualification. Kes seemed excited as he recalled the course and completed it before life threw him on the scrap heap. It was a time when Kes felt he could achieve anything.

They stayed up quite late, Kes being too nervous to sleep, but they lay silent when Philip insisted they go to bed. Philip knew Kes was just lying next to him, staring at the ceiling, his mind racing, but he knew he'd done all he could, and Philip drifted to sleep.



## First Day Nerves

Kes was already downstairs brewing coffee and buttering some toast when Philip woke. The smell of the coffee wafting up the stairs stirred him, and after emptying his bladder, he silently went downstairs to join Kes.

Philip still looked drowsy, his hair an unruly mess.

“Mornin’,” Philip sounded tired. “How are you feeling this morning?”

“Crapping myself.” Kes poured two mugs of coffee and placed one on the kitchen table for Philip. He was obviously still nervous as he didn’t comment about Philip’s hair or his half-hard cock that lazily swung between his legs as he walked in.

Kes busied himself in the kitchen. Making more toast, cleaning up, and tidying up. He didn’t notice Philip come up behind him until he felt Philip’s arms wrap themselves around him.

Philip kissed his neck. “Just relax. You’ll be fine.”

Kes began to bristle at the platitudes.

“We talked last night, Kes.” Philip squeezed Kes tight. “You know what’s expected, you know what needs to be done, and you even brushed up on your swimming and fitness in the pool yesterday. All you need to do is turn up on time, wear whatever uniform they give you and keep a close eye on the pool. You are going to do great.”

Kes breathed a sigh of relief and relaxed. “Thanks, Philip.”

Philip always seemed to know just what to say to Kes.

The weather was cold, and a thin mist clung to the fields and roads. Kes dressed to walk to the first day of his new job. Philip gave him a tight hug and deep kiss to wish him luck. Kes was glad of the walk and the cool air. It seemed to calm his nerves. But his nerves bubbled to the

surface when he reached the leisure centre and found the doors locked. It wasn't due to open for another hour.

"Shit!" Kes said under his breath and not knowing what to do. He banged on the door, hoping to get someone's attention. He peaked through the glass doors and could see no one.

After a few seconds, he saw movement and noticed a man come to the door. It was Charles, the centre manager. He went to the side, fiddled with a control panel, and the automatic doors glided open.

"Good morning, Kes. Sorry about that. I forgot to tell you about the side entrance for staff. I'll arrange for you to have your pass so you can get in."

Kes smiled nervously, "That's ok, thanks."

"Come in, come in." Charles beckoned to Kes. "It's so good to see you, and I'm so glad to have you working with us. You will be an asset. I'm sure of that." Charles couldn't help but smile at Kes.

Kes smiled back and shuffled his feet.

"Follow me." Charles turned and walked back to the office. "I've asked Josh to come in early and show you things. I want you to shadow him this morning, and then you'll be on your own this afternoon." Charles turned to look at Kes, who demurely followed behind him.

Kes smiled nervously again. He felt he should say something, prove to Charles that he wasn't struck dumb. But he couldn't. Any words he wanted to say caught in his throat.

Charles tried to give him the most reassuring smile possible and silently walked the rest of the way to his office.

As soon as Kes entered the office, a young man approached him.

"Hi Kes, I'm Josh. A fellow lifeguard."

Kes returned his smile and shook his hand. Josh looked cute and very young with mousey hair, which flopped over his eyes, almost

concealing them. The young man was dressed in red shorts and a yellow t-shirt, on the back of which black letters declared 'Lifeguard'. He wore white trainers on his feet, without socks, it seemed. Kes thought he looked too young to have a job. He looked about fifteen.

Charles spoke, and both young men broke eye contact to look at him. "Josh is going to get you sorted before we open. Once we open, you will be responsible for the exercise pool, which is always busiest early in the morning."

"Thank you." Kes croaked his first few words.

"If Josh can't answer any questions, please feel free to ask me. My door is always open, and I like to think I'm approachable." Charles chuckled.

"Yes, Sir," Kes said, and Charles frowned at him.

"Now, what did I tell you when we met yesterday?"

"Sorry, Sir. Charles." Kes quickly corrected himself.

Josh laughed, "Come on, Kes. Let's get you properly dressed."

Kes dutifully followed Josh into the changing room.

"Is there a staff changing room?" Kes asked.

Josh laughed again, making Kes feel insecure and a little resentful of the boy.

"No, we all change in the same room, staff, customers, men, women, boys and girls."

"Oh." Kes was a little surprised and was met with more laughter from Josh. Kes was now annoyed that this boy seemed to enjoy making fun of him. "Look, Josh. I'm new here. I know what Cockaigne is about, and I'm happy about it. I like it. But I don't know the little things like no fucking staff changing room in the leisure centre, and I don't appreciate a little shit like you teasing me. I was told Cockaigne was a tolerant place. But if you're just going to make fun of outsiders, then you can just fuck right off."

Josh looked suitably chastised. "Sorry, Kes. I didn't mean to make you feel bad. I wasn't told about you."

"I'm not a freak." This time Kes laughed, and the atmosphere between them warmed.

Josh sat on one of the benches, and Kes sat next to him. "Let's start again. I'm Josh. I've lived here all my life, so I can take some things for granted. Just ask me anything, and I'll try and explain the best I can without taking the piss. I promise." Josh placed his hand on Kes' thigh and squeezed.

"Thanks," Kes looked at Josh's cute face. "How old are you?" He asked.

"Sixteen." Josh smiled, "I'm at the sixth form but don't have any lessons this morning, so I volunteered to help the newbie."

"Thanks, so what about the uniform?"

"What I'm wearing is standard, and I'll get you yours in a bit. But you do have options. As this is Cockaigne, nudity isn't a problem, but you can't be naked when you're a lifeguard."

Kes looked disappointed. He enjoyed being nude and thought it wouldn't be a problem in the pool.

"People need to know you're a lifeguard, so if you want to do your shift naked, then you must wear a yellow sash that says 'Lifeguard' front and back."

"Makes sense." Kes nodded.

Josh then explained the different variants of dress allowed. Yellow shirt only, or yellow shirt and jockstrap or swim briefs. Or shorts and a yellow lifeguard sash.

Kes nodded again, showing he understood. "So, being only sixteen, I expect you have to wear that."

Josh laughed again, kindly this time. "Just cuz I'm young doesn't mean I can't go naked. I do, especially in the summer."

“Sorry, I just assumed.”

“No probs, nudity is for everyone, no matter their age.”

Kes tried to get the image of Josh walking naked around the pool out of his mind. He didn't like the idea of imagining a minor naked.

“Let's get you kitted out.” Josh declared and got to his feet. “You wait here. I won't be long.”

Kes was left alone for a moment. When Josh returned with his uniform, he was a little nervous about undressing and getting naked in front of him. But he figured if it was a communal changing room, he wouldn't be accused of exposing himself to minors. Josh watched intently as Kes stripped and made no attempt to hide the fact he was watching and eager to see Kes naked.

“I was told it was rude to watch.” Kes joked.

“It is. But so much fun as well.” Josh smiled.

“I have a boyfriend.” Kes said, “I think.”

This made Josh giggle. “Then he's a lucky guy.”

Kes pulled on his red shorts and covered up his genitals. Josh cast his eyes back up to his face again.

Josh seemed disappointed when Kes was dressed as a lifeguard. He'd hoped Kes would opt for the naked and sash uniform. He liked looking at Kes, handsome, a little hairy and with a thick cock that he wanted to see hard. But now clothed, Josh returned to the business at hand and showed him around, explaining what he needed to do and how to test the pool water.

It was nearly opening time, and Josh and Kes stayed at the exercise pool. They could hear people outside and entering the changing room. Kes kept an eye on the door from the changing room. The first person to emerge was a man, middle-aged and naked. He walked to the side of the

pool and dove in. Kes watched as he glided through the water and began swimming lengths.

A broad group came for an early morning swim, old and young, some naked, some not. As the people emerged and got into the pool, Josh told Kes what he knew about them. Names if he knew them and how many times they would usually come swimming. But he guessed no one was under eighteen. He expected them to be at school.

Josh explained that they have several after-school clubs, swimming and diving clubs. Josh was usually on duty for those sessions as they fit around his schoolwork. The leisure pool was also available for parties, and he was sometimes needed for private functions.

As Josh mentioned the private functions, he winked at Kes.

Kes opened his mouth, about to speak and ask what happened during the private functions, when Josh nodded to the door to the changing room.

“Look at him.” He whispered to Kes.

The man was naked, but that wasn't what interested Josh. The man was devoid of any body hair.

“He started coming a few weeks ago. He must be a new resident as I've never seen him around before.”

Kes watched as the man slipped into the water and started to swim laps.

“I've been keeping an eye on him. He's got no hair anywhere!” Josh looked at Kes conspiratorially. “I've checked him out, even got close to him in the shower one day. He's got nothing, none on his legs or anything.”

Josh spoke like he was telling Kes some juicy gossip. But Kes didn't understand why Josh was so fascinated by the man. Sure, he was hairless, but Kes thought it made him look sexier. He didn't seem to

have any wrinkles on his face. Kes thought he was young, probably early twenties, but he supposed he could even be in his thirties. Without any hair, Kes found it difficult to age the man. His skin was pale, and he showed no signs of a tan, no tan lines anywhere. It was like he kept himself out of the sun. It intrigued him, but not as much as it intrigued Josh.

“I thought he shaved, but when we stood next to each other in the showers, I noticed he had no eyebrows, and I don’t think he had any eyelashes. No one would shave those off. Would they?”

“Suppose not,” Kes mumbled, letting Josh get whatever he wanted to say off his chest.

“So I told my mum about him. She said it sounded like he has something called alopecia. I’d never heard of it. Have you?”

Josh was talking so fast he didn’t give Kes a chance to answer.

“It means you lose all your hair.” Josh sucked in some air through his teeth. “Poor guy. I’d hate to lose all my hair.” He flicked his head sideways and brushed his fringe away from his eyes. It was a pointless gesture as his fringe flopped back in front of his eyes.

“He seems ok with it,” Kes said matter of factly, unsure why the man held such fascination for Josh. He was just a guy.

“Here.” Josh nodded at the hairless guy as he approached the end of his lane. “Watch this.”

The hairless guy performed the most perfect tumble turn Kes had seen from any swimmer. He somersaulted, and his pale arse rose out of the water, disappearing as he kicked hard against the wall, turning himself around and swimming in the opposite direction. Kes thought he had a nice arse. But it seems Josh thought better of his arse than he did.

As Kes looked away from the swimmer, he noticed a lump in Josh’s shorts. It was not very discrete. It seemed Josh wasn’t wearing anything

under his shorts, making his erection even more apparent. As Kes looked down at it, it appeared on the verge of poking out. Kes now realised why Josh was so interested in the hairless man. He had a major crush on him.

Whenever the swimmer turned and showed his smooth pale arse to us, Josh would groan.

“Look, I know what I’m doing. Why don’t you just disappear somewhere and take care of yourself.” Kes nodded at Josh’s obscene bulge.

Josh squeezed his cock through his thin nylon shorts and groaned. “Thanks, Kes. I’ll be back in a minute.

Kes watched Josh walk to the changing room, his hand rubbing the front of his shorts. No sooner had the door shut than it opened again, and Josh walked back. Kes noticed his now semi-hard cock swinging in his shorts, the damp patch which showed a darker red than usual and a slimy trail running down his right leg.

Josh just smiled at Kes. He thought it funny that he came so quickly. Kes chuckled under his breath and thought how quick on the trigger young teenagers were.

“Miss me.” Josh teased.

“You must have it bad for him to blow that fast,” Kes said, but Josh groaned as he watched the swimmer execute another tumble turn, teasing Josh with another fleeting glimpse of his sweet arse. Kes looked down and noticed the damp patch widen as his cock squeezed out another pearl of cum.

Josh didn’t seem to care that he showed evidence of cumming in his shorts. He carried on with his job and looked at the massive clock on the wall. It was nearly 9am.



“We need to clear this lot out in a moment. The pool closes from nine to eleven for the school to have their swimming lessons.”

Josh blew the whistle that was around his neck. “Please finish your laps. We will be closing in a minute.” He said with a deep, firm voice.

They watched as the swimmers climbed out of the pool and headed to the changing rooms.

“Right, once they’ve changed and left, we must ensure the changing room is clean and tidy. We usually mop the shower and check the toilets are clean and no one has left anything behind.”

“OK,” Kes said. “But why mop the showers? Surely they’ll still be clean from last night.”

“You’d think.” Josh tutted, “but some of this dirty lot like to pee in the shower, and it can go everywhere. If it isn’t rinsed properly, they start to stink. Dirty fuckers.”

The hairless swimmer was the last to get out of the water. He didn’t use the steps but grabbed the side and pulled himself out, throwing his right leg onto the edge of the pool and heaving his body free. Kes noticed as Josh watched, his eyes hardly ever blinking. He had one serious crush on this guy.

Kes thought how beautiful he looked, his pale skin, wet with droplets of water running down his skin, unfettered by hairs and pooling at his feet. Kes thought he did look stunning but was content to look at the beautiful man rather than lust over him.

Josh followed the man into the changing room. “Come on,” he beckoned Kes. “Pool’s empty. We can start clearing up while they get changed.

Kes wasn’t naïve enough not to realise this was just Josh wanting to watch the hairless man for as long as possible.

With a mop and bucket in hand, Josh waited for the hairless man to finish showering. He was mesmerised and stared at the man. He didn't notice the man turn his head and let his lips form a sly smile as he saw Josh, lost in his own world, staring at the man's body.

"All done, mate." The hairless man spoke in a deep, baritone voice. "See you next time." He smiled at Josh, walked back to his towel, and dried himself off.

Kes could hear the rabble of children somewhere outside as they waited to be let in. The changing room was clean, and Josh had finished mopping the showers.

"I just need to change," Josh explained as he pulled his yellow t-shirt off. "I've got classes later and need to get to school."

Kes didn't watch as Josh pulled off his shorts. He didn't like the idea of staring at the young teenager's body, although he didn't doubt that Josh would mind.

Josh pulled on his jeans without bothering with underwear. "You go and check in with Charles. He'll tell you the rest of the rota. Just tell him I said you'd be fine."

"Thanks, Josh." Kes smiled inwardly, proud to have made a good impression, even if it was on a sixteen-year-old boy.

Kes kept hold of this new sense of pride, which lifted him, in spirit and body, as he seemed to walk taller and straighter into Charles' office.

## Suffering Side Effects

During his lunch break, Kes went to the local GP surgery to organise his mandatory inoculation. Fortunately, Doctor Wallace was free and could fit him in immediately.

It wasn't just an inoculation that Kes needed, but a complete physical.

Doctor Wallace was very thorough, and Kes was pleased when he announced that he was 'a magnificent specimen of manhood'. Kes blushed, unsure if he was flirting with him.

Kes found the young blond doctor attractive but ignored his flirting.

Before Kes could leave, he was given the inoculation.

"I know I need it." Kes asked, "but what's it for?"

"This is possibly one of the greatest advances in vaccination. It was developed by Cockaigne Pharma and is a multi-spectrum vaccine against many known and even unknown bacterial and viral infections."

Kes shuddered when he heard it was developed by Cockaigne Pharma.

"It is safe? It's just that I've come out of a bad experience with them."

Doctor Wallace's face suddenly showed concern. "I'm so sorry. I didn't realise you were one of the volunteers caught up in the Pharma scandal. It must have been horrendous for you."

"Not the nicest experience," Kes replied.

"But don't worry, this has been around for many years and has been tested properly and exhaustively. Every resident of Cockaigne has been inoculated, and apart from a sore arm and minor flu-like symptoms, no one has ever presented with any side effects."

"That's good to know."

"May I?" Doctor Wallace smiled at Kes and held up the syringe, showing Kes the long, thin two-inch needle required to deliver the dose into the muscle in his arm.

Kes nodded and watched as the needle punctured his skin and penetrated his muscle. Slowly, Doctor Wallace pressed the plunger, and the clear fluid entered his body.

“There, nothing to worry about.” Doctor Wallace beamed a disarming smile. “I will need to see you in four weeks to follow up and ensure all is still well. Just make an appointment with my secretary, and I’ll see you in four weeks.”

“Sure, thanks.” Kes rose to his feet. He felt fine. He couldn’t even feel any pain where the needle entered his arm. But his cock started to slowly inflate. “Thanks, Doctor.” Kes left and went to see the receptionist to make his follow-up appointment.

Kes was still wearing his lifeguard uniform, and his inflating cock started showing. The young receptionist noticed his bulge and tenderly licked her lips. This made Kes’ cock throb.

“I see you have taken well to your inoculation.” She smiled at Kes. “It doesn’t usually kick in for about an hour.”

“What do you mean?” Kes looked confused.

She glanced down at the bulge in Kes’ red shorts. “I don’t see many guys come out reacting that quickly. Or was it Doctor Seb that gave you that?”

Although he was dressed, Kes covered his crotch with his hands. “No, it’s just happened.”

“You wouldn’t be the first to get excited after seeing Seb. Plenty of guys and ladies are interested, but he’s too professional. More’s the pity. I’ve been trying to get him to bite for years.”

Kes just stared at her. He was dumbstruck by how familiar she was being.

“I know Seb is too professional to sleep with patients, but I don’t have to follow his ethics.” The young receptionist flicked her blonde hair

behind her ears and moistened her lips again. Kes' eyes opened wider. "I could help you with your problem before you return to duty. I may have had lunch, but I can always find room for what you are hiding."

"Wha...?" Kes stuttered, never having been so openly propositioned.

"Well, you're not running out of here, so I assume you're interested." She got up and came from behind the desk.

She approached Kes and pushed her hand between his legs, forcing his hands away from his crotch so she could feel his hard cock through his red shorts.

Kes gasped when she pulled down his shorts and freed his hard cock. He didn't even know her name, and she was feeling him up. He looked around in case someone else was around. If he saw anyone, he didn't know whether he would plead with them to get this cock hungry receptionist away from him or to give them some privacy.

Kes didn't have much time to think as he felt her lips around his knob head. He didn't notice when she pulled down his shorts. She licked his exposed knob, tasting him and filling her mouth with his thick cock. Kes staggered backwards. She grabbed his hips to steady him while she sucked him. It felt great, and he quickly rewarded her with several blasts of cum.

Embarrassed, Kes pulled up his shorts and ran out of the doctor's surgery. Behind him, he could hear the receptionist laughing.

What the fuck just happened? Kes couldn't get it out of his head. He hadn't led her on, she just took what she wanted, and he was too... What? Embarrassed, horny, guilty of not stopping it. He didn't know how he felt. It seems that living in Cockaigne, you had to be firm in what you wanted to happen. She was determined, and Kes didn't stop her. Next time, if there were to be a next time, he would have to be more confident and only let happen what he wanted to happen.

Kes thought of Philip. Fuck! He thought. He was in his first relationship for some time, the first that actually meant something to him, and he hoped he hadn't let Philip down. But he couldn't stop her, Kes reasoned. He was too naïve about Cockaigne and had to learn quickly to stop his urges from taking over again. But was it his urges? Surely it was hers. No. He was being led by his cock, and he could have stopped it. He just chose not to. He would have to tell Philip when he got back. Kes felt a pit in his stomach at the thought of explaining what had happened to him. But he felt he could explain. He still wanted Philip and only Philip. He needed to make sure Philip knew that.

Back at work, Kes relieved the other lifeguard and took over. Since that receptionist had sucked him off, his guilt prevented him from getting hard again, even when looking at the beautiful naked bodies that came to the pool to swim.

Kes must have walked miles around that pool, just watching and ensuring no one got into difficulty. There was no lifeguard station where he could sit. They were expected to patrol and monitor every corner. Charles felt that having a lifeguard station meant the lifeguards just sat down, rested and let their concentration wander.

It was mid-afternoon, and the pool was getting busier with people who finished work early and came for exercise.

Kes noticed the hairless man again. The man noticed Kes and nodded his recognition at him. Kes smiled in return. He did look cute, Kes thought.

Although Josh wasn't next to him, continually pointing out the man's pale arse and smooth skin, Kes found himself watching anyway. Then he felt his cock respond. It was the first twinge he had felt since coming down the receptionist's throat.

Every time their eyes inadvertently met, one or the other would quickly look away, pretending they weren't watching each other.

Thankfully, Kes managed to keep his cock under control until he noticed Josh come through the changing room door. Kes looked at the clock. It was nearly 6pm. It seems he had spent over two hours watching the hairless man all this time swim continuously. Kes quickly checked the rest of the pool just in case he had missed someone drowning, as he'd only had eyes for one man, one smooth, pale arse.

"I know I'm early, but as I'm here, you may as well go." Josh smiled as he approached Kes. Then he noticed the hairless man. "Fuck. What's he doing here? He's never come in the afternoon before."

Kes followed Josh's eyes as they watched the beautiful man glide through the water.

"When did he get here?" Josh sounded excited. Hoping he can spend some more time with his fantasy man.

Kes shook his head, getting his brain back in gear. "Over two hours ago." Kes sounded surprised. "He must have been here most of my shift," Kes said almost to himself. "I wonder if he is training for something?"

"Shit! Then he'll be going soon." Josh was annoyed at having missed spending time with him. "Fuck!"

Kes looked at the other swimmers, pretending not to be interested in the man.

"Well, bugger off then." Josh joked. "When's your next shift?"

"Tomorrow afternoon and then the evening. I'll be here from two until it closes, I suppose."

"See ya around then." Josh didn't even bother looking at Kes, instead keeping his gaze steady on the hairless man.

Kes went into the changing room to change into his jeans and t-shirt. He was looking forward to going back to Philip's and telling him about his day. Apart from the nymphomaniac of a receptionist, it had been a good day.

"You're new here?"

Kes heard a voice as he pulled his yellow shirt off. His eyes were covered, so he couldn't see who it was. Once free from his shirt, he saw the hairless man standing a few feet away, dripping with water.

"Yes." Kes sounded nervous. "Just started today. Josh showed me the ropes this morning, and I was left alone this afternoon. I'm just glad no one drowned on my first day." He laughed.

The man chuckled. "I'm a regular, so I'm sure we'll see a lot of each other."

Not much more to see. Kes thought and smiled to himself.

"I'm Liam." The man held out his hand and stepped forward.

"Kes." They shook hands. "You are an excellent swimmer," Kes commented. "You must have had lessons, but I wondered if you've ever competed."

"Lessons, yes. But never really competed. Look, I'm going to grab a shower. You wanna join me."

He hadn't thought about showering, but Kes figured it might save him time later or tomorrow morning. The pool provided towels, so there was no reason not to join Liam.

"Sure," Kes nodded and watched as Liam turned and padded across the hard floor to the showers. He watched as Liam's arse moved, each step causing dimples to appear and disappear.

Kes quickly stripped naked and followed his new friend.

"They tried to get me to compete when I was at college." Liam turned to Kes as he took the shower next to him.



The warm water flowed over their naked bodies. It felt good, and Kes let it run over his face.

“Why didn’t you. You seemed to have been good enough.”

“Don’t get me wrong, I love swimming.” Liam pumped some shower gel onto his hand and rubbed it over his bald head. “I just hated competing, especially for my college. I did say yes at one point, but then they found out I was gay and gave me hell. So I just chucked it in and started swimming at the local pool rather than the college pool.”

“That sucks!” Kes said. “I suppose that was before you moved here.”

“If I was at college here, then who knows. But I came from a very homophobic town. First, they would tease me about not having any hair. I used to wish each night they would stop. And I got my wish. As soon as they found out I was gay, they stopped the teasing about being bald and started with the homophobia. Fucking shits, they were.”

“Sounds awful.” Kes commiserated.

“It sounds worse than it was. Mainly because I could handle myself, and this bald poof gave out his fair share of black eyes and broken noses. They quickly learned to leave me alone.”

Kes laughed. “Good for you.”

Liam drew a deep breath and started to look at Kes. His eyes looked at his wet mop of mousy hair, the thin wisps of hair surrounding his nipples and the dark trail that led from his navel to a luscious bush of neatly trimmed pubes.

“You look so beautiful,” Liam spoke in a hushed tone. “I love looking at people with hair, I love the way it looks on you, I love the way your pubes really enhance the look of your dick.”

Kes let the water wash down his body and allowed Liam to inspect his body. He knew he had a good body, but no one had ever appreciated it the way Liam did.

“I used to have hair. I lost it when I was fourteen. I was going through puberty and had the most gorgeous pubes any guy could wish for, short curly, very black, and very thick. I loved my pubes. Then over about six months, I just lost it all. The doctors have no idea why. I just had to accept it. I hope you don’t mind me admiring your pubes.”

“Not at all.” Kes shrugged. “You also have a good body.”

“I like to keep in shape. But this...” Liam grabbed his cock and waggled it in from of Kes, “looks so pale.”

Kes was starting to get hard. He gave his cock a quick stroke. “I like it.”

Liam released his slim, soft cock. Kes stroked his cock again.

“Fuck! I don’t know what’s up with me today. I’m just so horny.”

Liam left his showerhead and joined Kes under his. He kissed Kes briefly on the lips, testing him and asking Kes for his permission to continue. Kes gave that permission by pressing his lips hard against Liam’s, pushing his tongue into his mouth, wrapping his arms around his smooth body, and pulling him close.

The two men were joined, and both felt the cock of the other pressing against their groins.

“Fuck!” Liam pulled away and gasped for air. “I want you to fuck me. But not before I get a taste of this.” Liam crouched down and sucked Kes’ cock into his mouth. Kes groaned and grabbed Liam’s head. It felt smooth, strange. He knew he was bald, but the feeling was alien to him. Kes rubbed the smooth dome, enjoying the sensation on his fingertips.

They were joined in the shower by a middle-aged couple. They quickly rinsed their bodies and went to the pool, ignoring the two men enjoying each other’s bodies.

“Liam!” Kes pulled him off his cock. “Josh will kill me.”

“It’s got nothing to do with him.” Liam dived back onto Kes’ cock, opening his throat to take it deeper.

“Fuck, Liam. He’s horny for you. And I’ve just met you.”

“I know. But he’s a boy. I like men. Especially men that know how to fuck.” Liam spat Kes’ cock out of his mouth and stood up. He looked Kes in the eye. “You know how to fuck, don’t you?”

“Fuck yes!”

Kes flipped Liam around and pushed him against the wall. Liam was well-practised in this position and thrust his hips back, shoving his arse out. Kes dropped and pulled them apart. His pink pucker winked at him, and he dived deep, his tongue leading the way. Liam pushed back further, trying to get more tongue into his arse. Kes went deeper, tasting the chlorinated water trapped between Liam’s buttocks. A finger joined his tongue, and Kes tried to prise that pink hole wider, wide enough to take his thick cock. Kes fucked that hole with his tongue and finger. Kes stopped licking his hole and now only used his fingers. He plunged three into him. Liam’s face was flat against the white tiled wall of the showers, groaning at the attention Kes was paying his arse.

“Fuck me, Kes!” Liam pleaded. “I’m ready.”

Kes stroked his cock a little, making sure he was properly hard. He pressed his red knob against Liam’s pucker and pushed hard. He didn’t mean to plunge in deep at first, but Liam was obviously used to being fucked. He made it easy for him, and Kes found himself balls deep inside Liam.

“Fuck!” Kes gasped and held onto Liam. The feel of Liam’s arse gripping him tightly meant he was in danger of going over the edge. He didn’t want to move. He didn’t want to cum too soon.

“Are you ready yet?” Liam whispered.

“Fuck Liam, you almost made me shoot. But I’m ready.”

Kes pulled back slowly. Then dove back inside. Liam gasped. What Kes was doing felt great, but Liam wanted him to pummel his arse. He

wanted to feel the friction of his cock against his insides. But he knew to be patient as Kes built up and got his finger off the trigger. He knew if Kes came too soon, then the fucking would end.

“You feel so good. I’ve not had one as big as you for some time.”

Kes felt pride at his fat cock and was sufficiently recovered to plough that bald arse.

It was a frenzy of bodies slapping against each other, groans and gasps. Sweat and shower mixed and flew in all directions as they were forced off their skin as they violently connected. Liam started to gasp. He’d not felt a cock inside him for several weeks. His cock flailed in front of him, his foreskin retracted, and the rosy red knob contrasted against his pale skin. Precum was flying, his balls ached, and his cock exploded. Kes kept pounding his arse as Liam came. With each thrust, he rubbed Liam’s prostate, and more cum would fly. Liam stifled a scream as his head was filled with too much. Pleasure, pain, he didn’t know what it was, and he didn’t care. He just floated on that feeling.

Behind him, Kes kept pounding, oblivious. Liam’s cock deflated momentarily, but the relentless pounding of his prostate soon got Liam hard again and ready to blow.

“Fuck!” Liam screamed. He was coming again, so soon after the first time, Liam never thought it possible.

Kes kept pounding. He could feel his own balls ache. He knew he was near. He was gasping for air. Kes had never been so breathless, not even while exercising. This was truly challenging his stamina, but Kes was determined. He desperately needed a rest, but he just pounded. Kes gasped and held his breath, his cock burning up inside Liam. He couldn’t breathe, he kept pounding Liam, and then he stopped.

He was still, holding his breath, his cock deep inside Liam. As Kes felt his cock explode, he gasped and sucked in a lungful of air. His cock pulsed and spewed its cum deep inside Liam.

Both men remained motionless, still attached by Kes' cock. Both men slowly recovering.

The noise that Liam and Kes made didn't go unnoticed. It could be heard in the pool. Josh initially ignored it. He was used to people fucking in the shower. But this sounded far louder than he had ever heard before. An old lady got out of the pool and approached Josh. She was afraid something was happening in the changing room that shouldn't be happening. She insisted Josh ensure everything was fine and no one was being forced.

Josh figured he could leave the pool for a moment just to check.

The moment he saw Kes fucking the hairless man, he stood in shock. Kes had just cum inside Liam, and they didn't see him looking at them.

Josh found his voice. "You bastard!" He screamed and ran for Kes. He pushed him off Liam and against the shower wall. Kes fell to the floor, stunned. He scrambled to his feet and saw the rage in Josh's eyes.

"You fucking bastard!" Josh lashed out at Kes again, this time with his fist. With a solid right hook, he punched Kes in the face. Kes was flattened against the hard wall again, his head connecting with a crack that echoed around the showers.

Liam lunged towards Josh and pushed him away to stop more punches from hitting Kes.

"You bastard, Kes!" Josh was crying. "You knew. I fucking told you, and you do this to me!"

Liam looked at Josh. "It's not his fault, Josh. I wanted it."

"Fuck you, too.!" Josh literally spat in Liam's face and ran out. He ran out of the leisure centre.

Kes was in shock. His face ached. He ran from the shower and grabbed his clothes. He didn't bother drying himself. He just put his clothes on and left.

Liam called after him. But Kes ignored him.

Kes didn't go back to Philip's house. He felt too ashamed of himself. He went to his bedsit outside Cockaigne, unable to face Philip.

Philip smiled broadly as he opened his front door and declared, "Hi, Honey. I'm home!" He liked the idea of coming home to someone and getting a hug and kiss.

When he got no response, he supposed Kes had fallen asleep again. But he was not in the house. Probably still at work, Philip thought.

He decided to send Kes a text.

«Are you still at work? Hope it is going well.»

When Kes saw the text, he started to cry. He was curled up on his lonely bed, cradling his phone. How could he allow all this to happen on his first day on the job? He thought he'd lose his job. He thought he'd lose Philip. He'd thought he had lost any possibility of a new life in Cockaigne. Kes hated himself. He'd fucked up. Again!

«I'm so sorry.» Kes sniffed as he typed out his reply.

Philip was confused by the reply. He started typing something back but quickly deleted it and decided to call.

Kes didn't answer. He saw Philip's name flash up, but the thought of speaking to him, admitting what he'd done, made him nauseous. Philip was persistent. He wouldn't leave a message when the voicemail kicked in and kept ringing. He knew Kes was at the other end of the phone. He knew because he had just texted him.

The noise gave Kes a headache. He was about to turn his phone off when it rang again. This time he answered it, knowing he would have to admit what he'd done.

Philip was surprised when Kes answered, but he heard nothing from him.

"Kes? Are you alright? What's wrong? What are you sorry for?"

Kes took a deep breath, trying to compose himself.

"Kes? Talk to me. I'm getting worried. Are you at home?"

"Y... Yes." Kes stuttered.

Philip waited, hoping Kes would speak again.

"I'm sorry, Philip. I've fucked up. Badly."

"What happened?" Philip was concerned. "Tell me. I might be able to help."

"You can't. You're going to hate me. You're never going to want to see me again, and I wouldn't blame you. I didn't want to hurt you. I don't. But it just happened." Kes whimpered into the phone.

Philip was scared. His mind conjured up all sorts of scenarios. "Tell me, Kes."

"I fucked somebody at work!" Kes raised his voice and sniffed away some tears as he composed himself. "There was this swimmer," Kes explained, and Philip listened in silence.

As the story emerged, Philip felt tears in his eyes. He thought, and he hoped that this new relationship would go somewhere. But Kes had fucked someone else the first chance he got. He felt betrayed and used. He thought there was something special between them.

Kes kept apologising and then begged. "Help me, Philip. I don't know what to do. I don't want to lose you."

Philip couldn't let this be the last time he spoke to Kes. He sounded afraid. He sounded like a distressed child.

“Shall I come over?” Philip offered.

“Please.” Kes sniffed.



## On the Brink

Philip dressed and booked a taxi to take him to Kes' bedsit. He knew Kes lived outside Cockaigne, so clothes were necessary, even if they made him uncomfortable. He felt some trepidation as he stood at Kes' front door. He took a deep breath and knocked somewhat timidly.

When Kes opened the door and saw Philip, he burst into tears and hugged him tightly.

Philip reluctantly reciprocated the hug but pulled away the first chance he could.

Kes flopped himself on the sofa and hung his head, resting it in his hands, his elbows digging into his thighs. Philip stood close by, perching on the small table that Kes barely used.

"Why am I here, Kes?" Philip now felt stupid for coming over.

"Because I think I love you." Kes lifted his head and looked at Philip.

Philip's eyes were stony cold. "You have a strange way of showing it. Fucking some strange guy."

"I know. I can't explain it. I honestly don't know why it happened. I don't know what came over me. Philip," Kes pleaded with him, "I know it shouldn't have happened, and I know I've hurt you."

Philip was angry at Kes but melted when he saw Kes' face, looking frightened, his reddened eyes begging.

Fuck! Philip sighed. It had only been two days since they'd been dating properly. Two fucking days and he felt like this. It felt like Kes had ripped open his chest and stamped on his heart. But Philip always fell in love too quickly. He would always end up hurt, and with each new boyfriend, he would think it would never happen again. But Philip felt a responsibility to Kes. He may have fucked up their relationship, but he was helping Kes transform his life and relocate to Cockaigne. He

supposed it was good that Kes had fucked up so early in their relationship before he really fell for him.

“I hate people like me!” Kes punched his thigh. “Fucking cheating bastards.”

Philip sat next to Kes on the sofa. He touched his arm, trying to comfort him, but Kes flinched at the touch.

“Fuck, that hurt!” Kes looked at Philip.

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to. I barely touched you.”

Kes lifted the arm of his t-shirt and rubbed at the red mark.

“What happened?” Philip asked. “Have you been bitten by something?”

Kes held his hand over the painful red patch. “No. I had my jab this lunchtime.”

“What jab?” Philip gasped. “The Cockaigne jab? You never said you were having it today.”

“I wasn’t supposed to.” Kes said, “My boss said to pop to the docs at lunchtime and make an appointment. It just so happened he could do it there and then.”

“Oh fuck!” Philip closed his eyes and flopped backwards, screwing his face up to the ceiling

“What’s wrong. I was told I needed it.” Kes wondered why Philip seemed annoyed that he’d had the vaccination without telling him.

“Oh, Kes.” Philip sighed and sat up straight again. He turned and looked at Kes without any hate or disappointment in his eyes. “That is some pretty strong stuff. I was hoping to take you for your vaccination so I could prepare you for it.”

“Prepare me for what? It’s just a jab. I’ve had them before.”

“Not like the one for Cockaigne.” Philip took hold of Kes’ hand and lightly squeezed it.

The mandatory vaccine given to all residents of Cockaigne was not just a broad-spectrum vaccine to protect against bacterial and viral infections. It also had the side effect of lowering inhibitions, making you more comfortable with public nudity and intercourse. Philip had wanted to prepare Kes for this. Prepare him for his new urges and how to control them.

“I can’t say I’m happy that you fucked someone behind my back. But I understand. You weren’t prepared. That stuff went straight to your head and then to your cock.”

“But I did it. I wanted it. I fucked him. It felt great.” Kes drew a deep breath. “Until Josh punched me.”

Philip held Kes’ chin and examined his eye. “You are going to have one great shiner in the morning. It doesn’t look too bad now, but later....”

Philip leant forward and kissed Kes lightly on the lips.

When they parted, Philip saw Kes smile.

“I truly am sorry, Philip.”

“I understand, but now you know you should be better able to control yourself. But this initial surge will wear off in a day or two.”

“Did it affect you?” Kes asked.

Philip blushed, “Yes.”

“Did you manage to control yourself?”

“Well, not really.” Philip looked ashamed of himself. “I was fucked twice and fucked three guys that first day. I was better the second day, and only three people fucked me. I didn’t fuck anyone. Then I was back to normal.”

“Sounds like I got off lightly.” Kes chuckled, “Just a blow job and a fuck.”

“And a black eye.” Philip stroked the side of his face.

“Are we ok?” Kes asked.

“Yes, we’re ok.” Philip smiled.

“Good. Because I’ve wanted to say this since you got here. You look so funny in clothes.” Kes laughed. “You are so overdressed.”

“But we are no longer in Cockaigne anymore.”

“But we are in my bedsit. It’s private, and I allow nudity of any of my guests. In fact, I encourage it.”

Philip stood up and quickly threw his clothes at Kes, “Here you go!” Philip gave Kes a little twirl. “Is that better?”

“Much. Now come sit back down. I think I need a cuddle. It has been one hell of a day.”

Philip sat back down, and Kes leant over, snuggling against his chest. They sat in silence. Kes felt relieved that Philip had been understanding about what had happened, and he felt the reassurance that what he thought he’d lost was coming back to him. He didn’t want to lose Philip, not over some random fuck. It made Kes realise he had to be careful about what happened in Cockaigne. The town was so different to the outside society that something unexpected like this could sideswipe him and send him down a road he didn’t want to go down. He still had some bridges to mend, especially with young Josh. He had hoped to have made another friend in the town, but now Josh hated him for fucking Liam. Kes was annoyed with Liam. He knew Josh had a crush on him, and yet he made a play for Kes in the leisure centre where Josh and Kes worked. He knew Cockaigne was liberal and sex in public wasn’t frowned upon, but why rub Josh’s nose in it. Liam said Josh was too young for him, so why seduce Kes when he knew Josh was nearby, overseeing the safety of the exercise pool. It seemed reckless to Kes. It seemed cruel. Had Liam done this on purpose? Had he used Kes to push Josh away and hurt him, so he lost his crush? Kes didn’t like that

thought. It was too cruel and cold-hearted. He felt sorry for Josh having to watch the object of his desires being fucked.

He couldn't care less about Liam, but Kes wanted to make it up to Josh. He wanted to apologise and explain, showing Josh that he wasn't the hurtful bastard he would have seemed as he fucked Liam. Kes remembered when he was sixteen and how intense his crushes felt. There was one girl that really made him crazy, he fancied her so much he couldn't speak around her, and when watching her from afar, he would get hard. His friends teased him about it, and somehow they managed to make sure she found out. Both of them were hugely embarrassed. Kes never asked her out. He wished he had. Instead, he would ask other girls out, others that he didn't have such strong feelings. Others he could talk to.

Kes looked down and noticed Philip's cock was hard. Kes had been unwittingly stimulating him with his breath. His cock, although hard, was crumpled in Philip's groin as he sat. It made his cock look small, and only the tip protruded from the mangle of bare flesh.

He slid down Philip's body and sucked in the firm knob.

Philip leant back and stretched out his legs. His cock emerged and went deeper into Kes' throat.

Kes sucked hard. Philip spread his legs, and Kes massaged his balls. Kes was determined to stay down until he tasted Philip's cum.

Philip hadn't cum all day and soon blasted his load into Kes' mouth and down his throat. Kes savoured the taste.

Kes pulled off Philip's cock when he heard his phone ring. He gulped down the slimy cum.

"Hello?" He said.

"I'm glad I caught you this evening." It was Charles, the leisure centre manager.

The first thought that went through Kes' mind was that he was sacked and that horrible pit in his stomach reappeared.

"I think we must sort out this situation between you and Josh."

"Yes, Sir. I'm so sorry about what happened." Kes spoke timidly.

"I've just come off the phone with Josh. He's upset but has calmed down. I explained that you were off duty, and so strictly speaking, you have done nothing wrong."

"But, Sir..." Kes wanted to explain.

"But it doesn't mean it was right."

"I know, Sir. I feel bad about what happened and terrible for hurting Josh."

"That's a start." Charles was glad Kes saw how bad it looked. "So, Josh has calmed down a little and is coming to see me at eleven tomorrow morning. I want you there so you two can talk this over and either find a way forward or keep out of each other's way. I hate to say it, but if this casts a bad shadow over the centre, I may have to let one of you go."

Kes gasped. He was last in, so knew he would be first out. His job was on the line.

"Obviously, I don't want that to happen. I have precious few lifeguards during term time as it is, and with taking you on, we are only just back up to the required numbers."

"I don't want that to happen, Sir. I'll do my best with Josh. He's a good kid, and I hate myself for what happened, especially after Josh told me he had a crush on the guy. It was a shitty thing to do... Sir." Kes hadn't meant to swear.

"I'll see you at eleven tomorrow in my office?" Charles intoned his question.

"Yes, Sir."

"And, Kes. I hope this is the last time you call me Sir."

“Yes, Charles. Sorry, Charles, I’ll see you tomorrow Charles.”

Charles chuckled and disconnected the call.

Kes closed his eyes and put his phone back into his pocket.

“Kes?” Philip tried to suppress a grin. “Was that Charles?”

Kes gave Philip a sly look. “I must have sounded so fucking stupid.”

Philip leaned over and kissed him lightly on the lips. “Nope, you sounded so cute.”

“Cute! I’m a six-foot strapping bloke. I don’t sound cute.”

“Not quite six foot, Darling. But I hear men who are insecure always add an extra inch.”

Kes launched himself at Philip and heard the sofa creak under their weight. “Insecure! I’ll get you for that and show you what I can do with an extra inch!” Kes started tickling Philip relentlessly. Philip tried to escape, but Kes pulled him back on the sofa. Kes straddled Philip, tickling his armpits, flanks and neck. Philip giggled like a girl, his hand flying wildly to get Kes off him.

They quickly tired and stared at each other, panting.

“Why don’t you show me those extra inches and take off your clothes.” Philip gasped between breaths.

Kes got off Philip and stripped. Naked, he pulled Philip off the sofa and dragged him over to his bed.

## The Morning After

Kes woke up early and lay still next to Philip. Slowly, his nerves grew as he thought about meeting Josh. Thankfully, last night he was so tired after fucking Philip that his mind didn't get a chance to fixate on meeting Josh, and he quickly fell asleep.

This morning, Kes didn't wake with his usual erection. His nerves were overtaking his normal bodily reactions.

Beside him, Philip was still sleeping. His breathing was shallow. His normally neat hair was messy as he turned his head on the pillow towards Kes. Kes sighed as he saw Philip's serene face. He didn't want to wake him, so he didn't move, despite feeling pressure on his bladder, but Kes thought he could last a little longer before needing the toilet.

The more he watched Philip's face and felt the gentle movement as he drew shallow breaths, the harder his cock became. Just looking at Philip could cause him to stand to attention, and after the fright of yesterday when he thought he might lose him, he seemed to want him more.

Kes would have loved to slowly stroke his cock, but he didn't want to move and wake Philip from his serene sleep. Even the sight of the curves and humps of his body under the thin duvet aroused him.

He had to move, his erection and the pressure on his bladder worsened. Kes tried to slip out of bed unnoticed, but he heard a sigh and a ruffle of the duvet as he dashed to the toilet.

Kes squeezed the knob of his cock, forcing his erection to subside so he could pee. The loud splashing of his stream of piss couldn't mask his deep sigh of relief.

After shaking the last few drops of piss from his cock, he flushed and washed his hands. It was then he noticed that his cock had become hard again. Now his bladder no longer burned, he began to feel the side of his face throbbing. He looked in the bathroom mirror and saw his black eye.



The hint of blue was noticeable and seemed as open as his undamaged eye.

As he walked back into the bedroom, his hand slowly stroking his cock, he noticed Philip was awake and was watching him as he slipped back into bed.

“Couldn’t wait for me to wake up, I see.” Philip teased.

“I think it’s the company I keep. Just looking at you makes me hard.”

Philip reached over, his hand sliding under the duvet and grabbed Kes’ cock. “What time is it?” Philip asked as he slowly stroked the stiff and clammy pole.

“Why?” Kes strained to look at the clock on the far wall.

“Because I need to know if we have time for me to blow you or for you to fuck me.”

“I could lie here forever like this, with you stroking me. But it’s just after seven.”

“Well, I will need a shower,” Philip considered his options, “and I will need to leave here just after half past to get to work on time.” Philip stopped stroking Kes and leant on his elbow to look into Kes’ eyes. “So, can you fuck me and come in ten minutes?” Philip grinned.

Kes leapt to his knees, throwing the duvet off the bed and grabbing Philip’s legs, “I’ll give it a damn good go.” Kes spat onto his cock and rubbed it in. Another glob of spit and Philip’s loose arse was lubricated.

Philip’s cock grew hard in anticipation and lurched as Kes rammed his cock deep into his hole. Philip groaned as Kes stretched his insides, rubbing his prostate.

Kes pounded Philip, eager to cum and eager to please Philip. He looked at his face all the time he ploughed him. He saw no pain, just anticipation and lust.

Between them, Philip's cock was flailing with each thrust, drops of precum oozing and dripping over his body.

The quick fuck rapidly brought Kes close to the edge. It was their need for instant satisfaction that made them cum so soon. Kes was first, blasting cum inside Philip.

Then Philip came as he felt Kes' throbbing cock inside him.

There was no time for Philip to enjoy the moment as he rolled over and jumped out of bed. Kes looked confused, his cock was still inside Philip, and he was savouring the sensations on his cock. But Philip needed to get ready.

Kes lay in bed while Philip showered, and he sat up and watched as he came out and dried himself. Philip's naked body caused Kes' cock to harden again, and Kes gave it a few strokes, which caused some remnants of his last orgasm to spew out and smear over his knob.

"Sorry, Kes. I haven't got time. I would love to, but I have to get going." Philip found his clothes and climbed into them. He struggled at first, almost falling over as he pulled on his jeans.

Kes laughed.

"Fucking hell! I can't believe I'm so used to going around naked." He glared at Kes. "You will have to find a place in Cockaigne soon as I don't intend putting on clothes just to see you." He teased.

"I'll see the estate agent today after work." Kes then mumbled under his breath. "If I still have a job."

"Don't start getting all negative again." Philip went to Kes and kissed his forehead as he lay on the bed. "You spoke to Charles. Everything is fine with him. You just have to make it up with Josh. He's sixteen. I'm sure he won't bear a grudge."

"Thanks, Philip." Kes shooed him away. "Now get to work. And I want to hear what they say when you turn up wearing clothes."

“My boss will probably faint. On the few occasions I wear clothes, she always has to do a double take. But don’t worry, as soon as I get there, this fucking lot is coming off.” Philip tugged at his clothes.

Kes smiled.

“Will I see you tonight?” Philip sounded uncertain.

“I would like that.” Kes breathed a sigh of relief. “I’ll let you know how it goes, and if anything goes wrong, you can give me a hug.”

“It won’t.” Philip blew Kes a kiss. “Just be honest and sincere. If Josh doesn’t appreciate that, then he’s an asshole.”

Kes blew Philip a kiss in return and watched as he slammed the door as he left for work.

## Facing Josh

Kes, dressed in his full lifeguard uniform, arrived ten minutes early to see the manager, Charles. He felt a lump in his throat, standing outside the closed door.

After a deep breath, he knocked on the door and waited for Charles to tell him to come in.

His palms were clammy as he turned the handle.

Josh was sitting in front of Charles' desk, his head turned to look at Kes as he walked in. He didn't look happy, but he didn't look angry either.

"Look, Josh. I'm so sorry. I need to explain. I didn't want to hurt you. That wasn't my intention. In fact, I had no intention. You see..." Kes babbled on.

"Kes," Josh interrupted, "Charles has explained about the jab. It was a shitty thing to do to me, but I understand. I was young when I had mine, so I didn't feel such intense sexual urges. But Charles has explained what happens when adults have the jab."

Kes sat next to Josh and looked into his eyes. "You see, I have a boyfriend, and I felt so horrible for cheating on him, and I hoped that you and I were becoming friends, and I was mortified that I'd damaged that. All I can say is that it wasn't me yesterday. I don't cheat, and I don't shit on my friends from a great height. And knowing I did, makes me feel so crappy. I felt sick. Philip understands and has forgiven me. I hope you do, too and that we can start again."

Josh looked over to where Charles was sitting. He wasn't there. He'd got up and given the two young men some privacy, and neither noticed.

"Kes, it's fine. I'm sorry for punching you."

"That was one fucking good punch." Kes stroked the side of his face where his skin had darkened.

“Lucky shot.” Josh laughed. “But I’m more angry at that guy.”

“It wasn’t his fault. He wasn’t to know.”

“Yes, he fucking was. He knew I had my eye on him. He even encouraged it at first, before he found out how old I was. I was fifteen at the time. He knew I had a hard-on for him every time he got in the pool. When I turned sixteen, I tried again, and he just blanked me. And now he took advantage of you right under my nose. That was a bastard thing to do.”

Kes saw the anger rising on Josh’s face.

“Just leave it. Stop thinking about him. He’ll get what coming to him. Just mark my words. I don’t want you getting into trouble because of him.”

“I suppose.” Josh sighed. “Charles said that he wanted to call security because I punched you. If I’d punched him, I’m sure I wouldn’t be here now and stuck with some punishment device on my cock. But Charles persuaded him it was up to you. It was your choice whether or not security got involved.”

“No way!” Kes shook his head. “It was an unfortunate incident, and I want to forget about it.”

“Thanks, Kes.”

Kes didn’t realise that Josh would have been scared of getting into trouble. He only thought of how he’d been reckless and not that he’d been assaulted. He considered that he deserved the bruise on his cheek.

“Are we ok?” Kes looked hopeful.

“Yes.” Josh smiled back at him and stood up.

Kes stood, and they embraced. Josh held onto Kes tightly, and he felt a little whimper from Josh.

“What’s the matter?” Kes pulled away to look at Josh’s moist eyes.

“I don’t fucking know.” Josh sniffed. “I liked you. You gave back when I was being a cocky little shit. I like it here, I like this job, I was hoping to get to know you better, I was getting a little....” Josh blushed.

“But...”

Josh didn’t allow Kes to reject him. “But I now know you have a boyfriend. So I will be more than happy with friends, mates. Someone who can get me a few beers at the weekend.” Josh jabbed Kes in the ribs with his elbow.

“Now you’re taking the piss!” Kes chuckled. “But what are you doing when I finish my shift at five. Would you like to come back with me and meet Philip? I’m sure he’d love to see you. I didn’t stop talking about what happened yesterday.”

Kes laughed when the clock struck five, and the door to the changing room opened and in strolled Josh, still dressed in his lifeguard uniform.

“It’s not your shift, is it?” Kes asked.

“Naw. I just like to stay in this while at college. It drives the girls and boys wild. They say I look sexier in it. So who am I to argue with my audience.”

Kes suspected he liked the attention but, after just knowing him for two days, didn’t think he would go about flaunting himself and having casual hookups at college.

“Do you mind stopping at the estate agent before we go home? I just want to see if they have found me anything.”

Josh was excited, even suggesting he could help Kes choose.

Kes was less ecstatic with Josh’s next suggestion that they jog into town. Kes wasn’t a jogger. He considered himself fit but had not been out jogging since his middle teens when he thought it was the easiest and cheapest way to keep fit.

Josh persuaded Kes, and they ran along the streets, still clad in their lifeguard uniforms.

Kes found it challenging to keep up.

“Slow down, Josh. I’m not used to it!” Kes would call after Josh, who was speeding away at what he would have thought was a leisurely pace.

Josh started to jog on the spot to allow Kes to keep up. He turned around and watched Kes as he pulled passed him. Josh then followed, gauging his pace and learning to slow his strides. Confident he could match Kes’ pace, he pulled alongside him, and they ran side by side.

“If I’d known I’d be going for a jog, I’d have worn a jock.” Josh chatted as they kept a steady pace. “This jiggling around of your bits doesn’t half get distracting. I’ve been sporting a semi since we ran out of the leisure centre car park.

Josh looked down and watched Kes’ cock sway side to side through his thin red shorts with each stride. Kes glanced quickly but was more interested in remembering where he was going as he was still new to Cockaigne. He had yet to find his way about.

“Just about a hundred metres ahead.” Josh twisted his head to look at Kes.

Kes was now feeling the effects of the run. He was out of breath and panting, running beyond his limit, keeping up with Josh, so he didn’t embarrass himself further by asking Josh to slow down even more.

Josh pulled up by the estate agent’s window. He lifted his foot, grabbed hold of it and lightly stretched his hamstring. He continued to stretch his muscles as Kes pulled up and nearly collapsed.

Kes was gasping for air, bent double with his hands on his knees to hold up his body. He couldn’t speak. He needed air. He couldn’t copy Josh and do some warm-down exercises. He just needed to catch his breath.

Sweat dripped from his forehead, he rubbed it away from his face, but some stung his eyes. He deeply regretted going along with the idea of a jog. A walk may have taken longer, but he wouldn't have arrived drenched in sweat, out of breath and smelly.

Josh also showed a sheen of sweat on his skin, but not enough to create rivulets that would stream down his face and body.

Kes gasped, "Never again." And glanced at Josh. Slowly he was recovering, and his body was straightening up.

"Fuck!" Josh shoved his hand down his red shorts. "My balls feel bruised, but my cock is fluffed. It's like my cock wants to cum, but my balls are begging that I don't."

"That'll teach you for free-balling!" Kes had finally started breathing normally, perhaps a little quicker than usual.

"You ready?" Josh gestured to the door.

"Give me another minute."

Kes finally felt recovered enough and went inside, followed by Josh.

A young man in his mid-twenties immediately rose from his chair and approached them. He was smartly dressed in a well-fitting double-breasted suit and dress shirt with some faux diamond cufflinks glistening under the harsh fluorescent lights of the office. His tie was suitably garish and tied in a thick Windsor knot. It seems you can always tell an estate no matter where they are from.

"Good afternoon, young sirs." He held out his hand to Kes, the oldest and oldest-looking of the two. He also nodded to Josh and shook his hand.

"I came in a couple of days ago looking for a small flat or something, as I'm new to the area."

The young man beamed, "You must be Kes. I'm Nick. I have just been looking at what we have available. Please follow me."



As they followed, Josh leant over to Kes and whispered into his ear. "He is gorgeous. My cock just over-rode my balls. It needs to cum."

Kes looked down, and it was evident that Josh was rock-hard under his red shorts.

"Fucking hell, Josh. Get that thing down."

"Sorry, Kes. It rarely goes down on its own, especially in the presence of two very sexy men."

Kes blushed.

The young estate agent smiled as he saw the tent Josh was sporting and gestured for them to sit at his desk.

"So, Kes, I've been looking through what's available and considering your circumstances, I think I have a few good options for you and your... partner? Brother? Son?"

Josh laughed.

Kes looked over at Josh. "He's just a friend." Kes jabbed him in the ribs. "And not a close one at that." They giggled.

Josh leant on the desk and looked into Nick's eyes, "And I'm free at the moment in case you want to take me off the market."

Nick almost choked.

"Just ignore him," Kes saved Nick from embarrassment, "he's just a horny teenager." Kes turned to Josh, "Leave the poor man alone. If you need to wank off, go outside. I have to find a place to live."

"Right, Nick." Josh looked serious, although his lips betrayed a mischievous smirk. "Show us what you got, and I don't want you fobbing off my good friend with any old tat."

Nick sighed and ignored Josh. He pushed a couple of brochures over to Kes. "We do have several available, but I have narrowed it down to these two. This one," Nick tapped the photo of a flat above a shop on the main high street, "has just been vacated by the shop manager as he

needed to move to a larger place with his growing family. It is two-bedroomed, the master bedroom has an en suite, but the second bedroom is rather small, suitable for a nursery or a single bed.”

“It would be nice to have guests to stay, so a larger second bedroom would be ideal, but I do like the idea of living in the centre rather than on an estate.”

Nick nodded and then prodded the second property. “It sounds like you might be more suited to this one. It’s a small terraced house in Old Cockton. It’s further away from the leisure centre and has two good-sized bedrooms. No en suite, I’m afraid, just one bathroom. It’s an old house with no front garden, but it does have a small back garden that backs onto some farmland. It’s quite private.”

“You have to have that one.” Josh was excited. “It’s near me. I live on the new-ish estate in Old Cockton. It’ll be great. We could hang together.”

“When can I see it?” Kes asked.

“I could arrange to meet you there at nine tomorrow morning.”

Kes was hoping to sleep in on Saturday but made the appointment. Josh said he’d meet him there as well. It seemed Josh was determined to stay involved.

Josh sounded so excited when they left the estate agent. He was pleased they might live close to each other. Kes was curious why a sixteen-year-old would want to hang out with an eighteen-year-old. He supposed they weren’t too dissimilar in age. But Kes thought there was something else he couldn’t put his finger on.

Kes could remember the way to Philip’s house from the town centre, so when Josh suggested they jog there, he insisted more like, Kes could set the pace. Josh was a little frustrated at the slow pace but made up for

it by running ahead, then back to Kes. It seems Josh always had a smile on his face.

“Fuck, I’m knackered.” Kes gasped as he stopped at Philip’s front door and let himself in.

“If you’re to keep your job, you’d better get fit.” Josh teased. “And I’m here to help.”

“Well, that’s enough for today. I stink, and I’m sweaty. I need a shower. Grab a seat and a drink. I won’t be long.” Kes disappeared.

Josh wandered around Philip’s house, poking his nose in cupboards, drawers, and anything he could find. He wasn’t being nosy. He was just bored. It was like Josh couldn’t grab a drink and sit down.

Kes disturbed Josh, who was startled at his presence and how quickly Kes had showered.

“Did you manage to get yourself a drink?” Kes noticed how jittery Josh looked. “It’s alright.”

Josh relaxed and smiled, although a little disappointed Kes had a towel wrapped around his waist.

“D’ya mind if I grab a quick shower?” Josh pointed in the direction Kes had come from.

“Sure.”

Kes turned and went to get another towel. Josh followed him into the bathroom.

“There you go. Feel free to use anything you need. I’ll be in the kitchen. I want to surprise Philip when he comes back and make some dinner.”

Josh smiled and started to pull off his lifeguard uniform. Kes thought it unfitting to watch the sixteen-year-old strip naked; he turned and left him alone.

Kes busied himself in the kitchen and made a reasonably tasty spaghetti bolognese from the ingredients he could find in Philip's fridge. He'd lost track of time and was beginning to wonder what was taking Josh so long when he appeared. Stark naked.

"I hope you don't mind, but I had to knock one out while I was in the shower. My cock has been longing for release for hours."

Kes looked down at the boy's naked body and his limp cock.

"Don't worry, I cleaned up after myself." Josh smiled.

Kes quickly brought his eyes back up Josh's body, not wanting to linger on the boy's sex.

Josh approached Kes. "I'm sure you would have lost that towel ages ago if I wasn't here."

Kes knew it was true and felt a lump in his throat. Then he felt Josh's hand on his waist. Josh grabbed the towel and gently pulled it. Kes now stood naked in front of an equally naked Josh.

"Look, Josh." Kes swallowed the lump in his throat. "I'm with Philip, and he could be home any time."

Josh giggled. "You should see your face. I'm not trying to seduce you." He went around Kes, pulled open the fridge, and took out a bottle of lemonade. "Get me a glass, will you."

Kes took a deep breath and handed Josh two glasses, "Poor me one, will you."

The two young men took their glasses into the living room and sat down.

"Josh." Kes began, feeling a need to let him know the situation. "I hope I haven't given you any signals, but I really am with Philip, and I don't want to spoil it."

Josh tried to look disappointed but could repress a grin. "I know, Kes. I'm just a tease. I would love to, but I know you can't. So the only thing I

can do is wank. Besides, I like you as a friend. We've only known each other for less than two days, and on the first day, I punched you, but I'd like to be mates. Someone I can chat to. And join me when I go running. Being friends with me has its perks. You get fit."

"What about other boys at school or college?"

"They're good for a quick suck or fuck, but they don't seem to want anything more. I'm sixteen, out and proud. I have a few mates, but they are on the geeky side, good for homework and going to the cinema to watch sci-fi, but I could never get them into shorts for a jog or even trunks for a swim. But I think they're straight. They've not said anything. I suspect they like fucking me too much."

"Surely there are other gay kids?"

"Of course. And they have all tried it on, and we've fucked and sucked, but that's it. I've just been another conquest for them. It was fun at first. I suppose it still is a lot of fun, but I'm missing something. A proper friendship and a proper boyfriend."

"But..." Kes nearly choked on his drink.

"I know. You're with Philip. I think you've mentioned it." Josh grinned at Kes.

"Seriously though, I just feel I can talk to you. I don't want anything else. I just feel..." Josh couldn't find the words, but Kes noticed how sad he suddenly looked.

"I think I understand, Josh. I think I hit the jackpot when I decided to move here when I met Philip and now you."

There was a moment's silence. Kes thought about what Josh had said. It seemed that by gaining the sexual freedom Cockaigne offered, people neglected the simple benefits of friendship. He wondered if it was just boys that, once they went through puberty, became sex-obsessed and, in Cockaigne, had nothing to stop them fucking each other. Perhaps

their relationships revolved around casual sex rather than friendship. It seemed to be the case for Josh and his small group of mates. But it could just be Josh's experience. Others might have a more balanced life between sex and friendship. It did sound like Josh liked sex with his mates and was a willing and active participant.

Kes checked the clock, wondering how much longer Philip would be. It was nearly seven in the evening, and Kes suddenly felt a pang of jealousy.

"You seem happy with Philip," Josh commented. "I hope I get to meet him sometime. He sounds great. But I should be getting home soon." Josh stood up and went to grab his trainers.

Kes watched as the young man bent over and slipped them on his feet. He had a cute arse, and his balls hung low between his legs. When Josh turned around, Kes noticed his cock was half hard. Kes also felt his cock lengthen as he watched the smooth young body in front of him.

The sound of keys in the door made Kes' cock deflate. Philip was home. He jumped out of his chair to greet Philip in the hallway.

"I have two surprises for you." Kes kissed Philip briefly. "The first is that I've made dinner."

"It smells nice." Philip smiled, "What's the second?"

Philip noticed a young smiling face appear in the doorway to the living room. Kes followed his eyes.

"It's Josh. We are fine. You were right." Kes hugged Philip, "I don't know why I was so worried last night."

"Hi, Phillip." Josh smiled at Kes' boyfriend and then at Kes. "I'm really quite jealous. Kes is wonderful."

"I know. I'm a lucky man." Philip smiled, "Are you joining us for dinner?"

“Sorry, I must be off. My Mum will be expecting me home soon. But I hope to see you again soon. Perhaps tomorrow?”

Philip furrowed his brows, wondering what he meant.

Kes was excited to tell Philip about the house they would look at tomorrow morning. Philip was pleased he may have found a place.

“I really should be going.” Josh looked between them.

“Sure. I’ll see you tomorrow.” Kes opened the door, and Josh left.

“He seems a nice kid,” Philip said once Kes had closed the front door.

Kes walked into the kitchen, “He is. I really like him.”

## Clearing Things Up

Philip cleared up after dinner and sat next to Kes on the sofa. He snuggled up to Kes as they watched the television.

“Are you staying over tonight?” Philip asked.

“I was hoping to. If it’s alright with you?” Kes wrapped his arm around Philip and held him close.

“I’d like it if you did.” Philip hesitated. “But I just want to talk about Josh.”

“Really! Why?” Kes wondered if Philip had a problem with him.

“Well, I suppose it’s all other guys. I know Cockaigne is very liberal, and you see naked guys everywhere, some with erections, and many people have more than one partner. But I...” Philip didn’t want to say it. He didn’t want to talk about the rules of their relationship, or at least his rules. He’d lost many a boyfriend who couldn’t stick to his cardinal rule. “I am strictly a one-person guy. I expect all my boyfriends to be faithful. Not go around fucking others guys or girls.”

“Oh!” Kes was relieved.

“Is that a problem?” Philip’s body tensed. Whatever Kes said next could break what they had together.

Kes had felt the muscles in Philip clench. He was no longer the soft cuddly body he enjoyed touching.

Kes laughed. “I’ve just spent half an hour with Josh telling him the exact same thing.”

Philip relaxed and let out a soft chuckle. He ran his hand over Kes’ chest and grabbed the small folds of skin on his belly. They only appeared when Kes sat down, and Philip enjoyed playing with them.

“He’s happy with that?” Philip asked.

“I think so. I actually think he’s craving friendship more than yet another fuck buddy or even a boyfriend.”



“Good.” Philip poked Kes in the fleshy belly button, inciting a giggle.

“But if Josh gets his way, you won’t be able to play with that much longer.”

Philip leant in and wrapped his lips around Kes’ nipple. He felt the few wispy hairs as he suckled on the teat. “Why’s that?” Philip released the hard nipple and noticed Kes’ cock poking upwards. It didn’t look hard but was slowly getting there.

“He wants to get me fit. He says I need to be fit to be a lifeguard. We jogged around the town, and he fucking knackered me out. I suppose I could do with getting fitter.” Kes kissed the top of Philip’s head.

“Then I need to play with this while I can.” Philip roughly grabbed a handful of Kes’ belly and waggled it.

Kes yelped, more in surprise than pain, and pushed his hands from his love handles.

“If you want to grab a few extra inches of soft flesh, then you need to go lower.” Kes began to laugh.

Philip lunged forward and slipped as much of Kes’ cock as he could inside his mouth. Kes was still sitting, so his cock was half buried, but it was hard. Kes rested his hands on Philip’s head and started messing his hair. He loved the silky feel of his fine brown hair in his hands as Philip’s soft lips pressed and sucked on his cock.

Kes lay back, pushing his cock further into Philip’s mouth. His eyes were drawn to Philip’s broad, white back as he reached over from his side of the sofa. Philip’s arse was exposed as he tucked his legs under his body. Philip’s arse cheeks were spread wide in this position, and Kes followed the curve of Philip’s spine down his back to the dark crevice. He took one hand from Philip’s messy hair and traced a finger down his spine. When he reached Philip’s arse, his finger slipped down, and he felt no pressure from his buttocks as he rested his fingertip on Philip’s

hole. Kes groaned and felt his cock throb, delivering a little precum to Philip.

Philip groaned when he tasted the precum, and Kes could feel his arse pulse around his fingertip.

Kes imaged the view behind Philip, his splayed arse cheeks and exposed hole. Possibly the most intimate part of a man on full view. Kes' cock lurched again and deposited another sample into Philip's eager mouth.

He could have let Philip suck him off until he unloaded. Philip was an excellent cocksucker. But Kes wanted to feel Philip's cock. Taste his precum. Penetrate him. Be part of him, if only for a moment.

Kes pushed his fingertip into Philip's arse.

Philip moaned, his lips reverberating around Kes's cock.

He could easily accommodate one finger, so Kes slipped in a second. Then a third. He now wanted to fuck him.

Kes eased Philip from his cock. He looked down and watched as his red knob shone with Philip's spit as it protruded from his foreskin.

Philip kissed a route up Kes' body and to his lips. They swapped fluids, and Kes could taste the mustiness of his cock.

"I want you to fuck me," Philip whispered as he broke off their kiss.

Philip flipped his body on the sofa and drew his legs up. Kes sat still as Philip assumed the position, waiting for Kes to take the weight of his legs and for his cock to touch his hole.

Kes spat into his hand and rubbed it over his cock, it was wet enough already, but a little extra wouldn't hurt. Another spit, and he rubbed the white bubbles in and around Philip's hole.

Then Kes got into position. His cock throbbed, and he wanted to fuck him again. It rested against Philip's pucker. Their faces were close, eyes open, staring at each other.

“Just one long push. I want to feel all of you inside me.” Philip said.

Kes grunted as he pushed forward and felt Philip’s inside slide around his cock, engulfing and squeezing his length.

Philip momentarily closed his eyes as he felt Kes’ cock push deeper inside him, filling him.

It was not the ideal place to fuck. There was not much room to move about on a sofa. But they coped as Kes pulled out and back into Philip’s welcoming hole.

Their eyes never left each other as Kes gradually hastened his pace. Both young men grunted as Kes ploughed deep into Philip, and Philip sighed as he felt the loss of Kes’ cock in his arse as Kes pulled out.

Kes simultaneously plunged his cock into Philip and slammed their lips together, his tongue pushing deep into Philip’s mouth. The twin sensations made Philip groan and his cock pulsate as it was trapped between their bodies.

Philip’s cock erupted, spewing cum over their bellies.

Kes kept pounding Philip’s arse. He was getting close but was feeling the pain in his muscles. He wished he could keep this going. It felt so good having Philip’s arse squeezing and sucking on his cock. But he needed to cum. For a brief moment, he considered Josh and getting fit, thinking it would help his stamina and give Philip an even better fuck.

Kes felt his balls ache, and he fucked harder and deeper. He exploded as he pushed deep inside Philip. He collapsed on Philip as his cock throbbed and left its white seed inside his lover. All Kes had the energy for was a silent sigh.

Exhausted, Kes rolled off Philip and landed on the floor with a heavy thump.

## Family Strains

Kes loved the little house they saw. So did Philip. Josh took a shine to the estate agent and spent his time flirting with him rather than looking at the house.

Everything was now sorted, and Kes had been given a moving day. All he had to do now was let his family know. This was the part he wasn't looking forward to. His parents had always warned him about Cockaigne and their 'debauched' ways. Now he had to tell them he was moving there. And then there was Philip. Throughout his adolescence, Kes had always dated girls. Now he had to say to them he was dating a guy. Kes thought they'd be fine with him having a boyfriend but living in Cockaigne, his father would go ballistic. Kes decided he would try and get his brothers on his side before he told his parents.

Simon, his eldest brother, lived about an hour away. He would be the easiest to talk to. They always got on. Simon always considered Kes his little brother and was protective of him. The other brother, the middle brother, Aden, was always teasing Kes and getting annoyed with him.

Kes hadn't spoken to Simon for about six months. All three brothers lived separate lives these days and only met up when called to the parental home for family occasions.

This initial phone call was short and swift. Kes orchestrated it that way. He rang first thing in the morning, knowing Simon would be rushing to get ready for work.

It was just a two-question phone call. Are you at home this evening? Would it be okay if I popped around? Simon swiftly answered yes to both questions and cut off Kes as he left for work.

It wasn't until several hours later that Simon thought about the call and how strange it was. Kes never called. Well, hardly ever. Simon spent the afternoon wondering what Kes wanted to tell or ask him. Or how

much he wanted to borrow. A quick text to his girlfriend, who often stayed with him, warned her that Kes would visit.

Kes booked a taxi to see Simon. He was nervous. He couldn't understand why, as Simon had always supported him, he supposed this might be a move too far.

When Kes arrived, he took a deep breath and knocked on the front door.

The few seconds he had to wait seemed torture and only increased his anxiety. But when Simon opened the door and gave him a broad smile, Kes relaxed.

"Jay, you little squirt. How's it going?" Simon grabbed Kes and hugged him.

But Kes knew Simon too well. His hugs always came with a headlock. And so did this one. Kes was bent double, Simon's arm around his neck. Simon ruffled his hair like he did when they were kids.

Fuck! Kes hadn't heard his birth name for over a month and almost didn't recognise it. He hadn't thought about his name. His family had no idea he was now known as Kes, at least in Cockaigne. Fuck! This was going to be a long and awkward conversation. But he better get it over with.

"Get off!" Kes pleaded. "I'm not nine anymore."

Simon released his brother. "Spoilsport."

"Hiya, Jay." Freda, Simon's girlfriend, called from the kitchen. "Simon, leave him alone. You always revert to a little boy whenever you see your family."

Simon pouted and huffed like he did when he was a kid. They laughed.

Kes batted away all the pleasantries. No, he didn't want a drink. No, he didn't want to stay for dinner. No, not even a glass of water.

"Just sit down, Simon. I need to tell you something."

Simon looked serious and worried.

"I'm moving house," Kes said flatly.

"Okay." Simon looked confused. Surely that didn't warrant a personal visit from his little brother. "Where to?"

"Cockaigne." Kes held his breath, waiting for a reaction.

Simon burst out laughing. "Oh, fuck! Dad's going to have a heart attack. Please, can I be there when you tell him?"

Kes waited for Simon to calm down. "I also have a boyfriend."

Simon burst out laughing again. "You'll give the old git a heart attack and a stroke."

"You don't mind?" Kes asked tentatively.

"Come 'ere." Simon stood up, and the two brothers hugged. Kes wondered if he'd be in another headlock soon, but Simon hugged him tightly.

"Thanks, Simon."

Simon broke the hug. "Are you happy?"

"Very." Kes sounded determined.

"Then that's all that matters. But I do insist on one thing."

"Sure, what?" Kes nodded.

"I want to meet this boyfriend of yours."

Kes smiled. "Only if you visit me in Cockaigne."

"Just give me the nod once you've settled in, and we'll come around. I never understood what Dad had against the place. I ventured in a few times when I was younger. It was fine. I wasn't molested or anything. The few people I met were friendly. Mind you, I only went there to try and see naked girls."

“There’s also something else I need to tell you.”

“Fucking hell, Jay. What is it? You’re determined to kill Dad off.”

“It’s just a small thing. I go by the name of Kes now. It’s a long story, but it’s kind of stuck, and I like it.”

“You never were keen on your name, Justin.” Simon teased. “I thought Jay was alright, but ‘Kes’! Where the hell did that come from?”

Kes gave Simon a brief explanation but neglected to tell him about the trial and the nudity, the fucking. To Simon, it was just a simple drug trial in which Kes had to pop a pill each morning and get checked for side effects.

“Simon.” Kes sighed. “Are you really okay with all of this?”

“It’s your life, Jay.” He quickly corrected himself, “Sorry, Kes. The name thing will take some getting used to, but if that’s what you want, then it’s fine by me. I don’t care where you live, and I’m pleased you’ve found someone. And I do want to meet him.” Simon sounded stern. “I need to make sure he’s good enough for my baby bro.”

“Simon...” Kes whined.

“You are my brother, Kes. You always will. And I will always love you.”

Kes was shocked. Simon had never told him that before. He’d never said he’d loved him. He was surprised that Simon was being so sappy. He wondered if his girlfriend had softened him up.

“Close your jaw, Kes. I won’t ever tell you that again.”

“I love you too, Simon.” Kes grinned. “I love you, Simon. I love you, my brother, my big brother. I wuv you so much.” Kes started to laugh.

“If you don’t pack it in, I’ll get you in another headlock, and I’ll squeeze tight this time.”

“But seriously, Simon. How do you think the others will take it. Aden is such a wanker. He’s bound to give me a hard time.”

“Aden is alright. Sometimes.” Simon shook his head. “He’s got problems at the moment. No idea what, as he just isn’t talking to anyone.”

“Yeah, but he’s always been a wanker to me. Always teasing me, putting me down. I think he resented me being around.”

Simon thought a moment. “Middle-child syndrome. Not the eldest, the first, and I might add the best.”

Kes shook his head.

“And not the youngest, the baby of the family.”

“I’m fucking eighteen. I’m not a baby anymore.” Kes shrugged.

“But to Mum and Dad, you will always be the baby.”

Kes huffed and flopped back in his chair. Resigned to the fact that he will always be the baby of the family.

They sat in silence. Their eyes kept looking at each other. Reassessing their brother. Simon took in Kes and noticed he was slightly different from Jay, more confident and happier. Kes looked at Simon. He was twenty-one and seemed to have grown up. For the first time, he thought of his brother as an adult.

“Thanks, Simon.” Kes broke the silence.

The brothers were silent again.

Kes was glad he told Simon first. He was relieved that he was okay with everything he said. He even supported him.

Telling his other brother was the stark opposite.

Aden was furious with Kes for being lured into ‘that cult’. He accused Kes of being a pervert.

Kes didn’t even get around to telling Aden about his name. Moving to Cockaigne was enough. Aden threw him out of his flat.



Kes had arranged to see his parents the next day. But his mother called that evening. Aden had phoned her to tell her what was happening.

No one cared that he had a boyfriend. They were just angry that he was moving to Cockaigne. Well, Aden and his father were. His mother was not happy, but she would support his decision. Kes hoped to show them that Cockaigne was nothing like its reputation. He even got his mother to say she may visit him. His dad and Aden needed time to cool down and think about it.

Simon was in Kes' corner. Supporting him. He spoke to Aden and let fly a few Anglo-Saxon words to describe him and how badly he was treating his younger brother.

In a way, Aden did Kes a favour. Telling everyone before he had a chance. Because Aden blew a gasket, his parents were too busy dealing with him and his temper than worrying about Kes. But he still felt the pain that one of his brothers and his father wouldn't support him. He hoped they would come around in time.

## Dinner with Simon

“What time is it?” Kes shouted to Philip, who was in the kitchen preparing dinner.

Kes was now settled in his new home. He loved the space. It was so much bigger than his pokey bedsit in Suddene. Kes actually felt content in his new home. Simon had been in touch more often than usual, making sure he was happy or if he needed anything. The two brothers were building a new, more adult, relationship.

For some reason, Kes was nervous. It was just his brother coming over for a bite to eat. But to Kes, it was much more than that. They would meet his boyfriend, Philip, for the first time. He was also nervous about them coming into Cockaigne. He couldn't understand why, as if they behaved themselves, nothing would happen to them.

Philip shouted to Kes, telling him they won't arrive for at least another half hour.

Kes pulled on jeans and a t-shirt and came downstairs to join Philip in the kitchen.

“What the fuck are you wearing?” Philip stood naked, chopping some carrots into batons.

“I thought I'd best wear clothes.”

Philip put down the knife and stood in front of Kes. He placed his hands on his shoulders. “This is your life now. You don't need to adjust how you behave for outsiders. It is them who need to adjust and accept you for who you are now, not what you were a few years ago.”

Kes listened. Philip always seemed to be guiding him on his new life in Cockaigne.

“Since you've lived here,” Philip continued, “I've never known you to wear clothes in your own home. So why start now, just because you

have guests coming. This is your home. You should be who you want to be here.”

“I suppose.” Kes sighed. “I just thought it would make them feel more comfortable.”

“No chance of that.” Philip laughed. “I’m staying naked all evening.”

“I do feel a little weird.” Kes squirmed in his clothes, and Philip went back to chopping carrots. “Apart from my lifeguard uniform, this is my first time wearing clothes. They’re really making me itch.”

Kes pulled off his t-shirt and dropped his jeans to his ankles. He wasn’t wearing underwear, and his cock had plumped up a little.

Philip glanced over at him and licked his lips. When he walked over to him this time, he kept the knife in his hand. Philip brought the knife to Kes’ chest and dragged the sharp point down and over a nipple.

Kes gasped and felt his cock lurch and fill with more blood.

Philip traced the knife further down, around his navel and into his neatly trimmed pubes. Philip grabbed Kes’ hard cock and held the blade against the base. He could feel Kes’ cock throb in his palm.

“I love your cock so much,” Philip whispered as he slowly sank to his knees, his face now in front of Kes’ cock and the knife safely on the kitchen top.

Philip gobbled down Kes’ cock in one fluid motion. It was now totally hard, and Philip felt the familiar sensation of Kes’ exposed knob pushing against the back of his throat. He pulled back and felt the cock slide over his lips. He pressed hard against the firm shaft and used his tongue to tease the underside as it slipped free and hit him on the nose. Philip flinched but composed himself. He flicked his tongue over the frenulum, causing Kes’ cock to bob up and down. Every time Kes felt Philip’s tongue feathering his knob, he groaned and felt his cock throb.

Tiny pearls of precum oozed from Kes' piss slit only to be licked clean by Philip.

Kes glanced at the kitchen clock on the wall. Simon would be arriving soon. "Hurry up, I can't meet Simon with a massive hard-on."

"Yes, Sir!" Philip worked hard on Kes' cock. Sucking, slurping, flicking, licking and deep-throating.

They'd never had to rush before, but Kes was enjoying it. The sensations Philip gave to his cock, the anticipation of the knock on the door, the desperate need to come.

Philip knew Kes was close and kept up his ravenous assault on his cock. The eruption took him by surprise, but he swallowed every shot Kes spewed into his mouth.

"Fuck!" Kes gasped as he steadied himself after his powerful orgasm.

Philip let Kes' deflating cock flop from his lips. He grabbed it with both hands and started to lick it clean.

"A tasty little appetiser." Philip grinned as he rose to his full height.

Kes kicked his jeans from around his ankles and grabbed a sheet of kitchen towel. He dried his cock, squeezed it and dabbed at the tiny pearl of cum that appeared, then he pulled back his foreskin and dried his knob. Now soft, his thick, five-inch cock dangled between his legs, draped over his loose ballsac and empty balls. He noticed Philip's cock was firm and had lifted itself away from his balls, but not firm enough to stand proud. It drooped, begging to be made hard, begging to cum.

"No time for that." Philip noticed Kes looking. "It's probably not the best way to greet your brother with a mouthful of my cock. But once they've gone, it's all yours."

Kes felt a twinge in his cock. He wanted to suck off Philip but knew they didn't have time.

Thankfully Philip's cock had subsided to its resting state when they heard a loud knock on the door.

Kes grinned as he opened the door to his brother and Freda, genuinely pleased to see them. Initially, Simon seemed shocked to find his younger brother standing naked in the doorway.

"Fuck! What..." Simon stared, slack-jawed. Freda smiled as she looked at Kes' cock, mentally comparing it to his brother's.

"Hi, Simon. Hope you don't mind, but this is how we like to relax." Kes said.

"What the fuck has happened to you?" Simon smiled. "I don't think I've seen you stark bollock naked for ten years." Simon made a show of looking Kes up and down. "And I must say you have grown up." He thought Kes was larger than he was when soft and wondered how big his cock would become.

"Kes!" Philip called as he came from the kitchen, "Don't leave them on the doorstep. Take them through to the living room."

Kes introduced Philip to Simon and Freda, and both looked over his naked and smooth body.

"Seriously, bro. What has happened? You used to be so shy and modest." Simon sat on the sofa, and Freda silently sat beside him, her eyes not leaving Kes' groin.

"I feel I have been given a new lease of life. It happened by accident. I never thought this would happen. It just did. And I'm happy. I'm happy with Philip."

"But you've never shown any interest in guys, at least not that I know of. I know you weren't exactly putting it out a bit, not like I did," Freda glared at Simon, not knowing he was bedding every girl he met before her.

"How many?" Freda asked flatly.

“Not now, Fred,” Simon brushed off her annoyance. “You’ve had girlfriends, Kes. I know. And I think you’ve fucked a few of them.”

“Simon!” Freda slapped Simon’s arm, telling him off for disrespecting Kes’ girlfriends.

“Fucking hell, Fred. You’ve heard me swear before.” Simon turned his head and glared at her.

She decided to let it go.

Kes sat in a chair, knowing Simon had more questions for him. He sat back and crossed his legs. Freda could now see his balls hanging and resting on the chair seat.

“I suppose all of this has been in me, just suppressed. It’s not easy growing up with two older brothers. You don’t get many opportunities to discover who you are. You just follow. At least I did, not Aden so much, but I did look up to you, wanting to be like you. I suppose I just forgot to be myself.”

“And are you happy?” Simon sounded serious.

“Very!” Kes sounded determined. “And I’m falling for Philip.” He whispered in case Philip could overhear from the kitchen.

“I can understand why,” Freda absentmindedly said, “he looks gorgeous. I love his smooth cock.” She turned to look at Simon, “Why don’t you go smooth down there? It looks great.”

“And you don’t have to bother picking pubes out of your teeth.” Kes laughed, Simon smiled, and Freda looked embarrassed. Kes tried to ease her discomfort and stood up, clapping his hands. “Let me get you both a drink. Beer or wine, we have all sorts.”

“Beer, please.” Simon smiled, taking a good look at his naked brother.

“White wine for me.” Freda stared at the carpet.

As Kes left to join Philip in the kitchen, Freda turned her head and whispered to Simon.

“This is weird,” she spoke very softly. “Two naked blokes and us fully clothed. I feel awkward. I don’t know where to look.”

“I’ve noticed.” Simon joked, but she scowled at him.

“I don’t like it. I don’t like it.” She repeated. “He could have warned us this would happen. I mean, when you go round to someone’s house, you expect them to wear clothes.”

“It was a fucking shock, I’ll tell you. Jay opening the door like that. Yeah, he should have warned us. I’ll have a word.”

“No!” Freda grabbed Simon’s arm even though he made no move. “It’ll make things even more awkward. Let’s get through it and get out of here as soon as possible.”

“He’s my brother.” Simon wasn’t happy at her reaction. “We can’t just eat and leave. It’s rude.”

In the kitchen, Kes hushed Philip. He tried to hear their muffled voices but couldn’t make out what they were saying.

“Everything alright?” Philip whispered.

“I’m not sure, they’re whispering. One of them isn’t happy. Perhaps we should put on some clothes.”

“No fucking way,” Philip had to control himself and lower his voice. “I’m not changing who I am for anyone. If they can’t accept us for who we are, then they can fuck off.”

“Philip!” Kes glared at him. “It’s my fucking family you’re talking about. I’m not about to cut them out of my life.”

Philip turned his back towards Kes on the pretence of stirring the sauce on the hob.

“Philip.” Kes pleaded but got no response. “Philip!” He tried again, his voice getting hoarse with all the whispering, and he placed his hand gently on Philip’s shoulder, who shivered at the touch.

“What.” Philip glanced behind him.

“Let’s just give it a try and see how tonight goes. I’ll talk to Simon in a few days. I’m sure it’s just his girlfriend. Simon will be cool.” Kes smiled.

“Cool!” Philip chuckled at the obsolete expression. He took a deep breath, “I’m sure things will be ‘cool’.”

Philip leant forward, and they kissed, a sweet, tender kiss on the lips.

Simon, and especially Freda, relaxed once they sat at the dining table. All they could see was Kes and Philip’s bare chests. No cocks and no balls were on show. Whenever either of them got up to fetch something, Freda would look away, over at Simon.

When Freda thought they’d stayed long enough to be polite, she feigned a headache. It was Simon’s cue to wrap things up. She wanted to leave.

Freda left with some polite ‘goodbyes’ to Kes and Philip. Simon surprised Kes by giving him a big hug.

“I’m so proud of you, Jay,” he said, forgetting his new name.

“Kes.” He held his brother tight.

“I’m so proud of you, Kes,” Simon repeated.

When Simon pulled away from Kes, he looked at Philip and held out his hand.

Philip took his hand, but Simon pulled him into a hug, not as tight as the one he gave his brother, but it was a sincere hug.

“You look after him, Philip. Kes is one special guy.” Simon patted Philip’s back as they clung to each.

“I know, Simon. He’s so... I’ve not met anyone like him.”

Behind Simon, Freda was waiting outside, glaring at the back of Simon’s head.

Simon said bye again, and they went to their car.

Kes shut the door and looked at Philip.



“I like him,” Philip said matter-of-factly. “But she is a different matter. Tell me it’s not serious.”

“Dunno,” Kes shrugged.

“Now, Kes. I think you owe me something. I’ve been waiting all evening for it.”

Kes frowned.

“A blowjob,” Philip grabbed Kes’ hand and pulled him up the stairs to the bedroom.

## Trouble in Paradise

Kes was balls deep in Philip's arse when they heard a knock on the door. Kes ignored it and kept ploughing into Philip.

Philip groaned each time he felt Kes' cock go deep inside him, rubbing his prostate, making his cock twitch and spew out precum which then smeared across his belly.

The knock was more insistent this time, but Kes wanted to cum. He quickened his pace. Knowing someone was at the door put him off his stride, even though he'd decided to ignore it.

This time, whoever it was, was thumping on the door that reverberated through the brickwork, making the house shake.

"Fuck!" Kes stifled a scream as he pulled out of Philip, his cock raw and angry at not being allowed to finish. "I'll tell them to fuck off!"

Kes left Philip lying on his bed, his hard cock pointing to his navel.

Kes' hard cock swayed violently in front of him as he bounded down the stairs to confront whoever was interrupting them this late at night.

Kes opened the door and saw Simon, naked, his hands behind his back.

"What the fuck!" Kes was surprised.

Around the corner, Freda poked her head to see what was happening. The moment she saw Kes in the doorway, his cock rock hard, moist and gleaming with lube, she screamed.

Simon looked down and noticed his brother's erection. "Oh fuck, sorry. You were... sorry."

"What the fuck happened?" Kes grabbed his brother's shoulder and almost had to pull him inside. "Freda, get inside." Kes assumed she was equally naked.

"Simon!" She pleaded with her boyfriend.

“Just untie me. They put cable ties around our wrists.” Simon turned and waved a flimsy bit of paper in his hands. “Take this and get some scissors.”

Simon waited in the doorway as Kes dashed into the kitchen. When he came back, Simon watched as his brother’s hard cock swayed in front of him. It was well lubed up, so Simon assumed he was in the middle of fucking Philip. He wondered if his brother ever got fucked. The thought of his brother being fucked made Simon’s cock swell.

“Fuck!” Simon sighed, willing his cock not to get any harder.

Kes snipped Simon’s binding, and instinctively, Simon rubbed his wrists. He thought it a cliché but also felt the need to rub away the feeling of the restraint.

“Clothes. She won’t come out. Please get some clothes for her.”

Kes was breathing heavily, surprised, shocked and confused about what the hell was happening.

“Give me the scissors,” Simon grabbed Kes before he could dash back upstairs to find something for Freda to wear.

Simon disappeared around the corner of the house and snipped Freda’s bindings. He stayed with her until Kes returned.

“Simon,” Kes called out when he noticed his brother wasn’t at the door.

“Over here,” Simon called Kes over.

Freda screamed. “No!” And pushed Simon over to meet Kes halfway so he would not see her cowering and naked at the side of the house.

Kes handed over some clean sweatpants and a t-shirt. Philip appeared at the doorway, his cock still hard and pissed off at having to wait for Kes to finish the job.

“What the fuck is going off? Is that Simon?” Philip squinted past Kes and into the darkness.

No one answered Philip. He shrugged and stood with his hands on his hips, displaying his annoyance. His face scowled into the night air.

Kes came back and noticed Philip. "Something's happened. I have no idea what."

Simon came out of the dark, followed by Freda, now dressed in Kes' clothes. She was crying and holding tight to Simon's hand.

"Come inside, sit down." Kes ushered them into the front room and dashed back to the kitchen, where he had left the paper Simon had been holding.

He gave the paper to Philip. It was some sort of official notice, with 'Cockaigne Security' heading the form in a deep blue.

"Does this mean anything to you?" Kes asked him.

Simon and Freda sat on the sofa. Simon was still naked, but no one seemed to notice or care. Freda was holding onto Simon and crying on his shoulder.

"This fucking place is mental!" Simon was exasperated after his ordeal. He ignored the weeping Freda on his shoulder and explained what had happened.

It was difficult to say how it started without making Freda sound like a bitch, but he tried.

As soon they got in the car to drive home, Freda was getting herself worked up. She started out relatively calm but quickly started ranting and swearing. Simon was driving, trying to keep his eyes on the road and placate his girlfriend at the same time. He was doing neither successfully and ended up swerving over the road and irritating Freda. Behind them, blue lights shone into the car, and a siren sounded for a few seconds. Simon pulled over, hoping to explain. Hoping he would just be told to drive more carefully.

But Freda made things worse.

She yelled at the security officer, telling him what she thought of the town in no uncertain terms.

Simon tried to calm her and told her to shut the fuck up. But she had annoyed the officer, and both were made to get out of the car and strip. He cited Simon for driving without due care and attention and Freda for verbally abusing an officer of Cockaigne. He took the car keys and told them to walk home. Simon knew they couldn't walk to his house, naked and barefoot, so they retraced their journey back to Kes' place.

"What happens now? Is that it?" Kes turned and asked Philip. "What about their clothes? Do they get them back, or are they confiscated? Surely they don't have to go to court? What about a fine? Do they need to pay a fine?" Kes was babbling. This was new to him, too. He'd never experienced security before and what punishments they gave to rule breakers. He knew punishments could be harsh but didn't know any details. He became worried for Simon.

"Just calm, Kes." Philip gently touched his arm. "Take a deep breath."

Kes stood breathing deeply, feeling himself calm down with each breath.

Simon looked at Kes and Philip, confused and hoping for an explanation.

"Good news." Philip declared but this aggravated Freda. She glared at him. Nothing that had happened was 'good news'.

Philip rolled his eyes. "First offence, it says, so he was lenient. He knew you were both outsiders, so he gave the minimum he could. Simple enforced nudity until the morning. You are both to report to the Central Cockaigne Security Station between ten and eleven in the morning to retrieve your clothes and car keys. Then you are free to go."

Simon sighed, grateful they wouldn't inflict anything more on them for violating their rules. The stories of corporal punishments he'd heard rang around his head.

"But!" Philip looked directly at Freda and waited for her to look at him. "You both must remain naked while in Cockaigne and arrive at the Security Station naked."

Everyone was silent. They waited for a reaction from Freda.

"No fucking way." Freda stood up and glared down at Simon. "Get me the fuck out of here. Now!" She shouted.

"I can't." Simon stood up and grasped her arms to keep her still. "They've got my fucking car keys."

"Then call me a fucking cab!" Freda's eyes shot hatred into the room.

"You can't," Philip spoke calmly. "If you leave, you will be a fugitive. Security will find where you live and arrange for your local police to escort you back here. If that happens, the punishment will not be so painless."

Freda became hysterical. "Simon, you fucking bastard. If you'd not made me come here, I wouldn't be in this mess. If you'd not wanted to see your pervert of a brother and his freak of a boyfriend, I would not be in this state."

Kes and Philip literally took a step back at her tirade.

"Just look at the fucking freaks, standing there naked like it's normal." She turned to look at Kes. "It's not fucking normal!" she shouted. "Police stripping innocent people is not normal!" She was now exhausted and flopped back down on the sofa. She expected Simon to join her, to comfort her, but he remained standing, looking down at her sobbing form.

"My brother is not a pervert or a freak," Simon said through gritted teeth.

Kes relaxed after he heard his brother defend him against the irrational bitch his girlfriend had become.

“Thank you, Simon.” Kes could still rely on his older brother to defend him. “Look, it’s getting late. You’d better stay the night in the spare room.”

“Thanks, Kes. Do you mind if I have a drink first? Something stronger than beer.”

“Sure.” Kes went into the kitchen, and Simon and Philip followed.

“What are you going to do about Freda?” Kes asked.

“Not a fucking clue. Just leave her lying on the sofa. She can stay there all night as far as I’m concerned. It’s her that’s caused all this.” Simon took the tumbler of whisky from Kes. He looked at the amber liquid and was grateful he had been poured a large one. He took a long pull and swallowed hard, the liquid burning his throat on the way to his stomach.

Kes took a small sip from his glass while Philip declined a drink.

In the few seconds of silence, as they swallowed, they relaxed. Their bodies became less tense, and you could see their muscles relaxing.

Kes finally took in that his brother was naked and looked at his body. He scanned down the soft chest with its light dusting of dark hairs and his abdomen with its extra flesh. Simon didn’t look fat, but Kes thought his belly would have provided a soft pillow to lay your head on. He stared at his brother’s groin, never having seen him naked as an adult. Simon had a thick, wild bush of black hairs extending halfway down his six-inch flaccid cock. They would have proved a challenge for anyone giving him a blow job. No wonder Freda suggested he try shaving them off.

Simon suddenly became aware of his nudity and shifted his weight from side to side. He stopped himself from covering himself up with his

hands as he didn't want to appear ashamed of his body or modest, not in front of his naked brother and his naked boyfriend.

"I think this is the first time we've been naked together, at least for a very long time."

"I can see why Freda suggested you shave your pubes. Fucking hell, Simon. That is one bush. I wouldn't be surprised if birds were nesting in there." Kes laughed.

Simon smiled, "Well, I have had a few birds nesting in there." He said suggestively and guffawed.

Behind Kes, Philip huffed and folded his arms. He didn't like feeling a spare part.

"Look, Kes. You catch up with Simon without the wicked witch around. I'll go to bed."

"Sure." Kes tossed over his shoulder.

"Good night, Philip. Sorry to have caused so much trouble." Simon apologised.

Philip ignored Simon and told Kes not to wake him when he came to bed.

Kes refilled their whisky glasses and went to the living room. Freda had stopped crying and looked asleep on the sofa. They sat on the chairs and spoke in hushed voices, not wanting to wake her.

"He seems a bit pissed off." Simon nodded to the ceiling.

Kes took in a deep breath. "I don't know why. I've not seen you for ages and never to really talk to you. He was ok with tonight, except for you getting pulled over for your crap driving." He smiled. "I'll talk to him tomorrow."

"Perhaps it's just because we interrupted you and him...." Simon cleared his throat.



“Perhaps.” Kes paused a moment, and their eyes connected. “But it’s so nice to have you here. I’ve missed you and the rest. I hope Aden will come round.”

“Give him time. He’s being a wanker to everyone at the moment. And Mum’s ok with it. Dad just can’t stand change, but in the end, I don’t really think he cares.” Simon frowned. “What’s brought all this on? You spent over a year in your pokey little bedsit, all alone, not really seeing family. Now you seem to be missing us.”

“Dunno, really. I suppose it’s moving here. I feel like I’m moving further away from you all, geographically and emotionally. I didn’t really appreciate that you were all there in case I needed you. Now I’m not sure. If things go tits up or something happens, would you all be there? Like you would if I lived in that bedsit?”

“I would,” Simon said firmly. “And I’m all that matters.” He smiled.

“Thanks, Simon.”

The brothers talked for another hour, polishing off half a bottle of whisky between them. The alcohol and late hour affected them, and they started to doze. Kes got up first and declared he was going to bed. He asked about Freda, and Simon said to leave the bitch there. Their relationship wouldn’t last the night. Kes wouldn’t be surprised if they never saw each other again once they were out of Cockaigne.

Simon followed Kes up the stairs and was shown to the spare room. He collapsed onto the mattress and was soon asleep.

Kes tried to be quiet when he entered his bedroom, but Philip stirred when he got into bed. He turned onto his side, facing away from Philip and fell asleep. This was the first night they had slept together without holding each other.

## **A Difficult Morning**

Simon woke early with a mild hangover. He and Kes drank too much whisky last night, but it was a stressful evening. Simon rubbed his head, hoping it would rub away his headache. When his body was used to his throbbing head, he felt the pressure on his bladder and an urgent need to pee.

He didn't care that he was naked. Simon dashed as quietly as he could to the bathroom to relieve himself. As the stream of amber liquid arced from his exposed cock head and into the water, Simon thought about last night and Kes in particular. Simon was only in Cockaigne for one evening and got caught out by their punishments. He chuckled to himself when he remembered Freda's hysterical fuss at being forced to get naked. She was a good fuck, but she was hard work. He looked at his wild bush as his fingers pulled his foreskin further down his cock shaft to keep his stream breaking up. He remembered what Freda had said about trimming it. He supposed that if he was back on the market, he should start doing some manscaping.

Simon squeezed his pelvic floor, pushing out the last few drops of piss, and stroked his cock several times to push anything left in his pipes out, letting it dribble into the toilet. His cock swelled slightly with each stroke, but Simon's headache meant he had no interest in taking it any further.

After flushing the toilet and washing his hands, he looked through the bathroom cabinet. He found a pair of scissors and looked down at his wiry, unkempt bush.

Why not now? He shrugged and sat on the side of the bath, his legs wide open and his cock drooping.

Carefully, Simon grabbed a clump of pubes and twisted them into a long, thick strand of hair. He snipped it off and brought the cut hair up

to his eyes. He looked at his excised pubes as they started to unravel and finally flicked them into the bath for him to rinse down the drain later.

“Mornin’.” Kes rubbed his eyes as he went into the bathroom.

Simon didn’t respond. He was concentrating on snipping the next clump of pubes.

“What ya doin’?” Kes started to pee, relieving the pressure that last night’s whisky had on his bladder. “I think we drank too much. Philip kept jabbing me in the ribs to stop me from snoring.”

“I’ve been thinking.” Simon looked at the back of his naked brother as he urinated. He watched Kes’ buttocks flex as he squeezed out the last few drops. “I think I’ve let myself go. I need to start looking my best again. And if trimming my pubes means that my girlfriends are more likely to go down on me, so trim I must.”

“Welcome to the twenty-first century, big brother.” Kes laughed. “Guys have been manscaping for years. You’ve just got lazy because you’ve been with her for so long.” Kes sneered as he thought of Freda.

“She was never that into blow jobs. But she did love me going down on her.”

“TMI, Simon.” Kes flushed the toilet and washed his hands.

Kes perched on the wash-hand basin and watched his brother struggle to trim his pubes. He found his slow, deliberate movements amusing.

“Do you want me to help?” Kes offered.

“Sure, if you don’t mind. I don’t want them to look shaved, just trimmed, a bit like yours.” Simon looked at Kes’ pubes and the long soft cock dangling.

Kes felt his cock swell under his brother’s gaze and decided to close the toilet lid and sit down. “Come here, then. Stand in front of me.”

Simon slowly crossed the short distance between him and Kes. Their eyes looked at each other, both not wanting to seem too eager to continue to look at the other's cock.

Kes took the scissors from Simon and started work.

It was easy at first, timing off the excess pubes, but as he needed to trim closer to Simon's cock, the more nervous he felt and the harder his cock became. Fortunately, Simon couldn't see Kes' hard cock, but Simon was also getting anxious as his cock was steadily getting firmer.

"Can you pull your cock to the side?" Kes needed to trim around the base of Simon's cock.

Simon grabbed his half-hard cock and pulled it to the right. His cock now surged and became fully hard.

"Now, the other side," Kes commanded.

Simon quickly changed hands, hiding his hard-on from his brother.

"Now up to the ceiling."

Simon sighed as he pulled it upwards and pressed it against his belly.

"Nearly done." Kes breathed heavily, his breath blowing over Simon's exposed balls. They twitched and contracted. Kes smiled as he watched them dance around in their loose sac.

The silent tension between the two brothers was broken by Philip shouting as he noticed the intimate moment between them.

"What the fuck is going off!"

Kes was glad the scissors weren't near Simon's cock, or he might have stabbed him as he flinched. Kes took a moment to recover from the shock.

"I'm just helping out Simon. He was struggling." Kes spoke calmly, not knowing what had riled up Philip.

"Well, what does it look like to me? You and your brother, naked in the bathroom, both with massive hardons and you with your head...."

“Just wait a minute....” Simon butted in.

Kes stood up to face Philip, cutting Simon off. “He just needed help trimming the straggly bits. It’s what brothers do, help each other out. I wasn’t about to suck him off!”

Philip tried to steady his breathing from getting himself worked up.

“You can trust me, you know.” Kes pushed passed Philip and went downstairs. He was upset at Philip’s jealousy, upset that their trust had been eroded.

Simon sighed and followed. He could swear he heard Kes’ voice crack. Simon wanted to make him feel better after Philip had upset him.

Freda was in the kitchen, waiting for the kettle to boil. When Kes walked in, he was surprised to see her. He’d really hoped she’s done a midnight flit and bugged off.

“Morning,” Kes said through pursed lips.

She was still wearing the oversized sweatpants and t-shirt that Kes lent her. She had to grab hold of the waistband of the sweatpants to stop them from falling.

“Mornin’, Fred,” Simon said cheerfully as he followed Kes. “Make me and Kes one, will ya.”

She sneered and found two more mugs.

Philip also appeared.

“Can’t you guys put on some clothes!” She huffed. “I suppose you want one too?” She glared at Philip.

“Please, coffee, milk, no sugar.” Philip would typically have taken over, being an excellent guest host. But after the way Freda treated him, he wasn’t going to help.

The three naked men sat at the kitchen table, waiting for Freda to bring their morning coffee. Simon commented how cold the seats were on his bare arse. Kes shrugged and said that you quickly get used to it.

Philip reached over and touched Kes' arm. "I'm sorry, Kes."

Kes didn't say anything. He just leant over and kissed Philip. It started as a quick peck but developed, and soon their tongues were duelling.

The kiss was broken by two cups of coffee slammed on the table.

"When can we go and get our clothes back? I want to get out of this place as soon as possible." Freda scowled at the naked men.

Kes checked the clock on the wall. "Not for another few hours. So you'd better just sit down and relax a bit."

Freda huffed and left the kitchen to mope on the living room sofa.

Kes chugged his coffee and said he would shower and get ready for work. He had the lunchtime shift at the leisure centre.

"What are your plans, Philip?" Kes smiled as he took another slug of the strong coffee.

"Not thought about it. I'll probably just go home and get some things done. I need to get some food in."

Kes then looked at Simon.

His brother just shrugged. "I think I need a rest after I've taken her back. I'm not looking forward to it. She'll probably give me an earhole bashing all the way."

"I heard that!" Freda's voice came crashing into the kitchen. "You fucking bastard!"

Kes sniggered and rose to his feet. "Are you coming to join me?"

Simon looked up from his coffee, wondering if Kes was talking to him. But quickly realised it was Philip he wanted when he pushed back his chair. Simon noticed that both their cocks were thicker than usual.

Simon sighed and went into the living room, not to be with Freda but to have a more comfortable seat. He didn't look at her when he entered, but she turned to glare at him. She noticed his neatly trimmed pubes and how much longer they made his cock look. She felt a twitch in her

cunt as she fondly remembered being fucked by him. Freda pushed her hand inside the baggy grey sweatpants and touched herself. She gasped, which caused Simon to look over at her. She was staring at his body and rubbing her clit. Simon could feel his cock rise.

Freda sat back, opening her legs wide, her hand still frigging her cunt. Simon brought a hand down to his cock and gave it a quick tug. Freda wanted his cock.

Like a cat stalking its prey, she glided from the sofa and knelt between Simon's legs.

He spread them wide and released his cock. It was moist from the precum he had been rubbing down his shaft. Freda reached out and grabbed his cock. With delicate fingers, she slid his skin down and watched as his foreskin unfurled, and his knob emerged, red and juicy and wanting to be tasted.

She leant forward, lips parted, her hands now on his inner thighs. The cock in front of her twitched in anticipation of the touch of her lips, her tongue, and her throat. She feathered his frenulum with her tongue and watched a small stream of precum flow down his shaft. Before it reached the base, she licked it up with one constant motion, her lips suckling on his red knob.

Simon groaned and shivered at her ministrations. He doubted they would not be splitting up if she had always been this good, but one good blow job can't salvage a wrecked relationship. Simon relaxed and felt no guilt as Freda went down on him, taking his cock deep into her mouth. She couldn't deep-throat him, she was never able to do that, but she more than made up for it with the sensations she was giving him.

With his cock still in her mouth, Freda pushed Simon's legs wider, as wide as the chair would let them go. Simon kept them wide, wondering

what she was going to do. He felt her hand caress his balls, rolling them around, squeezing gently.

Simon felt the cool air on his damp cock when Freda let it slip from her lips, flicking spittle and precum as it slapped against his belly. Her hand guided one of his balls into her mouth. She sucked on it and rolled it around like an oversized gobstopper. Her saliva was pooling in her mouth as she struggled to swallow it. Unable to hold it in, she let it dribble down her chin and onto his other ball. She smeared her spit over the loose testicle, pulling it away from its twin, the pain causing Simon to groan in ecstasy.

Freda pushed beneath Simon with her free hand, tracing her way backwards and along his taint. She extended a finger and found Simon's hole.

Simon started to pant as he felt her touch his hole. This was something she had never done before. His cock throbbed as she plunged it inside.

The sound Simon made as he was penetrated for the first time was indescribable, and a massive goofy grin spread across his face.

Freda enhanced his pleasure by adding a second finger. All Simon could think about now was the sensations coming from a few inches inside his asshole. He didn't notice when Freda released his ball and swallowed his cock again, drinking down the precum that flowed as she played with his prostate.

A third finger took Simon over the edge, and his cock exploded in her mouth.

Freda sucked on his spewing cock like a newborn calf at its mother's teat. She swallowed and sucked for more. Simon's cock fed her and nourished her until it was spent.



Simon groaned and relaxed as his orgasm subsided. He felt Freda's fingers still inside his arse, massaging his prostate and stretching his ringpiece. She stopped sucking on his cock but kept his knob between her lips, her tongue flicking his piss slit, keeping it alive.

Freda slipped her fingers from Simon's hole and seductively stood up until she towered over him, looking down at him with lustful eyes. Without looking behind her, she slowly stepped backwards, her hands delving inside her loose sweatpants, allowing them to fall to the floor. She stepped out of them and sat on the sofa opposite Simon.

Slowly, she spread her legs, exposing her shaved cunt. After sucking two fingers into her mouth to moisten them, she thrust them into her cunt and groaned.

Simon felt his cock lurch again. She wanted him to fuck her. He slid from his chair and walked on his knees over to her. As he got close enough, Freda grabbed his hair and forced his head into her crotch. Simon hadn't known her to be this forceful. There was no need to tell him what to do. His face was heading there anyway. He rarely went down on Freda, but today the urge to taste her one final time meant he was eager to lap at her cunt, suck on her clit and probe her with his tongue.

Judging by the noises above him, he hadn't lost his touch. Freda was cooing and groaning as he ate her out, arching her back and thrusting her hips forward to increase the pressure on her cunt.

Simon tasted her as she writhed beneath him. Above him, she squealed, and he felt her cunt clench, gripping his intruding tongue and delivering a fresh stream of juice.

"Fuck me, now!" Freda gasped as she recovered from her orgasm.

Simon raised himself and guided his hard cock inside her. He started slow like she used to like it.

“Fuck me hard!” She gasped, feeling the urge for raw sex. She didn’t want to make love with Simon. She wanted him to fuck her. Any love between the couple had dissolved in the last twenty-four hours. Now she just had an animalistic need.

Simon quickened his pace, but she was still impatient.

“Harder, you fucking pervert!” Freda raised her legs, wrapping them around Simon’s hips, pushing him deeper into her.

Simon went faster, but she was still not pleased.

“Harder, not faster! Ram your good-for-nothing cock inside me. I want to feel it!”

Simon slowed down his thrusts and started to ram his cock home. Their bodies vibrated, and the sofa rocked backwards, hitting the wall.

Simon started to sweat. His cock had never felt so alive, so sensitive, so glad to be fucking. He could feel his balls swinging and crashing against Freda. Sometimes they ached as he hit against her too hard, but that pain made his cock want more, and Simon intensified his fucking.

Neither Simon nor Freda could speak. They were panting and sweating. Simon pounded his cock deep inside Freda’s cunt, and Freda writhed around the fulcrum of his cock.

Simon wasn’t going to last much longer. His cock was ready to explode, and his body was exhausted.

Freda quickly delved her hands between them, frigging her clit while he fucked her. She brought herself to the edge and waited until Simon reached the same point. She knew the signs, they’d fucked often enough, and she knew when he would cum. Simon couldn’t surprise her.

It was time. Simon thrust hard, and Freda frigged and came. Her cunt squeezed his cock, and his cock made its last-ever voyage deep inside her, exploding and blasting its seed inside her.

Freda sat back, panting. Simon collapsed on her.

She grabbed his head and pulled it off her breasts. "Get the fuck off me, you sweaty bastard."

Simon stood up, his cock unceremoniously slipping from her cunt. He went back to his chair to recover. He didn't look at her. He watched his slimy cock slowly deflate until it rested between his legs.

Freda pulled on the loose sweatpants she had left lying in the middle of the room.

When Kes and Philip came downstairs, they knew something had happened. They could smell it in the air.

Simon glanced over at them and noticed Kes was dressed in his red shorts and yellow t-shirt of his lifeguard uniform, and Philip was still naked. Simon wondered if the guy ever wore clothes.

"Let's get you two to the station to pick up your clothes." Philip tried to sound cheery.

"About fucking time." Freda stood up and belligerently folded her arms. Simon smiled as he noticed she had to tilt her hip sideways to prevent them from falling down. She saw him and just scowled.

"Well, Simon is ready, but you'll have to lose those clothes before we leave the house," Philip told her.

Simon burst out laughing.

"Shut the fuck up, you wanker." Freda growled. "You may be happy walking around with that useless cock of yours flopping around for all to see, but I have more respect for myself."

"That I'd love to see," Kes smiled and leant over to whisper into Philip's ear, "her walking around with her cock flapping around."

Philip stifled a chuckle. "Sorry, Freda, but it's the law. You've been relieved of your clothing and are forbidden to wear any outside until

you sign off that you have completed your punishment when we go to the station.”

“Fuck off, Philip. No one will know. I’ll just lose the rags before I go in.” Freda reasoned.

“Sorry, but the punishment will be far worse if you're caught. And they would know. They have CCTV, so you can’t risk it. And if you do that, you will go alone. I will not take you and be accused of aiding an offender.”

“Fucking hell!” Freda said through gritted teeth. “Right, I’ll lose the clothes.” She drew a deep breath. “But I want the three of you in front of me. I’ll walk behind so people will only see my arse.”

Kes and Simon looked at Philip. They wondered if he’d agree. It seemed like a good idea.

“Works for me.” Philip smiled ungraciously.

Freda was a pain in everyone’s backside as they put her plan into practice. The boys had to face the other way while she undressed. She complained that they walked too fast or they walked too slow. She complained that Kes was wearing clothes and that he should be naked if she was.

Kes was glad to get rid of her once they had signed the forms and been given back their clothes.

Freda couldn’t dress fast enough. Simon dressed leisurely.

“Well, thanks for an interesting evening, Kes.” Simon hugged his brother. “I’ll be in touch.” He turned to Philip. “And thanks, you’ve been most patient with us outsiders.”

“I’m just glad it’s over.” Philip reached out to shake hands.

Simon took his hand but pulled him into a hug. “If you’re my brother's boyfriend, I think you deserve a hug rather than a handshake.

In fact, I think you deserve a medal. I don't know how I managed to live with him all those years."

Kes playfully punched Simon on the arm. "It's me who had to live with you!"

Simon released Philip and said he'll be in touch. He turned to Freda and told her it was time to walk back to the car.

She moaned again, but Simon bit his lip to prevent him from telling her to *shut the fuck up!*

## Pool Time

Kes kept his eyes on the swimmers as he patrolled the exercise pool. Liam was there, but Kes tried to avoid watching him, only casting his eyes in his direction to ensure he hadn't got into trouble in the water.

Josh was due to patrol the leisure pool but arrived early, so he joined Kes at the fitness pool. He screwed up his face when he saw Liam in the water.

"He's keeping to himself." Kes nodded to the hairless man he had fucked while suffering the side effects of his vaccination.

"If it was up to me, I'd ban him from the leisure centre." Josh still sounded angry at the man.

"As long as he leaves me alone, I don't care. But I won't be having anything to do with him." Kes said and noticed Josh was only wearing his lifeguard sash and nothing else. "So why this uniform?" Kes suspected he was trying to catch someone's eye. "Got your eyes on someone?"

Josh blushed. "Your estate agent, Nick, came in with his younger brother a few days ago. His brother is even sexier than Nick. Pity I don't know his name. I overheard them saying they were coming back today. I made Charles change the rota so I could see them again. I'm not due on shift for another half hour, but they weren't here when I popped my head in a few moments ago."

Kes glanced at Josh's cock and laughed, "Your cock is certainly looking forward to seeing the boy again."

Josh laughed and tugged at his hardening cock, "Where it leads, I follow."

Their laughter was disturbed by Philip striding over to them with a stern look.

He caught Kes' eye, "Hiya, Philip. You never said you were coming today." He stepped to Philip and was about to hug him when he noticed his frosty expression. "What's wrong?"

"I was going to surprise you and come for a swim," Philip glared over Kes' shoulder at Josh. "But I seem to have interrupted something."

Josh let go of his hard cock, "No," Josh chuckled, trying to defuse the situation. "I was just telling Kes of my latest crush."

"I know what you are after." Philip snorted.

"Philip, it's nothing like that. We're just friends. It's partly because of you we became good friends."

"My mistake," Philip said. "I'll talk to you later, Kes." Philip turned and left.

Josh was shocked, "What the fuck was that about?"

"No idea." Kes sighed. "Ever since that bastard got me to fuck him," Kes gestured to Liam in the pool, "he seems very protective. I hope he calms down soon."

"So do I," Josh giggled. "He's turning you into a very boring friend. Pushing your very best friend away is not the way to keep you happy." Josh playfully elbowed Kes in the ribs.

"I suppose you're right. I don't want to see Nick pushed aside." Kes chuckled and received another playful jab in the ribs from Josh.

Kes responded by hugging Josh. "Thanks, Josh."

Josh hugged Kes back, but he was still in a playful mood and grabbed Kes's buttocks and squeezed. It made Kes yelp in shock. The entire pool seemed to stop swimming and look at them.

Liam dived underwater and swam to the side. He lifted himself out of the pool and went to the changing room. As he burst through the door, he shouted "bastards", and every pair of eyes in the pool moved from

watching Kes and Josh to the angry hairless man entering the changing room.

Kes and Josh giggled as the hairless man disappeared. Kes got back to his lifeguard duties and told Josh to go to the leisure pool as they always could do with another pair of eyes.

Liam breathed heavily as the changing room door banged shut. He closed his eyes. "Bastards!" He shouted again.

Philip was sitting on a bench. He turned his head to look at who was shouting. His anger rose when he saw Liam. "You're the only bastard around here." He muttered under his breath.

"I beg your pardon?" Liam asked.

Philip rose to his feet and confidently walked to stand face-to-face with Liam. "I said, you are the only bastard around here."

Liam looked confused.

"You fucked my boyfriend in those showers over there." Philip pointed to the shower area.

Liam laughed, "Sorry, mate. But Kes fucked me." He smiled menacingly at Philip. "He wanted it, mate. Just like he is flirting with Josh out there. It'll be him next. And from what I just saw, it's going to be soon. They were locked together and touching each other up on the poolside. If they weren't working, they'd be fucking." Liam grinned.

"You bastard." Philip pushed by Liam and went poolside again, Kes was alone, but he could see that the bulge in his red shorts was noticeable. He was hard.

Kes spotted Philip and smiled and waved at him. Philip smiled back and then returned to the changing room.

Liam was now in the shower. He faced outwards and was slowly stroking his cock. He grinned when he saw Philip again. "Join me if you



like. I may give up the habit of a lifetime and fuck you. Or we could do each other. I prefer to be fucked and would love to feel you inside me.” Liam looked at the reaction he was having on Philip. His cock was lengthening and gradually hardening.

For a tiny moment, Philip was tempted. He wanted to hurt Kes for making him feel so jealous. He wanted to punish him for fucking someone else, and what better punishment than him fucking someone else. Even better if that someone else was the guy Kes had fucked.

Philip felt a tear escape. He didn’t want to feel like this. He needed to trust Kes. His indiscretion was due to the Cockaigne vaccine. He was suffering its side effects. Deep down, Philip knew it wasn’t Kes’ fault, but it didn’t stop him from feeling like Kes had betrayed him, just like his other boyfriends.

Since Kes had entered Cockaigne, Philip’s life had changed. Kes wasn’t just another boyfriend. He was an Outlander trying to acclimatise to Cockaigne ways. The trial Kes had taken part in had made work more tense and stressful. There was more oversight and double and triple checks. He felt that everything he did at work was being scrutinised. The vaccine had made Kes cheat on him. Kes’ family was making things worse. Kes’ eldest brother and his girlfriend had made what should have been a pleasant evening having dinner into a farce as security caught them driving erratically, and the girlfriend went crazy. Everything bad that was happening around Philip was because of Kes. His life was so much easier before Kes entered it.

Philip desperately tried to think of something cutting to say to Liam, but he couldn’t. He shrunk within himself and walked away, his cock deflating with each step.

After his shift, Kes dropped into the leisure pool to see Josh. The first thing he noticed was that Josh still had an erection.

“Don’t tell me you’ve been hard all this time?” Kes laughed when Josh saw him walk over.

Josh gave his hard cock a brief stroke, “Nope, it’s been up and down for hours.”

“Point out this lad you’ve got the hots for.” Kes scanned his eyes over the bodies in the pool.

“He’s on the water slides with his brother.” Josh’s eyes widened, “Go over there, talk to Nick and find out about his brother.”

“Really?” Kes sighed.

“Please,” Josh begged.

Kes gave in and walked around the pool to enter the water slide area. He walked by the short queue to say “hi” to the lifeguard supervising. He didn’t see Nick in the queue, so he supposed he would be joining the queue again soon.

“Yo, Kes.” The young lifeguard said.

“Yo, Todd,” Kes mimicked his colleague.

“Wot you doin’ ‘ere.” He tried to sound streetwise.

“Josh asked me to find out more about his latest crush.”

“Fuckin’ hell, Kes. I told that wanker to fuck off. He’s got his eye on a different guy each week. He even tried it on with me when I first started. That guy is oversexed. But he’s not my type. It has something to do with that fat cock swinging between his legs. I prefer gash.”

Kes cringed at how Todd let him know that he was straight. “Is Nick still here?” he asked Todd.

“Don’t tell me you want the other brother?”

“No. I’m already taken.” Kes smiled sweetly.

“They just went down. They should be back any minute.”

Kes glanced at the short queue of people waiting to ride the water slide. Nick's head appeared as he climbed the stairs to rejoin it. Their eyes met, and both men smiled at each other. Kes ignored Todd and went to talk to Nick.

"Hi, Nick. You look so different out of your suit." Kes looked at the naked estate agent. For someone who dressed so smartly, Kes was surprised he didn't trim his pubes. But Kes loved the look of a proud black bush. Behind him, his younger brother appeared. They looked similar, although the young man was about a foot shorter than his elder brother. He wasn't naked but wore a tight pair of swim briefs which showed he was equally well endowed as his brother.

"Even estate agents can take a day off." He quipped, "How's the house going?"

"It's great. I love it, and I love living here. I can't believe you managed to find me a place so quick and so perfect for me."

"It's a talent of mine." Nick smiled and was nudged by his brother, eager for an introduction. "This little squirt is Elliott, my baby brother." Elliott Groaned. "Elliott, this is Kes."

"Hiya, Kes. You look great." Elliott blushed.

"So you've got a thing for lifeguards, then?" Kes smiled.

Elliott held his hands tightly and cocked his head to the side. Nick saw how embarrassed he looked and tousled his dark hair.

"I have to keep him tightly bound in these Speedos so he doesn't keep touching himself."

"Nick..." Elliott bumped into his brother to stop him from being embarrassed further.

"Anyone in particular?" Kes asked. "You know this one is straight." Kes nodded to Todd, who was helping a mother and daughter to the edge of the slide, giving them a light shove to get them going.

Nick laughed, "We know. He flirts with all the ladies. He doesn't care how old they are. Guys just get ignored. He did have his eye on him at one point." Nick put his arm around his brother and pulled him close, "but once he found out he was just tease, another caught his eye. Why do you think I keep getting dragged here every weekend?"

"Well, I'm taken." Kes raised his arms in defeat, and Elliott broke eye contact.

"No," Nick said, "it's that naked lifeguard down there. Every time we see him, he's naked and, more often than not, hard as a rock."

Kes couldn't stop grinning. He was glad that one of Josh's crushes was into him. "He's got it bad for Elliott, too," Kes whispered into Nick's ear.

Elliott frowned, wanting to know what was said.

They were nearly at the front of the queue for the water slide. "I'll let you guys go down and meet you at the bottom," Kes suggested.

"Come down with us," Elliott said.

"Sorry, mate. But I can't. It's against the rules while I'm at work."

Elliott was disappointed.

"But next time I'm in and not at work, I'd love to join you."

Nick tapped Kes' arm and mouthed the words, "Thanks, Mate."

Kes turned and started the long descent down the stairs. Naturally, Nick and Elliott were at the bottom first, taking the quick way down. They climbed out of the exit pool for the water slide and padded to the leisure pool. Elliott was still grinning from the thrill of the ride, and Nick was brushing his hair from his face.

Josh watched as they appeared, and when Elliott noticed him, he tried to hide behind his brother. Kes knew why. Elliott's Speedos were obscenely tented.

"Hiya, Kes," Josh said as nonchalantly as he could when he approached him.

“Hi, Josh. You remember Nick from the estate agent?” Kes nodded to the naked man next to him.

Josh made a play of looking the man up and down. “I would never have recognised you without your clothes on.”

“And this is his brother, Elliott.” Kes gestured.

“Hi, Elliott.” Josh blushed.

“Anyway, I must go.” Kes declared, satisfied that he had done what was expected of him and had Josh and Elliott talking to each other. “I want to check in on Philip. He seemed a little stressed earlier.”

“Yes, thanks, Kes,” Josh said.

“See you around,” Nick said. “I might pop round one day, make sure the house is okay. The boss always likes us to check in on our customers after a few weeks.”

“No problem.” Kes smiled. “I’ll look forward to it.”

## Talking with Simon

Kes sat at home. He was bored. Philip wasn't home when he called round and wasn't answering his phone. He supposed he was busy. On a whim, he called his brother, Simon. See how he was after going home.

When he dropped her off, Simon didn't give Freda a chance to say anything. He told her that her behaviour was disgusting and that she shouldn't be so quick to judge others. His last words to her were, "Fuck off, we're through."

Simon felt free now he had dumped her, but he too was bored as he usually spent his evening with her at weekends. Kes suggested he come over. Simon joked that he didn't fancy getting stripped naked again and suggested Kes go to him.

"You're the one with a car," Kes told him.

"Okay, Kes. But if anything happens to me, then I'm going to blame you, and I will make sure I do to you twice over what they do to me."

"Well, you won't be bringing that psycho-bitch, so if you concentrate on your driving, you should be alright. How you ever passed your driving test is beyond me." Kes teased.

"Okay, I'll see you in about an hour."

"Hang on!" Kes stopped his brother from hanging up, "Bring some beers. I've got none in the fridge."

"There's always a catch with you." Simon laughed, "Even coming to visit you and I end up out of pocket."

"Well, you need to look after your baby brother. I'll see you soon." Kes disconnected the call and smiled. He was looking forward to seeing Simon again. It wasn't until that moment he realised he missed his family and shouldn't have distanced himself. But it happened gradually and unconsciously. He hadn't realised he was pushing his family away, but they didn't do much to keep contact either. Kes had never thought

moving to Cockaigne could build broken bridges with his family. It started with Simon, but Kes hoped his other brother, Aden, would be next and then his parents. Kes finally had hopes and dreams and had been given a new lease on life.

Simon was initially shocked when Kes opened his door naked. He held out a carrier bag with enough booze to last the brothers a week.

“I brought some vodka too.” Simon held out the carrier bag and tried to hide his shock. Part of him knew he should have expected it, but he forgot.

“Thanks, Simon. Come in and take a seat.” Kes dug his hand into the bag, grabbed a can and gave it to Simon. He grabbed one for himself and put the rest in the fridge and the vodka in the freezer.

“I’m still not used to seeing you naked, Kes.” Simon opened his beer and slurped from the can.

“It really feels good. I’ve never felt better, Simon.” Kes came into his living room carrying two glasses.

“You have definitely fucking changed. Glasses! Since when did we need glasses.” Simon laughed.

Kes chuckled, “Since I became civilised.” He handed Simon a glass.

“Civilised!” Simon huffed, “Flashing your knob does not make you civilised.”

“You know what I mean.” Kes retorted, “It’s a statement. I’m free! Free from the chains and shackles that life has put around me. I don’t mind wearing clothes, I wear them at work. I just prefer to be naked at home and sometimes out and about.”

“You go shopping naked?” Simon was incredulous.

“Sure, why not. It’s allowed. Nakedness is the norm. People sometimes wear clothes, but only generally on cold days. It's not sexual,

you know.” Kes told Simon, who didn’t protest, suggesting it was prurient to be naked around others. “You occasionally see people having sex outside, but it’s not everywhere you look. If people feel the need to have sex, they do. If people feel the need to be naked, they can be, but if they don’t, that’s fine too.”

“You don’t have to justify this place, Kes,” Simon said softly. “I’m not judging. I’m just glad you have found somewhere you feel you belong. You struggled out there.” Simon pointed in no particular direction. “You’ve got a job, and you’ve got a boyfriend, which really surprised me, by the way.”

Kes chuckled. “Philip is great.”

“What does it matter if Dad and Aden aren’t being supportive? They never really supported you out there, so nothing has changed. Except you.” Simon smiled. “You’ve changed, and I like the new you.”

Kes was glad his brother was being so supportive. He even suggested that next time they should go out to a pub. Kes told Simon about the pub Philip took him to, The Cock and Balls, and how he stripped naked at the bar. Simon said he’d go but would not strip naked just to get a free drink. Kes told Simon about the restaurant he took Philip to, which insisted all customers were naked. Simon laughed and said he would give it a miss.

Simon was getting more comfortable with Kes but was feeling overdressed. He’d been naked in from of Kes last night as part of his punishment for driving without due care and attention. Tonight he felt awkward sitting in clothes.

“Look, Kes. This feels stupid, you naked and me clothed.”

“I’m not getting dressed,” Kes declared, “that’s one thing I learnt from Philip. I shouldn’t change who I am to conform to others' expectations. You should expect me naked when you come to visit me unless it’s a day I fancy wearing some clothes.”



Simon laughed, “No, Kes, I would never ask you to change. It’s me with the problem, and the only way I’m going to solve it is....” Simon got to his feet, pulled off his shirt, and started to unbuckle the belt on his jeans, “is to take my clothes off, too.”

Kes watched as his eldest brother stripped naked. He took note of Simon’s pubes and how neat they still looked.

Simon sat back down and picked up his glass, and emptied it. “Get me another, Kes.”

Kes smiled and went to the kitchen to get another two cans.

“I think Cockaigne has changed you too, Simon.” Kes came back from the kitchen and handed his brother another beer. “I don’t think you would have ever stripped naked and drank a beer with me a few weeks ago.”

“Too right,” Simon laughed. “What that cop did to me yesterday was dreadful, but it did get me comfortable being naked. What other punishments do they dish out?”

Kes shrugged, “I’ll get my welcome pack. There’s something in there about the laws and punishments.” He stood and rummaged in a draw next to him. He took out some papers and brochures and flicked through them. “Ah, here we are.”

Kes explained that there was a zero-tolerance policy on antisocial behaviour, littering, speeding, and riding bikes on the pavement. Everything else was common sense. But when Kes looked at punishments, Simon was shocked.

“Punishments start at enforced nudity. It says they can also prevent ejaculation. Sounds harsh.” Kes commented, “There is also corporal punishment, from spanking to birching for the more serious misdemeanours.”

“Fucking hell,” Simon gasped. “They beat you! That’s insane! They can’t surely do that?”

“It’s the law within Cockaigne. They also put cock cages on people. And there’s a prison for very serious crimes.”

“Look, Kes.” Simon began, “I can sort of understand beatings, but why enforced nudity when no one cares if you’re naked or not?”

Both brothers thought a moment.

“I suppose,” Kes suggested, “that some people, like me, just tend to be naked at home. Enforced nudity means you are naked everywhere you go in Cockaigne, and some people don’t like that. I wouldn’t. I like to choose when and where I get naked. If I’m forced to stay naked twenty fours hours a day, I wouldn’t like it. Now Philip,” Kes chuckled, “He’s hardcore. He very rarely wears clothes. He hates them. He looks weird in clothes. One time when he came to see me in my old bedsit, he looked uncomfortable. I told him to strip, I did too, and we both felt much better.”

“I bet you did.” Simon giggled.

“You’ve got a dirty mind.” Kes could feel his cock hardening. He was thinking of Philip.

Simon’s cock was hardening too, but whereas Kes didn’t try to cover his up, Simon folded his legs.

“I can still see it, Simon.” Kes teased. “It’s poking up. No need to be embarrassed.” Kes stood up and showed his brother his hard cock. He stroked it a few times. “It’s natural, Simon. Getting hard is normal, and in Cockaigne, no one cares if you’re hard or not.” Kes held his hand out, “Stand up, Simon. Let it free, don’t be embarrassed at being hard in front of your baby brother.”

Simon took Kes’ hand and stood up. Both men looked at each other.

“See, nothing wrong. It’s natural.” Kes said and flinched when he heard an unexpected knock at the door.

Kes left Simon standing alone in the living room, he heard the door open, and Kes greeted Philip. Simon could hear them talking. Philip was surprised to see Kes with a hard-on and hoped it was because he was thinking of him. He brought Philip into the living room, and his friendly demeanour changed when he saw Simon standing hard and naked.

“What the fuck is going off.” Philip’s eyes darted between Kes and Simon. “Why are you both fucking hard. I know incest isn’t illegal here, but I never thought....” Philip glared at Kes.

Simon was disgusted at the accusation. “Don’t you fucking dare suggest anything was going on!” He pushed Philip on the shoulder to get his eyes off Kes.

“Don’t fucking touch me!” Philip spat at Simon.

Kes stepped between them. He didn’t want this to escalate. “Look, stop it. Both of you.” Simon and Philip took a step back from each other. Kes felt the tension lift. “I think you two are the most important people in my life right now,” Kes told them. “And I don’t want you fighting.”

“Hey, Kes.” Simon started, “I’m not the one who suggested we were... you know.”

Philip looked ashamed. “Look, Kes. I’m sorry, I just jumped to the wrong conclusion.”

The three young men shared an awkward silence.

“I’d better go.” Philip sighed. “I’ll talk to you tomorrow.”

“You don’t have to,” Kes placed his hand on Philip’s shoulder, who shrugged it off.”

“No, it’s better I go.” Philip dashed to the door, and with a slam, Kes was alone with his brother.

Simon went into the kitchen, “I need another drink.”

Kes stood still, trying to make sense of what had happened. His thoughts were disturbed by Simon shouting from the other room.

“Where’s that fucking vodka.” He had searched the fridge.

“In the freezer,” Kes shouted back.

Simon came in carrying the vodka and two shot glasses. “I can’t believe this.” Simon laughed, “Look at us. We’re both still hard.”

The brothers looked at each other's erections.

“Well, I know a way to get rid of them.” Simon grinned.

Kes looked nervous, hoping Simon was going to suggest masturbation.

Then Kes squealed as Simon pressed the icy bottle of vodka against his balls. Instantaneously, Kes’ erection drooped, and Simon did the same to himself.

“That’s better,” Simon said, opened the bottle, and poured two shots. They both knocked them back, feeling the icy liquid burn their throats.

They sat in silence.

After the amount of alcohol Simon had drank, Kes wouldn’t let him drive home. For a second night, Simon stayed in Kes’ spare room.

## Green Streak

Kes woke up alone, he threw his arm across to the other side of the bed, but instead of wrapping itself around Philip, it hit the mattress. The smell of fresh coffee wafted up the stairs and through his bedroom door.

As Kes walked into the kitchen, he watched as his brother scratched his naked arse and poured himself a coffee.

“I hope you’ll wash your hands before you pour me one.” Kes chuckled.

Simon turned to grin at his younger brother, and using the same hand he scratched his arse with, he grabbed a cup from the overhead cupboard and poured him a coffee.

“Same old, Simon.” Kes smiled. “Always trying to annoy me.”

“Hey, that was always Aden’s job. I was the one that kept you both from fighting all the time. I swear if you two were left alone long enough, you’d end up with broken bones, black eyes and bloody noses.”

“Well, he always was a bastard to me.”

“As I’ve said,” Simon sighed, “He’s a bastard to everyone at the minute. Every time we speak, we end up arguing.”

Kes sat at the kitchen table, his eyes watching the mug as Simon placed it in front of him. “You seem to be getting used to this place. You seem to enjoy being naked.”

Simon sat at the other end of the short table, “I think I’m enjoying it.” Simon dropped his hand below the table and rubbed his crotch. “I never realised how good it felt.”

Kes grinned, “It’s great, isn’t it.”

Simon went to take a shower after drinking his coffee. Kes heard a timid knock at the door.

Philip stood in the doorway. “May I come in?” He broke the awkward silence when he wasn’t greeted with a hug from Kes.

“Sure.” Kes took Philip into the living room, who looked around and noticed Simon’s clothes still in a pile on the floor.

“I take it your brother is still here.” Philip sat on a chair.

“Yes, he’s in the shower. We drank too much last night, so he stayed over.” Kes sat, keeping the longest distance between them.

Philip took a deep breath and began with what had been going around his head all night. “I’m sorry, Kes. I jumped to conclusions. I just feel...” Philip hesitated, “I feel this pit in my stomach when I see you with other men, especially naked men, and I can’t help but get angry if you are hard around another man. I know it’s irrational, but I feel jealous after what happened with that man at the leisure centre.”

Kes didn’t know what to say.

“My head says I can trust you and that it only happened because of you having the vaccine, but the rest of me can’t get over it. I was hurt badly by a previous boyfriend who had multiple affairs behind my back. Every time I see you with another man, it reminds me of how I felt when I found out. It took me months to get over it.”

Kes cleared his throat, “Are you saying that you don’t trust me?”

“Yes,” Philip stuttered, “No. I don’t know.” He dropped his head and covered his face with his hands. “I hate how I feel.”

“And I make you feel bad.” Kes felt a tear roll down his cheek. He was losing Philip.

“Yes,” Philip whispered into his hands, his voice muffled.

“Bastard!” Kes punched the chair arm he was sitting in. The outburst shocked Philip, and he jolted upright and looked at Kes. “Bastard!” Kes punched again.

Philip looked scared. He’d never seen Kes angry and was worried he would throw a punch at him.

Kes slipped from his chair and onto his knees. He covered his face as tears rolled down his cheeks. He shuffled over to Philip and rested his head in his lap. "I hate him." Kes cried, "He's fucked us up. I hate that man. He took advantage of me, and now he's fucked things up between us."

Philip wasn't accustomed to having a man weeping into his lap. He nervously rested a hand on Kes' head and rubbed his hair.

"I'm sorry, Kes." Philip stroked Kes. "We need to call it a day before either of us falls too deep. We need some distance, a break." Philip was now crying, his tears dripping onto his bare chest.

"But I think I love you, Philip. You've been so good to me."

"Perhaps we could be friends after a few months. It's my problem. My fault this is happening. It's my fucked up past that has made me this way. I can't bear it. I want you, but I can't control these feelings when I'm with you. It hurts so bad." Philip leant forward to wrap his arms around a weeping Kes.

Both young men were entwined, arms around each other, tears falling on the nearest part of their naked skin.

Simon appeared at the doorway, a towel wrapped around his waist.

"Kes? What's wrong?" He knelt by his brother.

He could hear Kes crying, and Simon looked at Philip.

Philip was nervous. He didn't want to tell Kes's brother that he'd just broken off their relationship.

Kes slipped from Philip's arms and wrapped them around Simon's waist. "He's dumped me!" Kes wailed.

Philip was now shaking when Simon looked at him.

"What the fuck is going on, Philip. You know he's fucking mad about you, and you do this to him."

Philip stood up and put some distance between himself and Simon. "I've tried to explain, Simon. I'm truly sorry." Philip turned to leave. "Please look after him, Simon. He's an exceptional person. He deserves better."

Simon watched as Philip left, softly closing the front door behind him.

The brothers were now alone again. Simon was crouched, and Kes held him tight. Simon gave Kes some time, and they held each other.

The brothers stood up, facing each other. Kes' eyes were red and puffy, and tears streaked his face. Gradually Kes calmed down and released Simon, who unhitched the towel from his waist and wiped away Kes' tears.

Simon didn't want to ask anything for fear of Kes losing control again. But Kes needed to talk about it. Kes controlled his tears as he explained what had happened. Simon felt sorry for Kes, and he also felt sorry for Philip. He'd been stung quite badly in a previous relationship and didn't want his past to poison his current relationship with Kes.

"What am I going to do, Simon?" Kes blubbed, and Simon held his brother.



## **Losing It**

Simon stayed with Kes all morning. He looked after him, made coffee and, most importantly, listened to his brother talk about Philip and how he was falling in love with him. Simon was given the whole story, how they met and what happened during the medical trial Kes had volunteered for. Kes felt that Philip was his saviour. A saviour from his dreary old life and a guide to his new life in Cockaigne.

Kes became quiet after a few hours, he was all talked out, and all cried out. Simon was simply there for moral support and someone to talk to. It was now lunchtime, and Simon's stomach was growling. It wasn't surprising as he'd not eaten anything all day. He looked in the kitchen as Kes sat quietly in the living room. The cupboards were empty. There was not much in to make anything to eat.

"I'm going to cook some beans on toast," Simon shouted to Kes. "Come in here so you can have some."

Kes smiled, a first since Philip had dumped him. Kes pulled himself to his feet and joined Simon in the kitchen.

"Beans on toast isn't cooking. It's reheating and shoving bread in the toaster." Kes grinned.

Simon was pleased Kes could at least manage a smile.

"Thanks for staying with me. I really appreciate it. I couldn't have coped if I was here alone."

"It's what brothers are for," Simon had opened the beans and was stirring them as they heated in the saucepan.

"I almost forgot that I've got a shift at the pool this afternoon. Would you come with me?" Kes asked.

"I don't have my trunks." Simon took the warm toast from the toaster and began to butter them.

Kes laughed half-heartedly. "You don't need trunks, Simon. About half the people swim naked."

"That could be interesting. I've never been skinny dipping before." Simon considered it, "But I'm not staying naked to get there."

"That's alright, I wear my uniform, and you can strip off in the changing room. It would be good to have you with me. I don't think I'll break down again if you're there."

Simon put a plate of beans on toast in front of Kes, along with a knife and fork.

Kes looked at the plate of food and smiled.

"You always insisted on your toast cut into squares when you were a kid."

"Thanks, Simon." A tear of love rolled down his cheek. Simon came over and gave him a brief hug.

"Eat up, Kes. You need to keep your strength up."

The brothers ate in silence. Simon wanted to ensure Kes ate something and didn't want conversation to hinder him.

"Are you sure you are okay to do your shift this afternoon?" Simon asked.

"Yes. I'll be fine. I don't want to let anyone down. They are short-staffed and need me."

"I'm loving this new you." Simon grinned, "The old you would make any excuse to get out of work."

"I just wish Philip was still here."

"Hey, Kes." Simon reached over and grabbed Kes' hands. "I'll be with you. And I'll stay with you as long as you need me."

"Thanks, Simon." Kes sighed.

Kes got up and said he was going to get ready. Simon cleared the plates and started to wash up. When the pots were draining, Simon

went into the living room to get dressed. As he climbed into his shirt, Kes came down the stairs.

Simon laughed, "I've been stark bollock naked for over twelve hours, and now I've got clothes on. It feels weird."

"I know. It's liberating being naked. I love it now." Kes nodded to the front door. "Come on. We'll take a slow walk to the leisure centre."

Simon didn't want Kes to dwell on the break up of his relationship, so he asked about the leisure centre and what would happen when he got there. How would he pay? And what if he got an erection in the pool.

"First of all, fitness is free in Cockaigne. We're encouraged to make full use of all facilities to ensure the residents are fit and healthy. And no one will care if you get an erection in the pool. There's no rule against it, but we discourage men from ejaculating into the water. The filters will get rid of it, but you don't want to be swimming through some guy's spunk as you're doing laps."

Kes explained that there was only one changing room for everyone, boy, girl, man, woman, intersex, transsexual, gender fluid, whatever you are.

"Definitely male, the last time I looked." Simon quipped.

"You may have the genitals of a male, but it doesn't always mean you are male," Kes explained.

"So what happens in the changing room?"

"Simple, just take off your clothes and put them in a locker. You may see people having sex or even masturbating. The polite thing to do is ignore them and get on with what you're doing. Once you're ready, you take a quick shower and then go through to the pool area. I'll be making myself busy walking around the pool or just leaning against the wall and watching the pool. I'll keep an eye out for you."

“Thanks, Kes. You’re the best.” Simon wrapped his arm around Kes’ shoulder and held him close as they walked.

“What else is at the leisure centre?” Simon asked.

“Well, there’s the adventure pool, water slides, a gym, sauna, and steam room. We also have indoor and outdoor tennis courts, squash courts, and a running track outside, but that is hardly used unless there’s a special tournament or something.

“This place actually sounds great,” Simon admitted as they walked up to the front door.

Kes smiled at the young lady at the front desk, “This is my brother, Simon. He’s coming to use the pool.”

“No problem, Kes.” She looked at the taller brother, “Have fun.” She smiled at Simon.

“I need to relieve the lifeguard on duty. I’ll see you when you’re ready. Thanks, Simon.” Kes smiled wanly at his brother.

There was only a small family in the changing room, a young mother drying off her two toddlers and a father getting changed. Simon was glad there was nothing sexual occurring. He chose a locker away from the family and stripped naked.

After a quick shower, Simon walked through the door marked ‘Exercise Pool’ and looked around for Kes. He saw him at the other end of the 50m pool. Simon walked over to him and saw how upset he looked. The closer he got, Simon noticed the anger on Kes’ face.

“What’s wrong?” Simon placed his hand on Kes’ arm for reassurance.

“It’s him.” Kes breathed and started to hyperventilate.

“Calm down, Kes. Look away for just a moment.” Simon scanned the pool, wondering who he was talking about. “Who is it? Philip?”

“No. Liam!” Kes choked on the name. “The bastard who ruined everything I had with Philip.”

Simon ground his teeth, anger rising in his face. "Show me," Simon said through gritted teeth.

Kes pointed at the hairless scalp moving through the water, the man's face twisting to the side to take an occasional breath.

"Leave it to me." Simon left Kes and went to the side of the pool.

The hairless man reached the end of the pool and was about to perform a tumble turn when he noticed the figure towering above him. He stopped and was about to tell the figure that it was okay to share his lane. But Simon glared at the man.

"I want a word with you. Get out."

Liam looked confused but pulled himself out of the pool. Simon didn't talk to the man. He just threw a hard punch at the man. It connected with his face. The force from Simon's fist twisted Liam's body, a spray of blood flying in all directions from his nose. The hairless man flopped into the pool, and a halo of crimson water formed around his head.

Kes' training kicked in, and he jumped into the pool. Kes pulled the hairless man onto his back and kicked his legs to bring them both to the edge of the pool.

"Pull him out!" Kes yelled at Simon, who did what he was told.

Kes pulled himself from the water and checked the man was breathing. He was.

## Aftermath

While security and medics were called, Simon was locked in the manager's office. He was still naked and sat alone on a reasonably comfortable chair.

Kes kept himself busy ensuring Liam was fine and didn't choke or suddenly take a turn for the worse until the medics arrived. Once they did, he turned the hairless man over to them. Josh, who was supervising the adventure pool, cleared the area. All guests were told to get out of the pools and to leave while the situation was sorted.

The pool now had an eerie quiet, occasionally disturbed by echoing voices.

The medics took over, and Cockaigne Security took Kes to the other side of the pool to interview him.

"I'm Senior Officer Nathan," The tall blond man shook Kes' hand. "I only want to know what happened from your point of view. What did you see."

Kes began to get nervous. Although he had done nothing wrong, he knew his brother had and was afraid for him.

Kes also shivered as his damp uniform made him cold. Josh saw him shake, went to the store room, and brought out a blanket. He wrapped it around Kes.

"Do you want me to stay?" He asked Kes.

"It would be better if I interviewed him alone. I'll need a statement from you later." Officer Nathan calmly explained.

"But I didn't see anything, Officer. I was in the adventure pool and saw and heard nothing."

"Then it's fine if you stay."

"Kes?" Josh looked at Kes.

“Please stay, Josh. I’m scared.” Kes kept shaking. Josh wasn’t sure if it was from the cold or from fear.

“Officer,” Josh explained, “Kes has only been resident here for a few months. He’s still new and learning. He’s fitting in well, but I hope you will take it into account. He knows a lot about this place but doesn’t know everything.”

Nathan smiled warmly, “I know about Kes. And don’t worry, from what I’ve heard, he has nothing to worry about. It sounds like he saved the man’s life.”

“He’s my hero.” Josh smiled at Kes.

As Kes explained what had happened, Nathan made notes in his notepad. Kes tried to clarify that Simon had been provoked to punch the man. But Nathan insisted he kept to the facts. Josh started to look worried. He knew it wasn’t looking good for Simon.

Officer Nathan used his smartphone to search the Cockaigne database. Simon didn’t appear on a resident list, but he did appear on a list of recent misdemeanours.

“He’s my brother.” Kes pleaded, “He was only protecting me from that man. Simon doesn’t understand. He was only here for me, helping me because of that man. He ruined everything.”

“Wait here.” Officer Nathan told Kes and took the short walk around the pool to talk to Liam, the hairless man.”

The medics had given him a clean bill of health, the bleeding had stopped, nothing was broken, and they were confident he hadn’t received a concussion. Nathan spent nearly half an hour talking to Liam. He didn’t look happy when he came back over to Kes and Josh.

“I need to speak to your brother. Unfortunately, the man wishes to press charges.”

“No!” Kes cried, “What does it mean? He doesn’t live here. What’s going to happen?” Kes looked between Nathan and Josh.

Josh placed his hand on Kes’ shoulder to calm him. He looked at Officer Nathan. “May we be there when you speak to him? He’s not from here and will not understand anything.”

“But understand, he must be punished according to our laws. Being an outsider doesn’t exempt him from our punishments.”

“I understand,” Josh said.

“Look, guys.” Nathan said, “I shouldn’t do this, but why don’t you two go up and talk to him while I get my things from the car.”

“Thanks, Officer.” Josh was grateful.

Kes had never seen his brother so worried. He realised he shouldn’t have punched the man but seeing Kes a broken man because of him made his blood boil. Officer Nathan had taken his statement and had declared the provisional punishment. Simon was to remain naked for two weeks and wear a Type II Punishment Ring around his cock and balls.

“Can he leave Cockaigne?” Kes asked, “He has a job.”

“Simon can leave whenever he wishes, and as soon as he is outside, he may wear clothes. But he mustn’t remove the punishment ring. It will alert us if he does and will prolong his punishment.”

“Is that it?” Josh enquired, “Just the ring and enforced nudity?”

Officer Nathan sighed. “I sincerely hope so. I must see the magistrate in the next couple of days and get his punishment confirmed. I will strongly recommend that the magistrate does not increase the punishment based on the circumstances, but they may not agree and think the circumstances are irrelevant. We’ll just have to wait and see.”

“Shit!” Simon was resigned to his fate.



Officer Nathan opened the bag he had brought from the car and asked Simon to stand in front of him.

“I’m going to have to touch your genitals to fit this device.” Nathan held up a thick ring in white metal.

“How will it affect my... um... function?” Simon asked.

“The device is designed to prevent the wearer from ejaculating. It will also cause you to be in a semi-aroused state. It won’t prevent you from urinating or having an erection or from you having sex, but you won’t be able to ejaculate.”

“No relief for two weeks. I’m not sure how I’ll cope.” Simon considered how long it had been since he’d gone that long without cumming.

“Simon.” Officer Nathan got his attention. “I have done as little as I dare because of your situation. I will certainly argue your case. But the magistrate may decide to make an example of you because you are an outsider. Please ensure you stay out of trouble, and I will be in touch tomorrow once the magistrate has reviewed your case.”

“Thank you, Sir.” Simon sounded grateful for the Officer’s help.

“Try not to worry, Simon,” Nathan said sincerely. “The punishment isn’t too bad, and you can always get dressed when you leave the town. Will you be staying with Kes tonight?”

Simon looked at his brother, who nodded his agreement.

“Yes.” Simon said, “And I’ll take an emergency day off work tomorrow, so I’m here when you call.”

“I appreciate that, Simon.” Nathan said, “It will make things much easier.”

## Back Home

Josh walked back with Simon and Kes. He held Simon's clothes in a bundle under his arm. Kes' lifeguard uniform had now dried, but he was still uncomfortable as his crotch was still damp and beginning to itch. Simon was the only one naked and felt ashamed as he walked through Cockaigne with his cock half-hard.

Kes took a shower when he got home, leaving Josh and Simon alone.

"The officer did say you were to wear a Type II Punishment Device?" Josh asked.

"Yes, why?"

"Well, it is an open secret around here that some old ones have a flaw. Do you mind if I check?"

"Go ahead," Simon sighed as the sixteen-year-old knelt in front of his semi-hard cock.

Josh held onto the ring with one hand and moved Simon's cock and balls around so he could see what was written on the rim of the ring.

"Yep, thought so. It's an old one." Josh smiled up at Simon.

"What does that mean?"

"Well, I'm guessing it's why he gave you the older version. I suppose he wouldn't expect you or Kes to know of the flaw."

"Well, are you going to tell me?" Simon asked expectantly, "Is it a way to take it off unnoticed? Trust me, I've only worn this for an hour, and my cock is aching, and my balls are turning blue. They've been expecting to blow since he fitted this thing."

"No," Josh chuckled, "but be warned, don't try and wank yourself to make you cum. You will get an intense pain deep inside your balls when you are about to cum. I've never experienced it, but my Dad did."

"So what's the way round it?" Simon was eager to learn.

“There is a way to make you cum. But it’s not through wanking.” Josh teased.

“Well, for fucks sake, tell me!” Simon was getting impatient.

Josh giggled. “You have to tackle it from a different direction.”

“Uh?” Simon was confused.

“From behind.” Josh laughed at the thought of Kes’ straight brother taking it up the arse to allow him to cum.

“You mean...”

“Yep.” Josh continued to laugh.

“Fucking hell.” Simon had never considered getting fucked by a man.

“I’m always here if you need my help.” Josh offered.

“I bet you are, you horny teenager, but there is no way your cock is going anywhere near me.”

“Shame.” Josh sighed.

“Josh. This is all new to me, and I’m sorry it happened. Kes could do without the extra stress after what happened this morning.”

“Why? What happened?”

Simon explained the break-up with Philip. Josh wondered why Simon had punched the hairless guy. Then Kes appeared in the doorway, dry and naked after his shower. Josh ran over to him and hugged him tightly.

“I’m so sorry, Kes. You and Philip were so great together.”

Kes hugged Josh back. “I know, Josh. It still hurts so bad.

“Let me know if you need me to take any of your shifts. I honestly don’t mind.” Josh offered.

“Would you mind doing my morning shift tomorrow? I’m not on in the afternoon, and I’d like to be here for Simon when we hear what the magistrate has said.

“Would you also mind coming over when you can? In case we have any questions. I’d normally ask Philip, he’s been my guide as I settle in, but I wouldn’t feel right asking him.”

“Sure, I’m glad you feel that you can ask me. I’ll be here whenever I can. You are a good friend, Kes. And Simon is a good brother. I’m proud of what he did to that man, for what he did to both of us. He deserved it.”

“I just wish Simon didn’t have to get punished.”

“Me too.” Josh hugged Kes. “There’s nothing more that can be done today. If you’re okay, I will leave you and Simon alone. But please ring me if you have any questions. Also, the helpdesk at Cockaigne Security can be helpful.”

“Thanks, Josh.” Kes gave the boy a quick peck on the lips. “You go, we’ll be alright. I’ll look after Simon.”

After Josh left, Simon apologised to Kes. He was sorry to add more stress on his brother. Kes was fine, it had taken his mind off Philip, but now they were alone, he started to think about his ex-boyfriend.

Kes flopped into a chair, letting a tear form in his right eye. Simon lowered himself onto the sofa, he tried to cross his legs, but his engorged cock and proud balls made it uncomfortable, so he sat with his legs wide open.

“You miss him,” Simon said the blatantly obvious. “We’ve both lost our partners within a day of each other.”

“Yeah, but yours was a psycho bitch. Mine was tender and loving and cared for me.”

“True,” Simon chuckled. “And I dumped her, and he dumped you. But we’re both single and not through choice.”

The brothers sighed in unison.

“Kes?” Simon was curious, “Would you want another man, or would you consider another woman as well.”

“I don’t know. Philip was the best. I want what we had back, and if I can find that with a woman, I’d be open to that.” Kes sighed, “But let me ask you, Simon. Would you consider a man next time?”

“My initial reaction would be no.” Simon considered, “But after the few days I’ve been with you, here, in Cockaigne, if I felt attracted to a man, I wouldn’t freak.”

“That’s just how I felt, and then Philip came along. We just clicked. I’d never thought about a guy before, and then I couldn’t get enough of him. Girlfriends have given me blow jobs, and I’ve gone down on girls, but I’d never thought of going down on a guy. I did with Philip. And it felt amazing. I didn’t think about having his cock in my mouth. I was thinking about how I was making him feel. If you find the right person, Simon... it just feels so right.” Kes said.

As the brothers spoke, Simon was fiddling with his cock. The effect of the ring heightened his sexual feelings, and he was hard. It felt better to leisurely stroke his cock. Fondling himself alleviated the urge to cum.

“After the fucking day we’ve both had, I need a drink.” Simon stood up, his cock pointing to Kes. “That bottle of vodka isn’t going to last the night, and those beers will be washing clean my kidneys in the next few minutes.” Simon went to get some drinks. It was still early afternoon, but Simon didn’t care, and Kes was happy to go along with anything that would take his mind off Philip.

Simon returned and tossed a can to Kes. “I hope you can get food delivered in this place.”

“Sure. Chinese, Indian, pizza, Italian. I think we can get fish and chips delivered. There’s also a Turkish place that delivers.”

“I’ll get us another beer. You order a couple of pizzas, pepperoni for me.”

“We’ve not started these yet.” Kes held up his unopened can.

“Trust me, the first one won’t even touch the sides.” Simon clicked open his can and chugged it as he went back for two more. Kes ordered the pizzas through the Cockaigne delivery app.

Simon returned, two cans balanced in one hand, his other leisurely stroking his hard cock.

Simon tossed a can to Kes. He now had two unopened cans. Simon let go of his cock to open his beer before his hand returned to stroking his hard cock. He raised the can to his lips.

“You’d better slow down. We don’t want accidents to happen.”

“Are you talking about my drinking or wanking.”

“Both,” Kes said firmly.

“This fucking thing makes me feel so horny,” Simon gripped the punishment ring between his thumb and first finger, then went back to leisurely stroking.

“You heard what Josh said. It will give you pain if you go too far.”

“Sorry, Kes.” Simon didn’t seem to care that he was openly wanking in front of his younger brother. “But this thing makes me want to go too far.”

“Simon, stop!” Kes pleaded, “I don’t want it to hurt you.”

Simon took another mouthful of beer from his can. He didn’t believe a device that made him want to cum and gave him so much pleasure would end up hurting him. But perhaps he would find out.

“Please,” Kes begged. “Stop. It’s making you do this. You’ve never wanked in front of me before. It’s that thing,” Kes pointed to Simon’s crotch, watching his hand fly up and down his hard cock. “It’s making you do this. Simon, please stop.”

“Of fuck,” Simon cried out, Kes thought he was about to cum, but his cries of pleasure were replaced by a howl of pain. Simon collapsed from the sofa. Kes sprang forward and grabbed the can from Simon’s other hand to prevent it from spilling on the carpet. Simon lay curled on the floor, his hands cupping his cock and balls.

Above him, Kes opened his first beer and started to sip it from the can. “I warned you.” Kes took a long glug but didn’t feel sorry for Simon. He’d brought this pain on himself.

Eventually, Simon recovered and sat back on the sofa. His cock was now back to half-hard. Kes handed him back his drink. Simon took a sip.

“Fuck. I was about to cum, and then the pain pulled the rug right from under my feet. This fucking device is pure evil. It makes you want to cum, but when you’re almost there, it gives you a debilitating jolt of pain that stops you from reaching the point of no return. No wonder they found a way around it.”

“Eh?” Kes wondered what he meant.

Simon told Kes what Josh had told him and how being fucked up the arse could make you cum without pain.

Kes grinned, “Are you tempted?”

“Right fucking now, I’d be fucked by anyone to get some release.”

Kes laughed, “Well, don’t look at me.”

The beers flowed, the pizzas were delivered, and the icy vodka shot down their throats. After the pain the Punishment Ring had caused him earlier, Simon left his half-hard cock alone. The alcohol diverted his brain from his engorged cock. Simon fell asleep on the sofa. Kes found a blanket to cover him, and he left him in his drunken slumber.

## **Anticipation**

Kes woke early. He wasn't as inebriated as Simon was from the previous night. He was anxious about the outcome of the magistrate's review.

He checked on his brother, who was sleeping in the living room. Simon must have had a restless night as the blanket Kes had covered him with was now on the floor, and Simon was lying on his front, his head lolling over the side of a cushion.

Kes left him alone. The longer he slept, the better. Kes would be doing the worrying until Simon woke. He felt terrible that his new life in Cockaigne had caused Simon to be punished. Simon felt protective of Kes and had to do something to the man that had caused his relationship with Philip to break up. The man didn't seem to care about the problems he had caused. The liberal society of Cockaigne came with moral responsibilities, but this man didn't care that he had a duty to use these freedoms with great care. If there was one thing to come out of the unfortunate incident was that Kes was determined to be his own man and not let anyone, whoever that may be, persuade him to do something he wasn't comfortable with. His time with Philip was fantastic. He had been invaluable in helping Kes adjust to life in Cockaigne, but now they had broken up, and Kes felt free to explore his new self, what he wanted and how he wanted to live. The possibilities were endless. His first decision was to mend his relationship with his family and make it up to Simon. He couldn't believe how supportive Simon had been and was grateful for him being here. If only he wasn't being punished. Kes had not seen this side of Cockaigne before, but he knew it could happen. Kes thought about what might happen. He hoped the magistrate didn't want to punish Simon further, perhaps birch him in public. Kes didn't want to see that. He didn't want to see his brother beaten. Public punishments were seen as a deterrent to others. Kes felt uncomfortable



thinking about it. He'd feel uncomfortable watching anyone being beaten. It reminded Kes of the stories about boys being caned in school in front of all the students. Kes shuddered at the thought.

The kettle he'd put on to boil and switched itself off several minutes ago. Kes flicked it on again and made himself an instant coffee. He didn't have time for the coffee machine to make a proper coffee. He wanted something to perk him up and keep him alert.

The smell must have woken Simon, as Kes heard groaning from the living room. In anticipation, Kes got a glass of water and a couple of painkillers for Simon when he emerged.

Simon looked terrible. His hair was a mess, his face pale with dark bags under his eyes.

"Here, take these." Kes handed his brother the painkillers and glass of water. Simon knocked them back and downed the water. Kes handed over his mug of coffee and made himself a new one. He figured Simon would need to feel an immediate caffeine hit.

"Thanks, Kes." Simon croaked. His voice was gravelly from the alcohol abuse of the previous night. Kes sat at the kitchen table, nursing his fresh coffee. Simon sat opposite. "I feel like shit," Simon admitted.

"I'm not surprised. You had most of that vodka last night. You wanted to go and get another bottle when you down the last few drops from the bottle. I lied to you and said we couldn't get hold of any as everywhere would be shut."

Simon held his head. The blood pumping around his body was making it throb. "Those pills had better kick in soon."

"They will." Kes took the empty glass from Simon and refilled it with water. "Here, you need to drink fluids. It'll make the hangover go away quicker."

Simon croaked again and down the water in one gulp. "I need a piss." Simon stood up and slowly walked away to climb the stairs to relieve the pressure on his bladder. Kes observed that Simon's cock was soft. It seemed a hangover was a temporary relief from being in a constant state of arousal, which the punishment ring caused.

When Simon returned, his coffee had cooled sufficiently for him to pour it down his throat. Kes wasn't asked, but he flicked the kettle back on to make him another. As he waited for the kettle to boil, he heard a light tapping on the glass in the back door. Kes saw a silhouette dressed in yellow and red through the frosted glass. Kes unlocked the door and let in Josh.

"Morning, Kes. I just wanted to pop round to wish you both the best for today and hope it turns out alright."

Kes smiled at the youngster. He had never been this considerate when he was sixteen. "Thanks," He hugged Josh. "You are a good friend."

"How is he this morning?" Josh asked, looking at Simon, whose eyes were cast downwards at the table.

"Hungover. But he's fine."

Josh went over and gave Simon an awkward hug. It's challenging to hug someone when you're standing, and the other person is sitting down.

"He's only just woken up." Kes told Josh, "His head is pounding, so he's feeling antisocial."

Josh let go of Simon.

"Thanks, Josh." Simon croaked.

"Time for a coffee?" Kes asked Josh as he placed a second mug in front of Simon.

"Sorry, No. I just wanted to wish you well for today and tell you about the possibility of more work over the summer if you're interested."

“What, at the leisure centre?” Kes asked.

“Nope, the Woodland Lodges. They back onto the lake, and during the busy summer season, they like to have lifeguards. I’m going to do it this year. I couldn’t do it last year as I was too young. Now I’m sixteen, I’m allowed.”

“Sounds interesting. I might be up for that. Would Charles object?”

“As long as it doesn’t upset his precious rota, he doesn’t care where else we work. Anyway, must go. Don’t want to be late.”

“Thanks, Josh. Talk to me later about the job. We can apply together.”

“Sure.” Before Josh dashed out the door, he hugged Kes again. “Try not to worry. I’m sure it’ll be alright.” He whispered into Kes’ ear.

Kes let the boy go, glad to have him as a friend.

The wait was interminable. Kes had given Simon a second dose of painkillers and suggested he go upstairs and lie down. Sleep if possible. Simon took his advice, but it left Kes alone, which caused his mind to go through all possibilities, from a wishful thinking scenario where Simon’s punishment was quashed to being taken to the local prison. Kes knew it was unrealistic that Simon would be imprisoned, but it didn’t stop him from worrying about it. The more Kes researched punishments on the Cockaigne website, the more concerned he became. He was scared for Simon. He still didn’t think it fair and wished he could take the punishment instead of his brother. It was Kes’ choice to live in the town, not Simon’s choice. Simon was just caught up in Kes’ life.

He hoped Simon wasn’t worrying and managed to get some sleep.

Kes heard his stomach growl, he was hungry, but the thought of food made him feel sick. He couldn’t eat; if he did, he thought he’d throw up. He tried watching television, but his eyes were glued to the clock instead.

Kes heard a loud, confident knock on the front door in the early afternoon.

His stomach lurched, and he felt palpitations. Kes couldn't get to the door quick enough. He recognised the Officer standing on his doorstep. It was Nathan. His face was giving nothing away.

"May I speak to Simon, please?"

"Come in. I'll get him. What's the news." Kes babbled.

"I really should speak to him first." Officer Nathan spoke evenly.

Kes bounded up the stairs and found Simon asleep in the spare room. He looked so calm and at peace. Kes didn't want to wake him. He wanted Simon to have a few more minutes of peace. From the moment he would touch his bare shoulder and gently rock him awake, his life might be worse. Kes couldn't help it, but tears rolled down his face. He loved Simon and hated what might happen.

He took a deep breath and touched Simon's bare shoulder. He felt warm but didn't stir. Kes shook Simon until he groaned. Kes wiped away any tears. He didn't want to upset Simon.

"Simon." Kes spoke, "Officer Nathan is here. You need to come downstairs now."

Simon jolted and sat up.

"What does he say?"

"He won't tell me anything."

Simon felt like his body was made of lead, but he forced himself to his feet and gingerly made his way downstairs. Kes followed. Officer Nathan stood in the hallway.

"Good Afternoon, Mr Young," Nathan spoke.

Kes was surprised at the formality. It wasn't good. Surely it wasn't good.

“Let’s go through to the living room,” Kes ushered everyone. “Please take a seat.”

“First of all, do you mind your brother being here while I talk to you? I must ask in case you don’t want him to hear what I say.”

“No, no. Kes can stay.” Simon and Kes were seated on the sofa. They held each other’s hand for support. Simon could feel Kes squeeze it occasionally.

Nathan began to speak.

The magistrate reviewed the case and listened to all the mitigating factors. But a violent attack was something that needed to be dealt with harshly.

Both brothers drew a sharp intake of breath.

The issue was further complicated by Liam making approaches to the magistrate to ensure Simon received a suitable punishment. He suspected he would be let off lightly and wanted to put his case forward. The magistrate listened to Liam. Kes asked if Simon could speak with the magistrate before he decided anything. Nathan explained it wasn’t possible as the magistrate had ruled, and the sentence would be carried out unless Simon appealed.

“But what’s the sentence?” Kes asked, squeezing his brother’s hand tightly.

“So, the magistrate agreed with my preliminary punishment of enforced nudity for two weeks and the fitting of the punishment ring for the duration. Initially, the magistrate was happy, but then he spoke to Liam. It seems he wanted some retribution, and the magistrate gave in to his demands.”

“What?” The words caught in Simon’s throat.

“At the end of your sentence, you are to report to the Punishment Stage for a public birching.”

The brothers gasped.

“Five strokes only.” Nathan clarified. “Liam wanted much more, but the magistrate thought any more would be excessive.”

“Will it hurt?” Kes was crying, but his brother remained stoic.

“I’m afraid it will. But by limiting it to five strokes, it will be short and brief and should not cause any permanent damage.”

Kes hugged his brother, “I’m so sorry, Simon. This is all my fault.”

Simon patted Kes to reassure him, “No, it isn’t. It’s my temper that got me into trouble. Don’t you dare blame yourself.”

“I’m sorry, Simon.” Nathan said flatly, “I did my best, and this is the best outcome considering.”

“What happens now?” Simon asked.

“Well, in the next few days, you will receive a summons with the date and time of your birching. It is very important you attend, or the punishment will increase. But I must reiterate what I said yesterday, while you may leave Cockaigne, you must not remove the punishment ring. You may wear clothing once you have left Cockaigne, but you must be naked the moment you pass the border as you reenter Cockaigne. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Sir,” Simon said politely.

“Is there anything else either of you wants to know?”

“What about appealing,” Kes blurted out.

“It’s an option, but the downside is that the sentence may be increased after the appeal.” Nathan looked at Simon, “You have admitted the infraction, so the case is clear cut. You are guilty. The appeal would only be able to review the sentence. In my opinion, I recommend you do not go down that road. In two weeks, it will be over. You will have a sore backside for a few days, but it will be over. In

similar cases, the miscreant has been sentenced to many more lashes and a period of servitude. I don't want that. And neither do you."

"Kes," Simon held onto Kes' chin and turned it so they looked at each other. "I will not appeal. I'll take the lashes. It's only five. Then it will be over and done with."

"If there's nothing else, I'll leave you." Officer Nathan rose to his feet, followed by Kes and Simon.

"Thank you, Officer." Simon shook the man's hand. "I really appreciate all you have done and how you have treated this naïve outsider."

"No problem, Simon. I insist on fairness. Sometimes we can be fair, and sometimes vindictive. We are only human. But I consider this fair, if not lenient. I only hope it hasn't clouded your judgement of Cockaigne."

"Not at all, Officer. This won't prevent me from seeing my little brother. I'm so proud of him."

Officer Nathan looked at Kes, "Yes, I'm beginning to understand how exceptional he is. I think he is the best of us. You should be proud of him."

Kes blushed.

Simon went home after Officer Nathan left and returned to his life outside Cockaigne, at least for the next few days. The punishment ring was awkward, especially while wearing clothes. His constant state of at least semi-arousal made the bulge in his suit trousers difficult to hide.

Kes would stay in touch with Simon, ensuring his brother wasn't stressing too much over his pending birching. It wasn't until the following weekend that it all blew up.

## **My Name is Kes**

Simon called Kes on Friday night. He was nervous and concerned. The brothers had tried to keep what had happened between themselves. They didn't think their parents or Aden would take the news well. And when they found out, they were proved right. Simon called Kes to warn him that they knew. He'd got the summons for the birching, and it was for the Saturday he and Aden had arranged to go to a concert. Simon told Aden that something had come up and he couldn't make it. He told Aden he could give his ticket to one of his mates. But Aden was persistent and got the truth from Simon.

Aden, the middle brother, blew up. He was irrational and told Simon to ignore it. Their rules meant nothing in the real world. Simon let his brother rant down the phone, but when he blamed Kes, or Jay as he still called him, Simon leapt to his defence. Simon was sure they would have gone for each other if they were in the same room, each brother landing punches on the other. Thankfully it was only a phone call, but Aden was determined to stir up trouble.

Kes was surprised when his mother called. She was in tears.

"How could you let this happen?" She cried down the phone, "How could you let them rape your brother in front of the whole town. It's not right."

Kes was confused. Aden had undoubtedly been busy. "It's just five lashes on his backside. He's not going to be raped. If Aden told you that, then he's lying, Mum."

"I don't believe you, Justin. What has happened to you?"

"It's Kes, Mum. My name is Kes now. And I've just found a life for myself. What Aden told you is bullshit. Simon will be fine. He was only protecting me."



“But it would never have happened if you weren’t living there. Why did you have to move there, Justin? You know we would have always supported you.”

“No one ever supported me. I was left to rot in that filthy bedsit. I had to make my own way. And it led me to Cockaigne. And I’m glad it did. And please call me Kes, Mum.” Kes begged.

“You’ve been Justin for eighteen years. It’s the name me, and your dad gave you. It feels like you’re rejecting us, rejecting your name.” His mum cried. “I love you, Justin, and I will always love you, but I don’t like what you have become. That town has made you turn your back on your family. It is causing your brother to be badly beaten in the town square like in some medieval times. I’m scared for Simon. And it’s because of you this is happening.”

Kes was crying silently, but all his mother could hear was his breathing down the phone. “How can you think this of me. I love Simon and you, Mum. If I could stop it, I would. But I can’t. I’ve talked to Simon, and he’s resigned to what is going to happen.”

“He’s just putting on a brave face, Justin. I can tell.”

“Mum, my name is Kes!” Something switched in Kes’ brain. He was Kes, and he didn’t have to take this anymore. He didn’t need his mother laying a guilt trip on him. “If you call me by my old name once more, I will hang up and not speak to you until you respect me and my decision.” Kes was firm, his newfound confidence stopped his tears, and he wiped his wet face clean.

“Sorry, K... Kes.” His mother conceded.

Kes could hear his father shouting in the background, unhappy that his mother had used his new name. The last thing Kes heard was his father telling his mother she must never use that name again. Then the call was disconnected.

Kes took in a deep breath. Disconnected. That was how he was now, disconnected from his parents. Kes called Simon. He needed to know how he felt. He didn't want to lose Simon, now that they had only recently become close.

"Hi, Kes. How's it going?" Simon sounded cheery.

"Mum called me. She's upset and thinks it's all my fault. Have you spoken to her recently?" Kes was perplexed.

"No, but I've been away with work for the past two days in Scotland. The last time I spoke to them was when I told you about Aden. I thought he'd calm down by now."

"He's made it worse, Simon. He's lied to them. Mum actually thought you were going to be raped in front of everyone. I put her right."

"Fuck!" Simon gasped. "That little shit! He'd better keep away from me, or I'll wring his fucking neck."

"Simon. It's all gone to shit. If they don't calm down, I'm afraid they will do something stupid."

"Okay, Kes. Let me talk to Mum and Dad, I'll try Aden, but he's too boneheaded to listen."

"Thanks, Simon." Kes took a deep breath, "There's something I need to know, Simon. Are we okay?"

"Of course we are," Simon chuckled, "You're my baby brother. I love you. What's this all about?"

"It's just that Mum said you were pretending and suggested you blamed me."

"I don't blame you. I've told you enough times. I did the crime, and I need to face the consequences. I'm not looking forward to it, but I don't blame you, Kes. I never will."

"Thanks, Simon." He breathed a sigh of relief. "Do you fancy coming over on Sunday? I don't have work, and it would be nice to see you."

“That’ll be great. I’ll come over for lunch. So make something nice.”

Simon laughed.

“No problem, beans on toast it is.” Kes joked.

“You would too. See you Sunday, baby brother.”

Kes was smiling after his conversation with Simon. He knew his Mum was talking rubbish and hoped Simon could make her see sense. But Kes was resigned to losing his father and Aden. They were both hot-headed and once they made their minds up, there was little chance of changing them. But he hoped to mend his relationship with his mother, and Simon would help.

## **Aden's Ultimatum**

Kes had a pleasant day at work. Afterwards, he and Josh walked to the Cremaster Freedom Resort to speak to the manager. The summer season was approaching, and he needed some help. He needed lifeguards, who were also unofficial maintenance, fixing little things and helping the holidaymakers. They went away confident they would get the job, mainly because no one else had applied. But they would have to work around the rota around the leisure centre.

Kes had just stripped off his lifeguard uniform when his mobile phone rang. He didn't recognise the number. It wasn't in his contact list. Kes held the phone to his ear.

"Hello."

"I hope your fucking pleased with yourself." The voice on the phone was angry. Kes was stunned, thinking about who it could be.

"Aden?" Kes eventually asked. "Aden, is that you?"

"Of course it's me, you little shit. Do you have any idea what you've done? Mum is so upset, crying virtually twenty-four hours a day. Dad is so angry he's punched a hole in the wall, and Simon is going to be beaten senseless. All because of you."

"Hang on a minute..." Kes tried to speak.

"What the fuck has happened to you, Jay. You've just shat on this family from a great height, and you're sitting pretty in that depraved town without a care in the world. Do you realise what your decision has done? You can't just pull the pin, throw the grenade and let your family fucking explode."

"Aden, let me explain..."

"What the fuck can you say which will sort this all out. I'm telling you, Jay. Unless you leave that fucking town, this family will fall apart."

Aden was getting breathless, unable to keep up his rant. "Look, Aden. Just take a breath and calm down."

"Fuck off, Jay. You have always been a problem from the moment you were born. You've been nothing but trouble, causing no end of stress to Mum and Dad."

Kes sighed. Aden blamed him for everything.

"Aden!" Kes virtually shouted down the phone. "Simon is going to be fine. He has accepted his punishment for punching a man. I'm not asking for any special treatment. I'm not asking any of you to join me or visit me here in Cockaigne." Aden retched when he heard the name of the town, "It is just a place with slightly different rules. If you don't want to visit me, I'm fine with that. It's not like you ever visited me in my grotty bedsit in Suddene."

"I will never set foot in that fucking place!" Aden was adamant.

"I'm not asking you to!" Kes was exasperated. "But we don't have to fall out about it. Forget about Simon and Mum and Dad. What have I done to hurt you?" Kes waited for a reply, but Aden didn't answer.

"Nothing!" Kes gave the answer.

"What you've done to Mum and Dad does hurt me. I hate to see them this way."

"Look, Aden. I have never asked for much from my family. All I ask is that you accept my new name and accept that I have found a place where I belong, in Cockaigne." Kes could only hear Aden breathing. "Can you do that, Aden? Can you call me by my new name? Can you call me Kes? I was born Justin, but no one complained when I asked to be called by my initials, Jay. What's the difference. Just think of it as a nickname."

"Jay is my brother. I don't know who the fuck Kes is."

“Well, find out. I’m not asking you to come into Cockaigne, but why don’t I come round to you. Talk things through properly, and you can get to know me again.

“Fuck off! Dad says that if you don’t leave that fucking town, he will disown you. And I agree. The ball is in your court, Jay. It’s your choice if you want to stay part of this family. And trust me, you may think you’ve talked Simon round, but I’ll make sure he never sees you again after next Saturday.”

“Simon is his own man, and I’ll accept whatever he chooses.”

“Don’t get all sanctimonious with me.”

“Simon was right. You are a wanker.” Kes replied.

“The choice is yours, Jay. Call me when you’ve come to your senses.”

Aden disconnected the call.

Kes was surprised that the call hadn’t upset him. He’d been expecting some sort of contact from Aden and knew Aden was not happy with his decisions. But Kes was happy in Cockaigne, and although it was placing stress on the rest of the family, he was sure he’d made the right decision. For eighteen years, Kes had been the third thought. Simon was always the first. The first to do everything, the first to make our parents proud, the first to let them down. Simon was the first. Aden was the second. The second to do everything. Kes was the third. The third. Everything Kes did had been done before by either, or both, of his elder brothers. Jay was old news, just copying his brothers. He was never allowed to be his own person.

Now Jay was eighteen and was called Kes. He was finally his own person. Stepping out on his own, making his own choices and not just doing things because his brother did them. Kes finally felt free and wasn’t going to let Aden pull him back to his old life where he never belonged.

Kes added Aden's number to his contact list on his phone and put the conversation out of his mind. He was not going to be blackmailed into giving up his new life. As long as Simon remained supportive, Kes would be happy, as there would always be a possibility that their parents would come around.

## Nick's Offer

Nick knocked on the door and beamed a welcoming smile when Kes answered. His brother, Elliott, stood nervously behind him, his head poking over Nick's shoulder.

"Hi, Nick." Kes was pleased to see him after his strained conversation with his brother, Aden.

"Hi Kes, thought we'd just pop round if it's convenient."

"Sure, come in." Kes looked at the face behind Nick. "Hello again, Elliott."

Kes watched as the two brothers stepped into his hallway. Once the front door was closed, both began to take their clothes off.

"You don't need to," Kes said to them.

"No, it's only polite. In Cockaigne, you take your cue from the person you are visiting. If they're naked, then it's only polite to be naked with them. Besides, I've always felt awkward when I'm the only person clothed.

"Okay," Kes sort of understood why they were getting naked. "Go through to the living room. I'll make coffee." Kes looked at Elliott, "What about you, coffee, or I've got some lemonade and some coke."

"Coke, please," Elliott said, pushing down his white briefs.

Kes smiled as he noticed Elliott was half-hard.

Nick and Elliott went to the living room and silently waited while Kes brought the drinks.

Kes handed Nick a mug of hot coffee and a glass of coke to Elliott. When Kes returned with his own coffee, Nick spoke.

"I do have an ulterior motive to coming round." Kes raised an eyebrow, "I've heard that you and Philip had split up and wanted to make sure that you're alright."

"News travels fast," Kes commented.



“It does in Cockaigne. It’s something you will get used to. The grapevine is very active.”

“Gossip, you mean.” Kes chuckled.

“Working in an estate agency, the people that come in tell you all sorts of gossip. I wish they wouldn’t, but I’m cursed with an innocent face. And then I read in The Chronicle about your brother. It’s awful. I hope it’s not putting you off living here.”

“No, not at all. I must admit I’ve had a hectic couple of weeks. Simon is getting punished. I’ve split up with my boyfriend, and my family are on the verge of cutting me off simply for living here.”

“You’re kidding!” Nick was surprised.

Elliott sat with his mouth open. He placed his glass down on the table beside him and got up to hug Kes. “I’m sorry, Kes.”

Kes patted Elliott’s back. “It’s alright, Elliott. And I’m not going anywhere.”

Elliott sat back down.

“I’m glad to hear it,” Nick replied. “You’ve had a run of bad luck, but it can only get better from now.”

“I hope so. Simon is coming over this weekend. And then next weekend he....” Kes lowered his head at the thought of his brother being birched.

“It’s only 5 lashes. It’ll be over before he knows it.”

“Have you been to one of these public birchings before?” Kes asked.

“Yes, our parents took us to one a few years ago. I was being a bit of an arse, and they took us to show me what would happen if I didn’t behave.”

“It was horrible,” Elliott said.

“Well, you were only thirteen at the time. I was sixteen. I’m not surprised you thought it was horrible. It didn’t really affect me.”

Kes asked what he should expect.

“Turnout depends on the weather. If it’s raining it down, not very many would turn up. If it’s warm, then there may be a crowd. But there’s generally only a couple of hundred that turn up.”

“How long will it take?”

“It’s only 5 lashes, so that would only take a minute or two. He will be paraded naked onto the stage, bent over, and then receive the lashes. Afterwards, I think they’ll take off the punishment ring, and he’ll be free to go.”

“Good.” Kes considered something. “Do you think I should go and watch? I’ll need to be there to look after him afterwards. But I’m scared of how I will feel if I see him beaten.”

“It’s up to you, Kes,” Nick said. “I didn’t feel anything when I was made to watch a punishment session, but then I wasn’t related to them. It was a young man who was caught shoplifting. He got twenty lashes and was a blubbing wreck after ten lashes. I’m sure your brother is strong and won’t break down.”

“It’s not that I don’t want to see him break down. It’s seeing someone beaten. But I think I have to watch it. If I am to be a resident, I need to see everything.”

“Would you like me to be there with you for support? I’ve never been to one of these since, but if you need support, I will be there.”

“Thanks, Nick. I appreciate it. Let me think about it, and I’ll let you know.”

“Don’t worry, Elliott,” Nick turned to his brother, “I won’t take you with me.”

“I’m sixteen now, the same age as you when you first went. I might be better this time.”

“Well, I can’t stop you going,” Kes said to Elliott, “but I’d prefer it if you didn’t. It’s going to be my brother on the stage, and the fewer people there, the better.”

“If you want to see another,” Nick said to his brother, “I’ll take you to the next one.”

“Thanks, I really should see another one now that I’m older. It’s only going to be a couple of years before they can do it to me.” Elliott said.

Nick smiled, “You’re a good lad, Elliott. I’m sure you won’t do anything to deserve it.”

“How’s it going with Josh?” Kes asked, changing the subject.

“I got nervous.” Elliott admitted, “But Josh asked me out. We’re going to see a film at the weekend.”

“That’s brilliant.” Kes beamed. “I’m so glad. Josh is really into you.”

“I know,” Elliott giggled, “and he’s a fantastic kisser.”

Kes noticed Elliott fidget, trying to hide his hardening cock.

“Why don’t you go and use the bathroom,” Nick told his brother.

Elliott scurried out, his hands covering his crotch to prevent them from seeing his hard cock.

“He gets embarrassed when he has an erection,” Nick said to Kes.

“More coffee?” Kes raised his empty mug.

“Sure.”

Nick followed Kes into the kitchen. “Are you sure that you’re alright?”

Kes was alright, he’d had a tough week, especially from his family, but he was definitely alright. Nick was pleased.

“Now for the official visit stuff.” Nick smiled at Kes. “How are you finding the house? Any problems? Issues that need fixing? We like our customers to be happy.”

“Everything is perfect, Nick. You couldn’t have found me a better place to live.

“Great.” Nick seemed to grow nervous. “And now, for the other reason I came.” Nick took a deep breath. “Now, don’t think I’m swooping in or want to catch you on the rebound. But I just want to say that I’m free and would like to get to know you better.”

“Oh,” Kes grinned, “Are you trying to ask me out?”

“Yes. I know you’re just coming out of a relationship, and I don’t mind waiting.”

Kes was flattered. He was even more flattered when he cast his eyes downwards and saw that Nick’s cock was growing. Nick followed his gaze and gave his cock a few strokes. He was now hard.

Elliott came bounding down the stairs and noticed Kes and Nick in the kitchen. He went to see what they were doing when he saw his brother had an erection.

“Bathroom’s free if you want it.” Elliott giggled.

Nick chuckled. “Perhaps we should go.” He said and went into the hallway to start to get dressed. “Come on, Elliott, we’re off.”

Kes watched as Nick stuffed his hard cock inside his small white briefs. It looked like it was about to burst through until Nick pulled up his trousers and tamed the bulge. Kes went over to Nick.

“Thanks, Nick. I really appreciate it.”

“Forget I said anything.” Nick felt embarrassed. He shouldn’t have asked Kes out. He was vulnerable.

“Nick. After this business with Simon is over, come see me and ask me again.” Kes placed a chaste kiss on Nick’s cheek. Elliott didn’t notice. He was too busy getting dressed. “And don’t bring the gooseberry next time.” He whispered into Nick’s ear.

“I’m hoping your friend, Josh, will keep this one busy.” Nick nodded at Elliott.

## The Birching

Simon was nervous. It was evident as his leg kept jiggling. He kept an eye on the clock while sitting on the sofa with Kes. Simon had to report to the punishment stage in two hours.

Kes had spoken to Nick and asked him to be with him. Help him and help Simon. He also took Nick's advice and got some things in to make Simon more comfortable. The freezer was full of ice, and he'd bought several tubes of Arnica cream. Both would help with any bruising.

The brothers jolted when they heard a knock on the door. Kes answered, and Nick was there with a couple of boxes of ibuprofen.

"Give Simon a couple of these about an hour before. They're anti-inflammatory, so they will help. Then give him a couple more after four hours. It'll help with the pain if there is any."

Kes took the medicine and put them on the kitchen table. Nick followed him.

"How is he?" Nick asked.

"Absolutely bricking it. I think it's finally come real to him. Until he got here, he was fine. But now, he's shaking. He's trying to put a brave face on it, but I can see through it." Kes was shaking too. "I'm so scared, Nick."

Nick embraced Kes, which made the tears flow. Kes tried to hold back, but the stress was too much. Kes quickly controlled himself again and made himself busy making a pot of tea. Nick stripped naked and went through to the living room.

No one felt like talking. They knew what would happen and didn't need to speak about it. Talking about it will only increase the tension. But Nick didn't think small talk would help either. How can you talk about the little things when the physical punishment loomed in two hours.

“Cup o’ tea!” Kes announced as he entered, holding three mugs of freshly brewed tea.

“Thanks,” Simon said flatly and took a mug. He held it in his hands.

Nick took a mug and slurped. It was still too hot. “So it looks like Josh and Elliott are officially an item.” Nick thought talking about anything would be better than silence.

“I’m glad.” Kes responded, “But come the summer, they may not see much of each other.”

“How’s that?” Nick asked.

“We’ve got extra work at the summer camp.”

“Really? Which one? There’s two that are on the lake.”

“Crem... Cremated... I’ve forgotten what it’s called.”

“Oh, Cremaster Freedom Resort. That place can get pretty wild. Everybody has to be naked. Not sure about the staff, though. I’ve never actually been.”

“No one said anything about that. I’ll have to ask. Not that it matters.”

“I’m sure you’ll be given a full tour before you start. I might ask you to sneak me in. I’ve always wanted to try water skiing.”

“No chance. You can pay like all the others.” Kes looked over at Simon, who looked uncomfortable.

Time moved slowly. Words were rarely spoken until it was one hour to go. Simon ambled to the kitchen to take the anti-inflammatories. Kes went with him.

Kes couldn’t help himself. The tension was too great. He burst into tears and wrapped his arms around Simon, holding him tight.

“I’m so sorry, Simon.”

Simon held his brother, “It’s okay, Kes. I keep telling you it’s not your fault.”

“I know. I know.”

Nick could hear the brothers in the kitchen and felt it best to leave them alone.

“These are the longest hours of my life. I wish it was all over with.” Kes sniffed on his brother’s shoulder. “I don’t think I can watch, Simon.”

“You don’t have to, Kes. It’s up to you. I just want you with me afterwards. As long as you’re with me afterwards, I will be happy. I’ll need you to take me home.”

“I’ll be there.” Kes sniffed.

“And you’ll look after me? Make sure I’m alright?”

“I will.” Kes released his brother, and they looked into each other's eyes. Both had been crying.

“Now, let’s stop this. I want to be brave up there. I don’t want to be crying when I’m on the stage. And I don’t want them to see my brother cry. We are made of strong stuff and take our punishment without crying about it.”

Kes rubbed his eyes. “You’re right. I bet that bastard will be in the front row. I don’t want to give him the pleasure of seeing us blubbing.”

The brothers went upstairs to the bathroom to wash their faces. Simon became playful in the bathroom, pushing his little brother like he did when they were kids.

Downstairs, Nick could hear them. He smiled. Glad they had this final moment of fun. He hoped that what was about to happen wouldn’t spoil their relationship.

Simon chased Kes downstairs and ended up catching him in the living room. He grabbed Kes by the waist, lifted him, and threw him onto the sofa. Simon lept on him, tickling Kes, both brothers laughing hysterically.

Nick checked the time. He didn't want to break up their moment of joy, but if they didn't calm down soon, he would have to bring them back down to earth with a thump. Thankfully the brothers stopped being playful and sat on the sofa next to each other, panting.

Nick made it obvious he was checking the time. Kes looked at the clock on the wall. He rested his head on his brother's shoulder. "We should go. We can't be late." Kes sighed.

The three naked men put some shoes on.

Although Kes didn't usually like being naked in public, he decided to walk in solidarity with his brother and stay naked. Nick followed suit.

Simon had become accustomed to the punishment ring keeping his cock half-hard all the time, but he spent most of the time outside Cockaigne, so it was covered up, and he had learned to wear a tight jockstrap to prevent it showing through his trousers. He wasn't used to parading down the street with his engorged cock exposed. But with each step, he forgot about that and concentrated on the punishment he was about to receive.

The time was set for midday. The weather was fine, and there appeared to be a larger than average turnout. The crowd stood at least ten deep in front of the punishment stage. In prime place, in front of the punishment rack, stood Liam. The man who had caused all this to happen. He looked strange in clothes. Kes was used to seeing him naked in the pool. But he recognised that hairless head as soon as they approached the stage.

Kes held Simon's hand. It was Kes who was shaking.

"Be brave, Kes," Simon said.

"Better take your trainers off now. Give them to me." Nick told Simon.

Simon had to be totally naked for the punishment, which meant nothing on his feet.



Officer Nathan noticed him and came over.

“I’m glad you came. It’ll be over with very soon.” Nathan spoke to Simon. “I’ll escort Simon. You can join the crowd.” Nathan said to Kes and Nick.

Officer Nathan walked with Simon to the rear of the stage. A group of officials were there to ensure the sentence was carried out correctly.

“Have you changed your mind, Kes?” Nick said, “Are you still going to watch?”

“Yes. I think I must.”

They stood at the side, their view was unobstructed, but they did overlook a sea of heads. Kes scanned the crowd. He saw Liam’s bald head again. Kes reached for Nick’s hand again and squeezed.

Kes kept looking but was distracted by Simon being brought onto the stage.

The crowd roared when they saw his naked body.

A well-set man wearing only a leather jockstrap and leather hood to cover his face guided Simon to the punishment rack. The man’s hairy pot belly looked firm, with some strong muscles underneath the extra layer of fat the man carried.

Simon was made to stand facing the crowd. Phones and cameras flashed as they took pictures to remember the day. The Punisher grabbed some handcuffs and cuffed Simon’s hands in front of him. The crowd roared again. Simon was forced to walk backwards until he was underneath a thick oak beam. A chain was attached to the handcuffs, and the Punisher slowly pulled the chain, forcing Simon’s arms to rise. He stopped while his feet were firmly placed on the floor. Ankle chains were attached to Simon. The chains pulled his legs apart. He was now standing spread eagle with his arms reaching for the sky.

Flashes continued as they took pictures of Simon, naked and vulnerable, his half-hard cock on full view.

The Punisher theatrically went to the side of the stage and pulled out the cane. He wafted it through the air, birching an invisible miscreant.

Kes saw the cane. It looked thin. It could do quite a bit of damage.

Simon had his eyes shut.

The Punisher kept playing with the cane as he approached Simon. He hit a lever on the floor, and the entire frame turned around. Simon's arse was now facing the crowd and being photographed for posterity.

Kes didn't expect the spectacle. He envisioned a simple and quick punishment, not the pantomime he now witnessed as the Punisher played with the crowd and was now going to play with Simon.

He grabbed Simon's arse, pulled his cheeks apart, and started to stroke them with his fingers. Then stroke them with the cane.

The Punisher held the tip of the cane against the small of Simon's back. He pressed hard, causing Simon to try and twist. The tip of the cane was lowered and pushed between his buttocks. Simon felt the tip touch his anus. He screwed his face up. He didn't want it to enter him. He didn't think that was part of the punishment.

Simon was relieved when the cane tip went lower and left the dimple of his anus. As the tip emerged, the Punisher raised the cane and gave it a fast stroke, missing Simon's buttocks and disappointing the crowd. They groaned and started chanting. "Beat him! Beat him!"

The punisher raised his arms to the crowd. They cheered him, eager to see Simon punished.

The time had come. Simon had been anticipating the strokes when he was trussed up. But when the first one hit, it was still a surprise.

Simon yelped and hated himself for it.

He was waiting for the second stroke, he'd be ready for it, and when it came, he had enough control to remain silent.

In the crowd, Kes watched each stroke leave a red mark across Simon's buttocks. Kes had kept hold of Nick's hand, and as each stroke hit the target, he gripped harder. Nick felt pain in his hand but suffered in silence, knowing it was a little help to Kes.

The crowd cheered as the fifth stroke landed. It was over.

The Punisher kicked the lever again, and Simon faced the crowd again. He knelt in front of Simon and carefully removed the punishment ring. Now free, Simon's cock sprang hard instantly. The Punisher stood and started to slowly stroke Simon's hard cock. The punishment may be over, but the humiliation wasn't.

"Why is he doing this," Kes asked Nick.

"It's the Punisher's prerogative. He can do whatever he wants to his body, but he can't penetrate him."

Kes breathed a sigh of relief and continued to watch the Punisher wank his brother in front of a crowd of hundreds. Having been unable to cum for the last two weeks, Simon didn't last long. He came, long and hard. Some flew past the edge of the stage.

Simon was gasping with pleasure at the relief. Then the pain in his arse took any pleasure away.

Simon was carefully unchained, led to the side, and guided down the steps.

Officer Nathan appeared and beckoned Kes and Nick over.

"It's all done," Nathan said. "He's free to go, wear clothes, leave Cockaigne. Anything."

"I'm taking him back to my place," Kes said, his eyes lowered.

Around them, they heard the crowd slowly disperse. A few stayed to watch Simon being led away by his brother and Nick.

They didn't notice a man approaching them.

"That was fucking sick." The man said, getting their attention.

They all looked at him. Kes and Simon recognised Aden immediately.

"What are you doing here?" Simon asked, wincing at the stinging pain in his backside.

"I'm taking you back with me. Out of this sick place. I didn't expect to see my brother fucking wanked off, fucking sick."

"He's coming with me," Kes said firmly.

"No. He's coming with me." Aden told them.

"Stop it!" Simon shouted. "I'm going with Kes. Just fuck off, Aden. I'll call you in a few days."

"No, Simon. I want to take you away from here." Aden was adamant.

"I am going with Kes," Simon said, walking away.

Aden watched and stared at the five red stripes blemishing his older brother's arse.

"You fucking deserved it!" Aden spat and walked away, realising he wouldn't persuade his older brother to come with him.

"I thought he said he'd never enter Cockaigne," Kes said.

"Well, it seems the prospect of seeing his brother caned and wanked off in public made him change his mind." Simon tried to joke.

"Pervert!" Kes and Simon said in unison and let out a chuckle.

## Caring For Simon

The pain worsened with each step back to Kes' house. Simon walked between Kes and Nick, holding onto their arms to prevent him from stumbling. The pain in his backside radiated outwards, and he felt nauseous.

Nick helped Kes take Simon up to his bedroom.

"Do you want me to stay?" Nick asked.

"No, thanks. I know what to do. I can take it from here." Kes replied.

"Okay, but let me know if you need anything."

"I will do. Thanks, Nick."

Nick left the brothers alone. They waited until they heard the door close, and Simon started crying.

"It hurts like fucking hell," Simon said.

Kes went downstairs, got a couple of painkillers and grabbed the Arnica cream. He gave the pills to Simon, who swallowed them without water. Kes opened the tube of cream and squeezed some onto his fingers.

"I'm going to rub the cream in," Kes told Simon.

Kes tentatively placed his fingers on Simon's arse, on a spot that didn't have a red welt. Simon flinched at the coolness of the cream. Slowly, Kes rubbed the cream over Simon's arse. Kes felt weird. He'd never touched his brother like this before. It felt intimate. Kes lost himself in rubbing the cream into his skin. He allowed his fingers to occasionally delve between Simon's buttocks. While Kes was touching him, Simon didn't feel the pain from the welts.

"I've read that massage helps with the bruising, lessens it. Do you mind?" Kes asked.

"Not if it will help, go ahead. It takes my mind off the pain."

Kes massaged Simon's arse until he got a cramp in his hands. He looked at Simon. He seemed to be asleep. Kes looked at the red welts. They seemed to be turning blue. He flexed his fingers and added more cream, hoping it would help.

With this second application of cream well absorbed, Kes let Simon sleep, and he went to wash his hands.

Kes felt useless. Simon was asleep but knew he would be in pain again when he woke. He sat in the living room. If Philip was here, he would know what to do, Kes thought. He still missed Philip, but Kes had to keep reminding himself how jealous he had become. Kes loved Philip or had loved Philip. He wasn't sure if he'd stopped loving him. But what did this mean for Nick? He didn't know what he felt for Nick. He was a lovely young man, but did he want someone else so soon after Philip. He'd fallen for Philip after the ordeal of the trial. Had he just latched on to the first person showing him affection? He'd not felt affection from anybody for a long time and never from another man. He didn't think Philip turned him gay. It was already inside him. Philip let that part of him out. It was certainly over with Philip, and Kes was surprised it took so few days to get over him as he was already considering another relationship with Nick. But Kes wasn't sure if that was what he wanted. Did he want to be tied down again? He liked Nick and was sure they could be friends, but he wasn't sure he wanted to fall in love again so soon. Kes wanted to take his new freedom to discover himself. Hopefully, Nick would understand and remain a friend. If not, Kes thought about how easy it was to make friends in Cockaigne.

The stress had tired Kes. He hadn't realised how stressed he had been until the pressure and anticipation of Simon's birching had ended. He thought about curling up on the sofa but decided to lie next to Simon on his bed so he'd be there should he wake and need anything.

The brothers slept until early evening. It started getting dark, but the returning pain woke Simon up. He winced and noticed his naked brother beside him.

“Kes,” Simon woke his brother, “I need some more painkillers. Would you mind?”

Kes got up and grabbed the box he’d left from before. Simon swallowed them, again without water.

“I’ll rub more cream on for you.”

Simon groaned as Kes touched his inflamed buttocks. The cream was cool, and that seemed to ease the pain. Kes rubbed the cream with both hands, kneading his buttocks and massaging the bruises to prevent them from becoming too deep. As he rubbed the cheeks, they would separate, and Kes would get a brief glimpse of Simon’s anus. You can see your brother naked, you can see him with an erection, or even masturbating, but Kes thought there was nothing more intimate than seeing your brother’s arsehole. Kes felt his cock twitch and grow hard. This wasn’t for his brother. It was because he hadn’t fucked someone’s hole for weeks. He suddenly felt a need to have sex. He wished Nick was still here. He was sure he’d be willing to ease the ache Kes now felt in his balls.

“I’m hungry,” Simon said. “Have you got anything? I think I want to try and get up.”

Kes got off the bed as Simon started to turn over. He lay on his back but seemed to raise his hips to take the pressure off his backside. Simon turned over again and raised himself onto his knees. Finally, he got to his feet. Simon reached behind him and felt his buttocks. He could feel the welts on his arse. Some places were more sensitive than others, and he would wince when he touched them too roughly.

“How do you feel?” Kes asked.

“Fine. Except for my arse being beaten black and blue.” Simon tried to laugh.

“I’ll order some food. Come downstairs when you’re ready.”

Kes left Simon, who went to the bathroom to relieve himself.

Simon appeared in the kitchen as Kes looked at the menus he'd collected.

“I can’t decide,” Kes said when he saw Simon in the doorway, “So it’s going to be pizza again.”

“Fine by me,” Simon said, still rubbing his buttocks.

“Nothing is stopping you from wearing clothes, now.” Kes reminded him.

“Not really thought about it,” Simon replied. “I’ve become accustomed to being naked, especially in Cockaigne. Besides, you’re naked, and you’ve seen me both naked and hard. I don’t think we have many secrets between us.”

Kes blushed. He thought about looking at his anus and him ejaculating while on the Punishment Stage. “Well, you have the option if you want it.”

“Thanks,” Simon pulled out a chair and went to sit down. When his arse touched the wooden kitchen seat, he screamed and shot back to his feet. “Fucking hell!” Simon screeched. “This is fucking stupid. How long is it going to be before I can sit down? I have to go to work on Monday. What the fuck am I going to do if I can’t sit down?”

Simon worked as a call centre manager, and although he would be on his feet occasionally supporting the staff, he would be sitting down most of the day. Simon hoped that by Monday he would be able to sit down. But if he couldn’t sit down, how the hell could he go to work.



“Try sitting in the front room, sit on some soft cushions, and see if that helps,” Kes said, then phoned through an order for two pizzas.

Kes found Simon slouched on the sofa, lying on his side and putting as little pressure on his buttocks as possible. Kes settled on a chair.

“I had this strange dream that Aden was at my birching.”

Kes took a deep breath, “He was there.”

“He saw me being beaten and then beaten off?” Simon smiled.

“He did. And he didn’t like it. He didn’t like it that you were coming home with me.”

“I wish he’d just calm down. He’s so uptight about everything. Perhaps I should call him now.”

“Wait until tomorrow.” Kes reasoned, “Let him calm down and give yourself time to recover.”

“I suppose. I don’t feel like a shouting match with him today.”

“Do you want me to get you an ice pack,” Kes asked, “for your backside.”

Kes went to sort an ice pack and placed it on Simon’s arse. Simon flinched, thrusting his hips forward. Kes kept the ice pack connected to Simon’s bruised arse.

“That’s fucking cold,” Simon complained.

“What did you expect. It’s an ice pack.” Kes laughed.

Simon held the pack in place. “It’s not too bad once you get used to it.”

## Brothers

Simon had a restless night. He'd slept on his front but found it uncomfortable. Kes had left a glass of water and some painkillers on the bedside table, which Simon was grateful for when he woke in the middle of the night.

Kes was in the shower when Simon woke. He could hear the shower running. Simon turned over onto his back. He didn't feel much discomfort and thought it must be a good sign.

The sound of running water ceased, and Kes grabbed a towel before stepping out of the shower. The spare bedroom faced the bathroom, so when Kes looked over, he saw Simon on his back. Kes started to dry himself and went over to Simon.

"Morning. How was your night?" Kes asked.

"Not too bad. I took the painkillers you left, and I feel less sore this morning."

Simon fidgeted and sat on the edge of the bed. His face showed he was in pain. "It's not too bad."

"Lie back down, Simon. I'll rub some more of that Arnica cream on you. It seems to be working."

Kes found massaging the cream into his brother's arse cheeks quite hypnotic and spent more time doing it than was strictly necessary. Kes also took quick peaks at Simon's hole. Kes' cock was hard, and he was tempted to stroke it. He let out a restrained groan instead.

"You seem to like massaging my arse," Simon stated.

"No... It's just..." Kes stuttered.

"I'm only teasing, Kes."

"I'm just feeling horny, that's all. It's been two weeks since I last fucked Philip."

Simon turned onto his back and looked at Kes' hard cock. "Haven't you wanked off since you broke up?"

"Nope. I've been busy, and what with you... I've not felt the urge. I've been too worried."

"But now it's all over. I'm fine. I just have a little sore arse."

"Not so little." Kes laughed and was tempted to give it a light slap.

"Why don't you take care of your little problem?" Simon smiled, "Better still, call Nick, and get him over. He looks like he'll be willing to help you."

Kes laughed, "He will. But it's complicated. He asked me out, sort off."

Simon patted the bed next to him, "Come lie down. It's cricking my neck talking to you like this." Kes lay down, and both brothers lay naked on their backs. Kes' cock was pointing to the ceiling, Simon was still soft, and his soft cock nestled on top of his balls.

"Kes," Simon began. "You're eighteen and still young. You've just come out of a serious relationship. If you want my advice, you should not dive head first into another relationship."

"I've come to realise that myself." Kes sighed.

"You've had a bad few years. You need to embrace your new life and have fun. Fuck whoever you want, and enjoy the pleasure without being tied down to any one person. Find a few fuck buddies, fuck women if you want." As Simon spoke, his hand held his cock, fondling it to life. "I could do with a good fuck. I've not had any since I dumped Freda, and that cock ring they made me wear stopped me from cumming. That is one evil punishment for a young man."

Kes laughed. "You must be feeling better if you're thinking about getting your end away."

"I am." Simon smiled, "And in honour of this sexually liberated town, why don't we just lie here and toss off. My balls are aching for release."

Kes chuckled and nudged his brother with his elbow, "Never thought you would have gone native."

"Just shut the fuck up, grab your cock and get to work." Simon smiled.

The two brothers lay side by side, each stroking their cocks. Nothing else was said. The only sounds were two young men breathing heavily, releasing the occasional moan.

Kes was the first to cum. Simon heard his brother's rasping breath and looked over as Kes came, sending cum flying up his torso and hitting him on the chin. Simon followed soon after, his pent-up cum flying in all directions as he continued frantically stroking his cock. The brothers lay as they caught their breath.

"I think I need another shower after that." Kes was breathing heavily, "but I fucking needed that."

Kes got off the bed and went into the bathroom. "I'll leave a towel out for you," Kes shouted back to Simon.

Simon joined Kes in the living room after he had taken his shower. He sat down with a heavy sigh and a slight wince as he still felt pain from the birching. "I suppose I should get back to the real world."

"What do you mean?" Kes asked.

"Chuck me my phone. I should call that twat, Aden."

Kes grabbed Simon's phone from the side table and tossed it over.

Simon fiddled with the screen, "Well, here goes." Simon held the phone to his ear and thought he should put it on speakerphone.

"Hiya, Simon. Have you left that fucking town yet?" Aden answered.

"Not yet. I'm still here with Kes."

"Hi, Aden," Kes raised his voice so Aden could hear him.

"Fucking hell," Aden said breathily. "What the fuck are you still doing there, Simon." Aden ignored Kes.

“Kes has been looking after me. The pain has mostly gone now. I’ll be perfectly fine in a few days.”

“Fuck, Simon. What happened was so humiliating, not only being whipped like that but that leather-clad pervert wanking you off in front of everyone.”

“You didn’t have to watch,” Simon said, and there was silence from Aden. “Why did you watch, Aden? What made you come to see me being birched?” Simon sounded disappointed that his brother would purposely want to see his brother physically punished.

“Oh, fuck. I don’t know. You’ve always been the favourite. As far as our parents are concerned, the sun shines out of your arse.” Aden was second best.

“Pack it in, Aden. You know it’s not true. They were harder on me than you. And poor Kes could get away with murder.” Simon explained the sibling relationship from his point of view.

“Bullshit,” Kes spoke up, “They were just as hard on me as both of you. They didn’t let me do anything or get away with anything.”

“Shut it, Jay. I’m talking to Simon, not you.” Aden’s voice was stern.

“When was the last time the three of us spoke?” Simon asked rhetorically, “Years ago,” he answered, “But Kes had to be at my punishment. You didn’t, Aden. So why.”

“Alright, Simon. I’ll be honest. Revenge. I wanted to see you beaten, taken down a peg, and hopefully see you fall off that pedestal Jay puts you on. I also took photos.”

“You did what!” Simon was annoyed. “What the fuck are you going to do with them? I swear, if I find them on the internet, I will fucking kill you, Aden. Do you hear me?”

Kes shook his head. He couldn’t believe Aden had taken pictures of his naked brother being birched.

“I deleted them this morning,” Aden sounded ashamed. “I don’t know why I did it. I was angry and still am. I just feel that Kes is breaking this family apart.”

Kes looked over at Simon. They both looked surprised that Aden had actually called Kes by his name.

“Aden, I’ve got closer to Kes. You can too. He’s got a new lease on life.” Simon looked at Kes, “Sorry about this, Kes, but you’re not the lazy couch potato you used to be. I feel you are now the man you always wanted to be.”

“Thanks, Simon,” Kes said.

“And you can too, Aden. Why don’t we all get together and talk things through? Be honest with each other for once. I hate to say it, Aden. But I like it here. Since I’ve been coming to see Kes, I feel so much freer and more confident, especially body confident. For instance, I don’t care that you saw me stark bollock naked, Aden. I don’t care that you saw me hard and ejaculate over a crowd. It’s not put me off. In fact, it’s made me consider my actions more carefully and not lash out indiscriminately.”

“Kes has fucking got to you.” Aden spat down the phone.

“Not at all. He never encouraged any of it. Everything was my choice.”

“But what about Mum and Dad? They’re broken because of this. Kes has fucked them up.” Aden said.

“Aden? If me and you can get together and accept what has happened, we can speak to them. Mum listens to me, and Dad listens to you. You two are such alike. If you can come to terms with it, Dad will.”

“I don’t know, Simon. Dad can be pretty stubborn, and he swore blind he’ll never set foot in that town.”

“So did you, Aden,” Simon said softly, letting the realisation that he’s come into Cockaigne sink in. “And you got out fine. You weren’t

punished, made to go naked. Nothing happened. And nothing does happen here unless you want it to.”

Kes allowed a small smile; it sounded like Simon was getting through.

“I suppose.” Aden agreed.

“So why don’t we talk to Mum and Dad. You admit that you watched and tell them what happened. But I’d appreciate it if you could omit the bit where I came over the crowd.”

Kes smiled, and then the sound of Aden laughing came through the phone.

“I don’t think Mum wants the image of you spunking your load in public in her mind.” Aden continued to laugh.

“Fucking hell, I didn’t expect to be doing that. But after two weeks of celibacy, I fucking needed it.”

“I’m not sure I could have cum after being birched,” Aden commented.

“Look, Aden,” Simon said, “why don’t you come round here? We can get some pizza and talk properly?”

“I’m not sure, Simon.” Aden sounded reticent.

“Oh, come on, Aden. It’ll be the three Young brothers back together again. Together nothing can stop us.”

“Fuck it,” Aden gave in, “Text me the address, and I’ll see you at lunchtime.”

“Brilliant! Thanks, Aden. See you soon.” Simon was surprised he agreed to come back to Cockaigne.

Kes and Simon looked agog at each other.

“What made him change his mind so quickly?” Kes asked once Aden had hung up.

“I bet you I know.” Simon smiled. “He got back home and looked at those photos and felt guilty. You know what he’s like. He flies off half-

cocked, makes an arse of himself and then regrets it. He watched me being flogged and didn't feel good about himself. You know, Kes. He acts hard, but inside, he's a softy. He very rarely shows that side and only to family."

"So you think he'll come round?" Kes asked.

"He's coming here, isn't he?" Simon smiled.

"Thanks, Simon. You're the best."

"Do you think we should get dressed?" Simon asked.

"You can. I'm staying naked. It's my house, and if he does come round more often, he'll have to get used to it."

"Good point." Simon agreed, "I'll stay naked, too."

"Do you think that's a good idea? We don't want him to freak."

"Yep. There are no secrets between us now. He's seen me spunk my load, so seeing me naked isn't going to be so bad."



## Together Again

Aden gave Kes a nervous handshake at the door. He looked at Kes' naked body and commented, "Nice cock."

"Thanks," Kes replied, noticing a smile on his brother's face. "Come in."

"Nice arse," Aden commented as he followed Kes into the living room, where he noticed his other brother, stark bollock naked. "I see you've gone native, too." He said to Simon.

"Aden?" Kes enquired, "How are you?"

Aden collapsed onto a chair, "Fucking hell. My life is shit. I've been taking it out on everyone. I'm sorry." Aden looked between his brothers. "I've been on a self-destructive streak. I've been ill, but I've finally gone for help."

"What is it?" Kes sounded concerned.

"I've been so down and confused. I've been fighting this for years, fucking every girl I could to make it untrue, but it never helped. Then you, Kes... you said you had a boyfriend, and my head just flipped. I went to a gay bar and picked up a bloke. I fucked him. I fucked him so hard," Aden started to cry, "I hated myself as I did it, and I hated the bloke for letting me hurt him."

"What did you do?" Simon asked calmly. "Did you rape him?"

"No." Aden wiped his tears, "It was all consensual, and he got off on it. But I wasn't doing it for pleasure. I wanted to fuck these thoughts out of my mind. I made him bleed, but he said it was okay as he came so hard and said I was the best fuck he'd had. I had blood all over my cock, but it was also the best fuck I'd had in my life. I hoped it would stop me wanting men, but instead, it reinforced it." Aden looked at Kes. "When we found out you were dating men, and it was no big deal, I didn't understand why I felt so bad for wanting the same. I'm sorry, Kes."

Aden stood up and went to hug Kes. It was a long and tight hug. Simon sat and watched his brothers reconcile.

“I’ll help you, Aden,” Kes spoke into Aden's ear.

“I’ve been fighting it for years, Kes. I hated myself for having these feelings. I’ve been a total prick to you, Kes. I’m sorry.” Aden sniffled.

Kes patted Aden in reassurance. “It’s alright, Aden. We’re brothers. We never fall out for long. I love you, Aden.”

When Kes spoke those words, Aden broke down again. He didn’t feel worthy of anyone’s love after what he’d done and after what he’d stirred up, turning his parents against Kes and spreading lies.

Simon slowly rose to his feet, “Listen. Are you both telling me that I’m the only straight brother?”

Kes and Aden broke apart and looked at each other.

“That makes him the odd one out,” Kes smiled at Aden, and all three laughed.

Aden’s tears dried. He spoke about his life, how he lived a double life. Outwardly he was straight and a promiscuous lady's man. Inwardly he desired men. He only let this second personality emerge occasionally and felt intensely guilty each time.

“Don’t you two queers think of pushing me out. I’m still the oldest brother.” Simon joked. He knew Kes wouldn’t take offence and was fairly confident Aden wouldn’t either.

Kes turned with Aden, so they both faced Simon. He put his arm around Aden’s shoulder and grinned. “Sorry, Simon. It’s two against one. And you know when me and Aden put our mind to it, we could always beat you.”

“You wish!” Simon grinned, and Rugby tackled his brothers. They fell forward onto the floor.

The brothers wrestled, and Simon was easily overcome. Aden sat on Simon's legs. Kes sat on his chest.

"Get your cock away from me!" Simon protested as Kes' cock was a few centimetres from his chin. Simon wriggled, and Aden laughed as he watched Simon's cock flop from side to side. It was useless. Simon succumbed and stopped trying to escape.

"Okay, guys. You win."

"Good." Kes got off his brother and sat on a chair, catching his breath. Aden sat on the sofa, leaving Simon flat on his back, panting from the exertion. He looked over at Kes and smiled. Kes smiled back.

"I feel a right twat!" Aden said. "Sorry, Kes. I hope I can make it up to you."

"You don't need to. We're brothers. I love you no matter what."

Aden stood up and started to take his clothes off.

"Aden, you don't need to. It's a personal choice." Kes told him, thinking he was stripping because he thought it was expected.

"I know, Kes. I want to do this."

Aden was now naked and stood in full view of his brothers.

Kes looked at him, "You really should trim your pubes. I did Simon's so I can show you."

Aden laughed. "Chicks have been trying to get me to do it for years. I didn't do it out of spite."

This was the first time the three brothers were honest with each other, with no half-truths, embellishments or exaggeration. The truth.

Aden got his mobile phone out and said we should take a picture. He set the timer, and the three naked brothers stood arm in arm. The flash blinded them, and the photo was taken. Aden dashed to his phone and showed the picture to his brothers. The three naked brothers stood with their arms wrapped around each other's shoulders, their cocks in full

view and broad smiles on their faces. United again. Or perhaps for the first time.

## **About the Author**

David Heulfryn comes from solid Welsh, Irish and English stock. He was encouraged to write short stories and poetry at school, and one of his earliest memories is reading out a poem about the sun he had written to his class in primary school. Sadly, that poem has been lost.

In 2004 David started a website to share his stories, which later developed into Screeve, a project he created to encourage other queer writers to share their stories. You can find out more at [www.screeve.org](http://www.screeve.org)