



The Mis-adventures of a Teenage Mark
(a biography of sexual proportions)
by Mark Alders

*“In the days of my youth, I was told what it means to be a man.
Now I've reached that age, I've tried to do all those things the best I can.
No matter how I try, I find my way into the same old jam.” Led Zepplin's, Good
Times, Bad Times.*

Back some twenty-five years ago, in the heady days of my teenage youth, I had a best friend named Sean. We did everything together, but most of the time we spent our time at the beach body surfing or boogie boarding, especially during the long, hot summer breaks of school holidays.

To get to the beach from where we lived was an hour bike ride along a winding track off the main road. Our destination was a sleepy little holiday village with a pristine beach and perfect waves. (The place is now a busy tourist resort and totally ruined). The journey to get to this beach was the reason why we didn't surf with a full board. Carrying such a thing on a bike wasn't a good idea.

Anyway, on one of our trips, and after we had surfed, jumped off the pontoon the local surf club secured out in the water, and gobbled down about a kilo of hot chips for less than 1 dollar (used to love the value back then) Sean suggested we head off to a friend's place to hang out. He was tired and just wanted to crash on a couch somewhere. Remember, we had an hour bike ride to get home and we had swum for ages by this stage. I had never met this guy we were to visit, but in the end agreed. Sean had that sort of influence over me. Plus, I think I was tired, too.

This friend of Sean's was named Troy. When we got to his place, a sort of fisherman's shack, as were all the houses in this place at the time, there were about eight other boys there of varying ages from thirteen to seventeen. Troy was about our age, fifteen. They were all lazing about the lounge as teenagers do. After about half an hour, and after we had all been introduced, Troy said, "How about I read you guys all a story?"

Now, being a teenager, this was probably the most weirdest thing I could have ever heard. Yes, if he had said, do you want to try a beer or smoke a joint or put on the Atari (Atari and space invaders were all the rage back then) then that would have been more normal. Heck, if he said, "Let's all have a group wanking session," I wouldn't have been surprised either. But no, he wanted to read us a story. Weird or what?

Anyway. He pulled a book out of the bookshelf and asked us all to go out into what I would call a conservatory (A room that was attached to the house with lots of windows). The room was also filled with all sorts of mismatched furniture and dead sea creatures hung on the walls. Anyway, we all made ourselves comfortable, Sean and I sharing a sort of easy chair. Troy took centre position, like a teacher would when about to read to a class.

He flicked open the book at a designated chapter and began to read. At first he was quite nervous, reading in front of anyone isn't an easy thing to do. But as he got more and more into the scene, and more and more carried away by what he was reading, his voice became sure.

What he read was something I will remember for the rest of my life. The book was the type of book that would have been written by Jackie Collins or Sidney Sheldon (one of those anyway, with language quite vivid and descriptive). The chapter Troy read was certainly sexy and quite plainly his intention all along. It was a scene involving two men making love to one woman. (remember porn videos and magazines were a lot harder to come by back then. A lot of houses didn't have a VCR and the internet wasn't around, that's for sure. So having this sort of stuff available was gold to a teenage boy filled with hormones). The imagery of what was read became apparent as Troy's voice got more and more hoarse, his cheeks flushed and he gained a canter that was perfect with the erotic scene he was reading. Exciting words such as cock and cunt and heaving breasts and wet body parts all added to the experience. The dream like way Troy read the passage, the rising interest by all of us listening as the scene got more and more involved and we were all waiting with baited breath to see how the scene would play out.

It wasn't long before I noticed Troy had an erection. We all wore those sort of silky board shorts back then and a lot of the time nothing else underneath (getting on a wet suit was far easier with less clothing. Far better just to slip off board shorts). So seeing a boner in that sort of clothing wasn't a difficult thing to see or do. Troy adjusted himself a few times, but other than that, he kept on reading. His voice more and more intense, filled with purpose, just like the two men fucking the daylights out of that young woman.

I remember I glanced at Sean. He had an erection, too. In fact, it would have been safe to assume all of us had full on raging boners as Troy's words sent us all into erotic euphoria. He kept on reading, like a stallion pounding away at his mare. Onwards and onwards. Faster and faster. The words becoming a blur as the images of the scene filled my head. Troy sure knew how to read out loud. He was amazing.

Then, when the couple of chapters were done, and the two men had relieved themselves all over that woman, Troy stopped. He was breathing hard. We all were. One of the boys got up and said he had to go to the bathroom. No prizes for guessing what he was going to be doing in there. Anyway, I didn't need to go to the bathroom. I had already done it in my board shorts. As had Sean. Not only was he smiling, cheeks flushed, I could see a wet patch soaking through the front of his shorts.

I looked around the room. Troy was now returning the book to the shelf. He had done what he needed to do, too. His short front also wet. So had all of the others. Troy then looked at us all, and said, "Let's all go catch some waves."

And that was it.

The water cleaned us all up and I had had one of the most profound experiences of my life. Not a single article of clothing was shed. Not a touch was given. Not a word spoken except for Troy reading those chapters. Yet, the power of the words he spoke had affected us all on such a level we all reached climax without any other stimulation. Now I know you'll probably dismiss this as just a group of teenagers doing what groups of teenagers do when they get together (only now they watch such things instead of having it being read). But that's my point. What Troy did was something amazing. It was his voice and his emotions that brought the words to life in all of our minds, creating a vivid picture for all of us to get off on. It was the way he had delivered the writer's intent that had changed me on a deep level.

From that moment on I have always wanted to write erotica, but with a sci-fi/fantasy flavour. Troy, and I never met him again, changed the course of my life. A simple act of him reading provided all the encouragement I needed.

That was one of the first of many awakenings I experienced. From about the age of fifteen or so I became... how shall I put this, as horny as hell. Any time my parents went out with my sister and my brother and left me alone (because I was old enough and used the excuse I needed to do homework) I would get my gear off and experiment. Sometimes with friends, other times by myself. Most times with myself.

I remember I used to enjoy the sensation of fucking things. After all, have dick will use! I used to fuck my pillows, in between the mattress, blankets, etc, etc. You get the idea. Then one day a friend of mine said he fucked a watermelon and it was awesome. His tip was to make sure the watermelon hadn't been refrigerated. So, at the first chance I got I proceeded to get me a watermelon. Unfortunately, it had been refrigerated. So what did I do? Micro-waved it to warm it up, of course. Thing is, watermelon is basically...water. So when I was all naked, with a hard on I could gag myself with (yes, I could self suck back then) I proceeded. I got into position on the kitchen chair with the watermelon on my lap. I got a knife and cut the entrance hole. That's as far as I got. As soon as the hole was able to, all the HOT contents of the watermelon poured out. I had cooked it and it went all over me.

I was covered in hot sticky watermelon juice and seeds. Thankfully, it wasn't hot enough to burn, otherwise that would have been interesting to explain. Suffice it to say, I had an erection no more. I explained to my parents that I got hungry and ate all the watermelon that was supposed to be for dessert. As a result, I got grounded for a week for being such a pig!

Next time there were only peaches in the fridge. I didn't warm them up, but again, when all naked and excited, I proceeded to fuck a peach. Sounded

good in theory, what with a peach being all soft and furry on the outside and a nice erotic shape. Again, never do this. The seed inside is fucking hard. I bruised the end of my cock with my first lustful, slam into the hole I cut. Thank fuck my foreskin covers my head when I am erect otherwise I would have done more damage. I was sore for weeks and morning glory killed like all fuck. I had cut my foreskin, too! Ouch! Savlon (antiseptic cream) works wonders for a teenager too embarrassed to explain such things to his parents so they could go to the chemist and get something stronger!

I used to do a lot of bushwalking when I was a teenager, too. Translation: get out of the house to wank. On one occasion I went out and came across a tree with a really cool knot hole in it. Perfect size, placement, and shape for a horny teenager to slip his cock into. Oh dear, thinking about it now I shudder. Again, while naked and lubed up (I would take with me a jar of vasoline and a blanket on these walks), I proceeded to hug the tree (the greenies would have loved me) and insert my cock into said hole. At first it was sensational and I really got into it. Although, in my horny state I forgot to check the hole for previous occupants. It was an ant's nest!

At first I felt a few stings on my cock, but thought nothing of it. Very soon, however, the pain was excruciating. When I pulled out my cock I was covered in ants, most stuck to me because of the vasoline. I screamed and screamed, attracting the attention of a couple of old ladies who so happened to be walking in the bush at the time. Look, I was in so much pain from the stings I didn't give a fuck that they saw me naked and covered in ants. They helped me, and I was as embarrassed as all hell, but thankfully they carried some of that sting ease stuff on them. One of the ladies just said, "We always carry this on us when we bush walk, the ants here can be quite nasty," while she was helping me pluck ants off my cock and balls. The other lady offered me a drink. Oh dear. I died. I really did. Thankfully, they saw the funny side of it. And thankfully, they didn't make too much fuss. I was sore for weeks again. Ant stings fucking hurt. Again, thankful I had a foreskin and my head was protected. I didn't get bitten there...amazingly enough.

I decided to try the watermelon thing again. I know, I am a glutton for punishment. This time I said to Mom to leave it out of the fridge because I didn't like cold watermelon. She reluctantly agreed. Again, at the first chance I got, I cut a hole in the fruit and proceeded to fuck to my heart's content. Again, I got a sharp pain there, but from previous experience now, pain-equals-get-dick-out-fast. So I withdrew. A seed had lodged itself into my urethra. I was in agony, and because I was hard when it went in, when I went flaccid, it fucking killed. It was a large seed. I panicked because I couldn't get it out. Thankfully, I managed, after a lot of rushing around the house, to piss it out. It was agony,

more so than the ant bites, from what I remember. Agony! Agony! I never fucked any fruit again...

I kept up with my bushwalking. Many times, I took a few mates with me. One time, I took two friends, Sean (my best mate) and Peter. Peter was new to our group, but no less enthusiastic to get his clothes off and skinny dip or wank in front of everyone. Boys!

Now, on this occasion, with Sean and Peter, we had a group wank session after we had made a campfire. All naked and just hanging out with the boys, as you do at that age. Sean said that he wanted to swim. We agreed. He then suggested that one of us put the fire out. Now, we didn't carry water, so the best way to do it was to piss on it. I had already been, so Peter said he'd do it. Unfortunately, he had that all too familiar, cum-blocked-cock guys sometimes get. Now that I remember, he did blow a really thick wad and lots of it, too. Suffice it to say, his piss didn't hit the fire at all. It went all over Sean and me. We were soaked in it, because, obviously, he had a fucking lot of piss to get rid of as well. Just my luck. Thank god we were going for a swim. Although, that fire never got put out. All I remember was the smell of piss all over me. Ewwwww!

One day, and super horny, I wanted to try out a cock ring. Unfortunately, all I could get my hands on was a rubber washer from the washing machine taps (a rounded one). Everyone was out of the house again, so I seized my chance. I got naked and rolled on the washer when I was hard enough and ready...Oh, it felt great. Stopped me from cumming and kept me hard. The sad part is when I went to take it off, it pulled a lot of hair off, too (at the base of my cock) I screamed like a girl, and as I kept on pulling, my cock released its load. It was the most frightening ejaculation I have ever had. Funny now...but geez, I made sure I didn't use a home-made anything from there on in.

And, what's more, Mom and Dad came home JUST as I got the thing off and got my clothes back on...close call. Imagine explaining that. The other thing about this whole experience was that because I heard the car pull up in the drive while I was still trying to get that washer off my cock, I had to put my clothes back on without cleaning up. For hours I sat around the house with cum drying in my pants. Suffice it to say, dry cum is a bitch to scrape off skin and pubes, too.

As you've worked out, Sean was my best mate all through my younger years. From when I can remember to about the age of sixteen or so, he and I were inseparable. We did everything together, especially over the long, hot summer holidays. We would surf, skinny dip at the local waterhole at the back of his family's property, hang out, experiment with alcohol, cigarettes, and each other.

I will focus next on the each other part. Now, remember, as I recall this, that I am talking the 1980's here. There was no internet, no readily available porn (only in magazine form if you had an older brother who didn't mind sharing or a Dad who was open minded). There were no condoms in any sort of vending machine or supermarket, you had to go to a chemist. And VHS was just coming into the homes of people who could afford to become members of those video libraries. Yes, you had to be a member before you could rent out tapes. Anyway, this meant that any sexual information was passed on by word of mouth...from boys who wanted to brag, really.

In other words, we had no idea. Sure, we all knew cock went into vagina and boys kissed girls, but that was about it. What happened if you weren't popular in school and pussy wasn't available from the easy girls? Well, you did what any horny teenage boy did, you experimented on your mates who would let you.

Sean was such a guy. In fact, Sean was always the instigator, the experimenter. The one who wanted to try out new things. He would always say, "Let's get pissed and jack off," or, "Show us ya cock, Mark, I want something to look at while I stroke my dick." Stuff like that.

One day, after we had surfed to the later hours and gone back to his place, got naked (the best way to relieve the skin after being in a wetsuit all day), and crashed in front of one of those pedestal fans, he suggested we try something different. (We always got naked some time or another. His parents were never home, they both worked.)

When I asked him what it was, he said he had heard from a guy who said that two guys can have a great time with each other if they touch dicks. Of course, we both had no idea how such a thing would be performed. Sean liked to touch me a lot anyway (and I always reciprocated), so touching cocks was a natural progression to our relationship. He said that we needed vasoline and that one of us was to pull their foreskin over the other guy's head (we call this cock-docking nowadays).

Sounded like fun, and I was curious to try it out. Who wouldn't be? Trouble was, Sean's cock was, let's just say, fucking huge. His head, anyway. It was like looking at a baby's arm holding an apple. Seriously, he could even gag Mick Jagger with it. And what's more, his foreskin never covered his head, even when he was flaccid, so no extra skin there to stretch over mine. Which meant that it was me who was to do the foreskin stretching part. Again, something easier said than done. Sure, my foreskin is quite ample, keeping me covered while I am erect, but even so, nowhere near enough skin to cover Sean's endowment, too.

So we got to it. Sean was erect, and bulging, and he applied liberal amounts of vasoline all over my cock. That was probably not a good thing to

do, in hindsight. Vaseline is the worst lubricant on the planet (but all we had access to). It's greasy, sticky and dulls sensation. Not a good combination at all. Anyway, when prepared, we touched piss slits and he gave the nod that I was to slide my foreskin over his head. Let me just say, I had no chance. Imagine trying to put a condom on a bowling ball and you might get the picture. My skin was stretched so much and I hadn't even got anywhere near covering him. In fact, it damn well hurt as I tried to dock with him and he began to gyrate as he started to get into the swing of things. His pre-cum and mine didn't help the situation either. I produce a lot even on a bad day. He basically thought he'd be fucking my foreskin, which isn't what docking is about.

I yelped in agony, unable to get a proper hold of myself because of the vasoline. In the end I gave up. Sean was disappointed. He wanted to blow his load and his mind set had meant that he wanted me to help him achieve that and not with a hand job, either. We always did hand jobs and Sean, being the experimenter, wanted something different from here on in.

I then suggested that I lie on the bed so he could "squash" me. (Now squashing is the act of rubbing your genitals over someone else. It's called frottage these days, but back then the biggest news item was a local man who liked to squash on little girls when they went to the public toilets. Of course, playground talk soon turned this into a fad and squashing became a local colloquialism for a sex act) He looked at me all weird. "Ewww, that's what fags and pervs do," he said. "Don't be a fuck stain," I said. "It's only gay if you kiss and perverted if you do it with a little girl!" (I told you our information was way off!) He smiled, satisfied with my answer. We never, ever kissed. That was just too gay. After all, we were just experimenting, as all boys do!

So, I got onto the bed and he parted my butt cheeks. Now, again, we had no clue what we were doing. The vasoline was smeared like I was a turkey needing to be basted. When satisfied, he placed his cock between by cheeks. He then let his grip go and my arse closed to keep him in place. He gyrated, grunted and began to breath heavy. He squashed me good. As you guessed, there was no penetration. None at all. That's how we thought anal sex between guys was performed because of the playground gossip (there was certainly no gay porn to use as a reference). No kissing and more of a hot dog placed in a bun kind of action. Besides, only girls were ever penetrated (again according to our play ground sex education).

We did this a lot, sometimes twice in one day. Squashing became our new drug of the moment. He seemed to enjoy the feeling of his dick rubbing my arse cheeks until he blew his load all over my back. He would then clean me up, turn me around and jack me off until I came. What a gentleman. We really had no idea, did we? Sometimes we would drink alcohol, other times we

would do it as soon as we got to his place after swimming or surfing. Wherever, really.

Then, at about the age of sixteen, and after we had learned a little bit more about how sex was really performed between two people, we stopped the squashing. (Sean came to get into a crowd of boys who made him see the light in that regard, but also steered him in a different direction. I will talk about that later). But that wasn't the end of it. Sean had that look in his eye that he wanted to try something more. After we got naked and drank a bit, he said that squashing was for losers and if we wanted to try something different we should have anal sex. He said real sex between people is only done in the missionary position and with penetration (sure, we were better informed, but still, it was still playground information in the end). I was surprised Sean had suggested such a thing. Up until that point, we were only playing around. Mucking about as mates did. Having a laugh.

I got worried, and he got more and more angry because I delayed. "Are you gay?" I asked. He shrugged his shoulders and said that you're only gay if you receive and not give. "So you're saying I'm gay?" I said, panic rising up inside me. Being called gay back then was like being called the worst thing in the universe and all the stigma attached to it. Still is today in some places. "Dunno...maybe you are." he said. He then started to swear and carry on. His frustration clear.

I was shocked. In all the years we had been playing around, not once had he called me gay in a way that was meant to be hurtful. Not once had he turned on me in such a way. I hit him and he fell to the floor, a look of hurt in his eyes. He called me more names and I screamed at him. I scrambled into my clothes and left him to stew until I saw him the next day. Besides, it was getting late by this stage and I had a curfew back then of 10.00 PM. I yelled out that I would see him tomorrow.

Trouble is, I never saw him the next day. Or the day after. Or for the rest of the week. His younger brother informed me that he went out with some other mates and hadn't been back since I left him after the argument (the group of boys I spoke about earlier.) Sean was getting all thick with them because they were into the latest drugs (stoners, really) Although, I'm sure they were into stuff a lot heavier than just weed, which Sean and I would dabble in when we got our hands on some.

Sean being Sean would have found them irresistible. He was the experimenter, after all. Still, he was my best mate and I was determined to set things right between us, even if it was to warn him about the path these new friends would take him.

That weekend, the local surf club was holding a clean up day. Seeing as we were a part of that sort of thing, Sean and I had volunteered to participate.

When I rode to his house to pick him up, ready for the long ride to the beach, he wasn't home. Now I was really worried. Again, his brother told me he had come home but was back out with that same group. So I rode to the surf club by myself.

When I had done what I was asked to do by the club, surfed as much as I could take, and eaten the free BBQ on offer (anything for a free meal), I decided that I wanted some alone time. I had spent the day worrying about Sean, but unable to do anything about it. I walked up the beach, finding a secluded spot so I could just chill and think about things: translation, have a wank in the sand dunes.

As I approached the spot I liked, I noticed Sean was sitting where we always sat before we went skinny dipping in the ocean or jacked off in the dunes. I ran to him. He looked sad, all hunched over. I immediately came to sit next to him, my arm around him. I asked him what was wrong and how long had he been here. He told me nothing was the matter and that he didn't feel like helping out with the club that day. He just had a lot on his plate lately, too (I now know that his parents were going through a divorce at this stage). In that moment I apologized to him for shouting at him and walking out. It was then, in that moment, with tears welling in his eyes, that he said, "I want us to have sex together." Again, I was shocked. I knew he didn't mean squashing or any other sort of play we usually did. He wanted to fuck me. Plain and simple.

My hesitation caused him to grow angry again, coming out with, "Don't you want me?" and "Aren't I good enough for you?" Shit like that. (what all boys use when they can't get a lay) He then mentioned that we'd pretty much done everything else and him fucking me would seal our friendship for life. (How naive was I, hey?) He placed his hand on my knee. He then leaned over and kissed me. Now, this wasn't what you would call a real kiss. It was more like faces touching at the lip region. There was no tongue, no sensual contact. No emotion. Just a peck. Still, I was stunned. My first ever kiss from anyone other than my Mom or grandmother. I got hard!

After recent events, me worrying about him, and the thought of him not being my friend anymore because of those new boys, I became confused...then worried again. The more I hesitated, the more pressure he put on me. He kept on saying we would be best buddies forever if we did it and that he wouldn't tell anyone. It would be our secret. He said that we weren't gay, either. We were just two people who needed to express our true feelings for each other and to do that we had to have sex.

I feel for it, hook, line and sinker! But I didn't want to do it in the sand dunes. If this was to be my first time, I wanted it to be in private and out of any prying eyes. Sand dunes are filled with pervs, after all. I suggested we go back to his place. He agreed.

When at his house he took me by my hand and led me to his room. We took off our clothes like we always did, but this time it was different. Sean was acting different. He had a look in his eyes I had never seen before. I would call it lust. I was still confused, mixed up all inside. He grabbed out his jar of vasoline he kept under his pillow (good 'ol vasoline, hey?) and asked me to lie down. I did.

He then lubed me up. Fingering my hole and smearing his now hard cock with the sticky, awful stuff. I was hard, too. Then it happened. He grabbed my hips (I was lying on my back) and proceeded to push his cock into my arse. It fucking hurt unlike anything I had ever experienced before in my life. The fucking air was knocked out of me as his huge 'baby holding an apple arm' cock opened me wider and wider. I let out a yell, but he kept on pushing, a mild relief only coming when his head was inside me and he was now pushing in shaft. He then grabbed my cock and jacked me off at the same time he began to pump the brains out of me. He was like a fucking jack-hammer. Terrible really. I'm sure he bruised the back of my throat he was that deep and hard.

So Sean wasn't any good at making love. It was over in about two seconds, and all he wanted to do was get off. There was no other touching involved. No words spoken. Nothing. When he blew his load (because it's not hard to see when a guy is doing this) he withdrew straight away. I thought my whole fucking insides were going to come out with his dick, too! I felt hollow. I blew my load all over my stomach and he clambered off the bed, leaving me to do the clean-up.

And that was that.

We spent the rest of the afternoon just sitting there making small talk. Awkward small talk. Something was different about Sean. He never acted like this. When I asked him how he was feeling, he just told me not to be a girl. I was hurt, but didn't think anything of it. Was this how everyone acted after they had sex? I knew one thing, I had lost my virginity to someone I cared about, but at the same time, that someone was a changing man. I could see in his eyes that he wasn't satisfied by what had just happened.

The next day I went over to his place, hoping we would be intimate again. I let myself in, like I always did, and there was Sean and three other boys, all stoned/pissed/drugged (take your pick) out of their heads. When he saw me, he said, "Hey, there's the faggot I was telling you guys about." That was it. I couldn't get out of there fast enough.

I never saw Sean again.

Over the next few weeks I was lost. Once or twice I would catch sight of him at the shopping center, hanging out with that group. One time I went up to him, and when he looked up at me, nothing registered in his bloodshot eyes. He didn't even know me. He was off his face. From there, I don't know what

happened to him. I hope he sorted himself out and found someone to love him. Part of me wishes that. Part of me also doubts things went well for him. I heard rumours. Whispers from other people, but nothing concrete.

From there I met a girl named Linda. She moved into our street (her father had one of those jobs that requires the family to move about a lot) I was instantly smitten. She was different to all the other girls as in she was interested in me for a start. She also had an older brother who knew we were both beginning to dig on each other so he supplied me with a packet of condoms, explaining how to use them. He also gave me other useful advice, such as, "girls love it when you lick their clit." I was taken aback. What the fuck was a clit? Sure, by this stage I had seen Linda naked. We had kissed. Played with each other. Done everything but have sex. But not once did I see anything on her that would give a clue as to what a clit was. (We didn't have sex ed classes at all back then and all information was passed on through the playground) With Sean, his anatomy was easy to see. It hung out all over the place. He also had the same bits and pieces as I did. But girls were different. They were on a different team. One time, when we were naked, I tried to look under her armpits for said clit in an inconspicuous way. She asked me what I was doing. I shrugged it off. Nothing.

So, out of curiosity, I made a trip to the library, trying my best to look as inconspicuous as possible while I searched the human anatomy/sex education section, trying to find something about this mythological entity known as a clit. I was shocked to discover what it was. Next time Linda and I got naked and she sucked me off (she did that so well) I went down on her. I was overwhelmed by the smells and tastes of a girl. It was like being inside a warm fish market at the end of a busy weekend. Seriously, I was way out of my league. But you know what, we still kept at it. I even got my end into her...constantly, after I made her happy and licked her clit. I was probably terrible, like Sean was with me, but as far as I was concerned, what we were doing was great. Although, I did suspect the condoms her brother provided were far better at dulling sensation than the vasoline Sean used to baste me with. My dick used to go numb from the fucking things.

Then one day, Linda's father found out we were attached at the genitals. He banned her from seeing me. He was huge and I wasn't going to argue with him. So that was that. My relationship with her was over.

By this time it was the summer of my seventeenth birthday. My parents had saved up for me to go on summer camp, an Island off the Western Australian coast known as Rottnest Island (named after the rat-like animals called quokas that inhabit it). The place was a budget family get-a-way back then, filled with backpackers and the like (now spoiled by resorts). A shower cost 20 cents and the coin gave you one minute of fresh water. It was the best

summer of my life. I would take a rental bike (which meant steal one off someone who had paid for it) and go find a secluded beach and get naked, jerk-off to my heart's content, and sunbathe. Perfect.

On the third day of my summer camp holiday, I rode to my new favourite beach and proceeded to climb down the rocks that led to it. Trouble was, right where I usually sunbathed, there was a man there. A naked man, to boot! As soon as I approached he looked up, smiled and said, "Hey there, handsome, you gonna join me?" I didn't know what to do. Should I take off my board shorts and join him, or politely decline and find another beach? I don't know what happened, but I decided to join him. He had the greenest eyes, well built and a gentle face. Next thing I knew I was buck naked and laying out my towel.

"I'm Fenn," he said with a thick Irish accent as he patted my backside. He must have been in his early twenties. A man of experience....and he wanted me from the way he was acting. I went all quivery inside.

"I'm Mark," I squeaked out, my nerves rising to choke my voice. "How old are you, Mark?" he said, moving closer. "Eighteen," I lied.

He smiled. "You ever been with a fella?"

Now, by this stage my cock was stirring. I was fascinated in him and it all started with his accent. "Yeah," I replied as brave as I could. He took that as an immediate invitation to kiss me. Now, this time there was no touching of faces like when Sean kissed me, or sensual dreamy kisses like Linda. Fenn, was a man and he wanted to let me know that I was his to conquer. He sent in his tongue and fucked my mouth with it. He also came to embrace me, more like a bear hug, really. Again, all to let me know I was his at that very moment. Thing was, I enjoyed it. He was certainly different to anyone I had ever had before. He had really cool facial hair that scratched my lips, too. Hair I couldn't will into existence if it was a wish from a genie. I've never been good at producing facial hair, even now, some twenty odd years later. To me, Fenn was damn cool. He was also kissing me.

When he parted, he came so that he was on top of me. I would have to say, that was the first time I had ever seen a cut cock before. Well, I'd seen a couple in books and dirty magazines Linda's brother would show me, but never in real life. I couldn't help it, I blurted out, "What happened to your dick?" He was well endowed, a good eight inches if I had to put a measure to it, but he was all head. It looked terrifying. No skin to play with and a scar across his shaft that gave it a two tone look. Didn't make me not want him, but it did look strange to me at first. All the other boys I had ever seen, Sean, Peter (I mentioned him before), Jason and John (Jason and John were brothers who would sometimes join us when we skinny dipped at the local billabong. They also had a sister named Jackie who would sometimes join us. She was great,

and I ended up working with her about ten years later. She and her girlfriend just recently got married...lovely ceremony. Thinking back, I could see why Jackie found girls more interesting. I am being a bit tongue in cheek here). To put it simply, Jason and John were hung like horses, Jason more so. When he got an erection it was as thick as his fucking forearm! I am SERIOUS! You would need surgery if he ever fucked you. That and prayer! It was Jason we teased when he ejaculated in the water one day while we skinny dipped, swung from ropes, and generally engaged in horse-play. I remember so clearly the look of surprise and horror on his face as he yelled and yelled that something was wrong with his dick. A string of white fluid floating around him. Plainly, it was his first daylight orgasm and the teasing came from us because we said he did it when only boys were present and that he must have been thinking gay thoughts. LOL. He wasn't happy about that, but hey, he got over it.

Anyway, I digress. Back to Fenn. He just smiled and said, "Some of us come from different backgrounds," and that was it. "Now do you want me to suck you off, or not?" I just nodded, imaging his head splitting my arsehole like Sean's had done. Thing was, we didn't have any vasoline...or condoms. I started to get nervous. He must have picked up on that, saying that I should relax. Before I could answer, he took my cock into his mouth.

Fuck, he sucked like nothing alive. In fact, he was so forceful with his action, he could have inhaled my balls through my piss slit. It fucking hurt, all hard jerking action to his movement and stubble and rough demanding tongue.

Was this how experienced men did it? I had tears in my eyes. I wanted him to stop. Not only was he as rough as all hell, he had retracted my foreskin so much, my cock was nearly bent over double (the frenulum skin bridge that joins the foreskin to the head of the penis was pulled down with his action, causing my dick to bend). Clearly, he had no idea how to treat an intact guy. Clearly, he wasn't experienced at all. But still, a blow job was a blow job, and much to my relief, and the saviour of my cock skin, I blew my load. Not a big load or a satisfying one, but I had done it. More out of sheer mind power than what was actually being done to me. Anyway, he took it all, looking up at me with those pretty green eyes while I filled him.

Then he said it was my turn. I licked my lips. Should I suck him like he did to me, like I was trying to inhale dust off a table from ten paces, or like how Linda did it, all licks and slurps and a gentle sliding action of lips? I decided to start off slow and move on from there. The one thing I noticed about Fenn's cock was the fact his head was dry looking, his skin rougher. I supposed that was because he didn't have a foreskin to protect him. In that moment I was glad my parents decided to keep me intact. I would die if I didn't have my foreskin. It brought me so much joy and had saved me on many occasions (from ants particularly).

When we were in position, I opened my mouth and took him in. He started to grunt and groan straight away, pushing himself in more and more as I tried to gain some sort of technique. Thing was, Fenn was just as rough now as he had been before. I should have guessed. Not only did he grab me by my ears and force my head forward, he rammed himself into me as hard as ever. He was fucking the back of my throat and I was soon gagging from the sensation. But he kept himself there. I was unable to move. Pinned to the spot by his hold, his cock filling my mouth and then some. It was frightening and terrible and all I could taste was sunscreen. Not good. Even now, the smell of sunscreen brings back this memory for me. Of being face hammered by an Irish guy who had no clue.

I remember a T-shirt I once saw at a market that said, "Don't hold my ears I know what I am doing." I didn't get its meaning until that very moment. Fenn was a fuck stick, plain and simple, and I was what he used to accomplish that. He didn't want me at all. He just wanted to get off and as quick as possible too and I so happened to be there so he didn't have to wank.

Eventually, I managed to pull myself out of his hold. Coughing and gasping for air. He continued to jack himself off until he blew his load all over my face and hair, I was covered in his cum. Thick oozing, strings of it. He didn't even care that I was still recovering from the experience. He just said, "Hey, you were good," and patted me on my back. "Now clean yourself up and get out of my sight."

I think that was the first time in a long time that I cried. Yep, I wept big girly tears. I was used and abused, and in such a way I never wanted to be in that sort of situation again in my life. I didn't clean myself up, I just picked up my towel and slipped on my board shorts, sand and cum and all. I rode back to camp with his jizz still in my hair. I felt sick. When there, I took the longest shower I could afford. A whole dollars worth.

I think I actually cried myself to sleep. One simple action by a selfish cunt like Fenn ruined my summer camping holiday. I hated him.

It was also about this time that I had finally saved up for my first car. I was working tables and washing dishes at the local coffee shop on Friday nights and on Sunday's I was busy being Dad's go for boy while he and my uncle made up people's gardens. I basically made the coffees, fetched the tools and cleaned up after. I didn't like doing it, but it got me money.

I now had wheels. It was a really pathetic baby-shit brown Datsun 120y! All I could afford, but it was great. It meant one thing. I could drive myself to other places to wank. The bees knees as far as I was concerned.

Now, suffice it to say, even though I had 'new wheels' I didn't have anyone to share them with. I had hit a dry spell as far as the love department was concerned. Plus, it took me a while to get over what Fenn had done to me,

what happened to Sean, and why no one ever wanted to stay around me for too long. Peter and Jason and John soon stopped their skinny dipping with me, too. They got girlfriends and it was no longer cool for them to be seen naked with other boys. Oh well. I hope the girls Jason and John found have big holes...they'll need them. It's said that a girl only requires three inches to be satisfied. Sure, that's all well and good, but looking at a twelve inch cock is a damn site more fun.

Anyway, I drove everywhere, pleased as punch I had a car. I would go to far off beaches, parks, shopping centres, the city, work (I had a supermarket job now) anywhere. While driving home one night, with the road quiet and feeling as horny as hell, I decided to unzip my pants and start beating myself off. Let me just say, straight up, that driving a stick shift, keeping an eye on the road and wanking are not good combinations. Sure, it felt good, but what was I supposed to do when I came? Of course, I didn't think of that until I reached the point of no return. That moment when a Boeing 747 passenger jet flying overhead with all two-hundred people or so on board watching you as you grind your monkey, couldn't stop the inevitable. I was going to cum, and I had absolutely no idea what I was going to do about it. I couldn't do it over my clothes, I had to face Mom and Dad, and explaining cum streaks over the front of my work clothes wasn't an option.

Let's just say, the windscreen wipers don't work on the inside. Yep, I blew my load and it shot all over the driver's side of my windshield (quite a good achievement in the distance stakes really...those were the days). In my panic (because there were now cars approaching) I tried to wipe off my efforts, to no avail. It made it worse. I had cum smear all over the window, reducing visibility because it so happened to land right in my line of sight, of course. Still. I managed to get my cock back in my pants and find my way home despite the fact I was driving a machine while under the influence of being horny. If a cop pulled me over I would have blown a ten for stupidity and hormonal activity into his little breathalyser thing, let me tell you. I would have also had a lot of explaining to do.

One piece of advice, dried up cum on glass does not come off with a tissue. It just becomes fluffy dried up cum. You need to use a cleaning product and elbow grease. Simple as that.

Because I could get myself to my supermarket job and not have to worry about Dad picking me up, it freed me up when it came to doing other things like not having to explain where I was. Stuff like that. The supermarket I worked at had a guy named Daniel who stocked the dairy/freezer department. He was dark-haired, about sixteen, and as curious as all fuck. I swung this to my advantage. The other thing he had was a porn collection on video, no less. How did he get such a thing? Easy. He inherited it from an older brother who

no longer needed it because he had a girlfriend who was supplying him with pussy on tap. That and the fact that if she found it, it would have been thrown away. Yes, the porn was straight porn, but it was on video. Need I say any more?

So, as it happened, Daniel and I watched straight porn together. Of course, I liked to watch him more than what was happening on screen, but there you go. He had the cutest little dicky, and a lot of foreskin, too. Big brown balls covered in the thickest black hair you ever did see, too. He was gorgeous...but not interested in any horizontal folk dancing with me. Still, I enjoyed myself.

In fact, he taught me one thing—no, two. Lesbian porn is considered straight porn (I still can't work that one out to this day) and when he was ready to blow his load he would pinch the end of his foreskin closed. The cum would stretch his skin, create a sort of balloon effect. I was hypnotised by how he did this. I would always say, "Let me know when you're going to blow" so I could see him do it. But you know what? There was no mess. He would simply wait until he had pumped his last drop, grab a tissue and unclamp his foreskin. His cum would neatly dribble into the tissue and that was that. I wished I knew about this when I wanked in the car while driving, with no option but to re-decorate the upholstery.

I will add here that I now did what I call the 'Daniel manoeuvre' of jacking off from then on in. Plus, as an added bonus, I was back on good terms with my car, because I would carry a box of travel tissues on the dashboard and not worry about making a mess whenever the urge took me to stroke my meat. Which can happen at any time and any place, especially at the age I was. Bliss.

Daniel and I spent a lot of time watching porn. He had a rather large video collection, thank fuck, and I used this to keep watching him. I know. I'm a deviant. In the end, he got a girlfriend and that saw the end of that. The video collection passed onto his younger brother along with the secret knowledge that he could jack off without making a mess. I wished I had an older brother to pass on such wisdom to me.

So please, now that you all know this trick, too, pass it on to any male member of your family that you can. Trust me, it will save him a lot of bother. Of course, he has to be intact and have a foreskin long enough to be able to accomplish such a thing. A short foreskin won't let him do this, nor will it work if he's cut. A good indication for the right length would be coverage even while erect. I wouldn't know the percentage of guys who fall into this range, but if it helps just one other, it would be worth it.

With that, and now over the age of eighteen, I left home and came to live in a shared accommodation arrangement with a guy and a girl. The guy's name was Regan. He was digging on the girl (her name was Jenny) and interested in me. The first true bi-sexual person I had ever met.

He welcomed me into the house with open arms. Jenny, on the other hand (from first impressions) was...how shall I say this? A controlling bitch. She wouldn't let him out of her sight. I soon discovered why. Regan had what is now known as Bipolar disorder. One minute, he would be as high as a kite without any use of drugs, hugging and kissing everything that breathed, the next he would be in a raging fit then sinking into a deep depression that lasted for days. He'd scream and throw things until he exhausted himself and slept. I liked him when he was in his good moods. He was caring and gentle and all touchy feely, too.

When things went well in his life, and with his medication, he was brilliant to be around. When things weren't so good he was hell. For the here and now, I shall share the experiences I had with Regan when the sun shone and flowers bloomed and Jenny made sure he took his medication. No use dwelling on the negative.

As I said, he was bisexual. Or, to put it another way, took every opportunity he could to show everyone his cock. Neighbours, people who walked the dog down the street, family and friends. He was harmless enough and even the local constabulary got to know him and his streaking ways. They would sometimes just bring him home covered in a blanket if he decided to walk to the park and feed the ducks or something in the raw. In fact, he'd like to spend the whole day with nothing on. He liked to mow the lawn, hang out the washing, and do every other domestic chore, naked. (He couldn't work because of his condition, so Jenny was the bread-winner in their relationship and he looked after the house. She worked as a receptionist for a real estate company) As a result, he had that rare, even 'all over' tan I admire from anyone who can achieve it. Being from New Zealand and with Maori blood in him, he was olive skinned to start with. He also had a nice thick, uncut cock and cute little red balls the whole suburb got to witness at regular intervals. I mean, going to get the mail was something to be witnessed when Regan did it. The postie came to understand all this and didn't blink an eyelid when he handed the mail to a naked young man.

I still worked at the supermarket, so I was out most of the time. I did long hours, as I was working my way up the ladder (I eventually became a manager there). In the evening I would just crash in front of the TV. Regan was a sports nut, too. He would watch two flies crawling up the wall if it were called a sport, so suffice it to say, sport was on his TV a lot. American football (gridiron) was one of his favourites, and was usually on late at night.

Jenny always went to bed early, as her job sometimes required an earlier start, especially if the sales team had reeled in new clients. Anyway, when she was asleep, and during half time of whatever sport was on, he would shuffle his way over to my side of the couch and begin to feel me up. His signal for me to

get my dick out of my pants so he could give me a hand job or blow me good. I have to say, Regan knew how to work his mouth and tongue across my cock. He was way better than Fenn (which wouldn't have been difficult) and better than Linda (and that was saying something). He would do a thing where he slipped his tongue into my foreskin AND manage to suck me off at the same time. He was gentle when he needed to be, and forceful when I spurred him on. He would suck and suck and lick and lick and play with my balls and...well, he would do the whole thing, taking my load with equal enthusiasm. Amazing, really.

For about a year it became our Friday night tradition. We would watch the first half of the sport that was on at the time. He would suck me off. We'd watch the second half. If his team won, I would return the favour. A nice arrangement. If his team lost he would sulk and go to bed.

Then one night, while his team was doing exceptionally well, he asked if instead of just trading blow jobs, that I could fuck him, instead. The thing with Regan was that he was hard to resist. He had an adorable smile and a demeanour that would melt even the hardest heart of stone, even though sometimes not the brightest bulb in the box so to speak. How could I refuse him? Thing was, he was in a relationship with Jenny. Sure, while we blew each other it wasn't actually sex or cheating, was it? (how naive I was...still) We never kissed or cuddled (except when he was on a high and he did that to everyone, anyway). I mean, if we did have sex and Jenny found out, I would be more than worried about Regan. He needed her. She really did look after him and take a lot of his shit when he was on one of his dark days. I said, "If it's all right with Jenny, then sure. If not, then no way."

He agreed, then proceeded to rummage in my pants for my cock and blow me until I saw stars. The game finished and I did the same. Good 'ol routine. I was quite comfortable.

The next Friday night, he told me that Jenny said that I could fuck him. He lied, of course. In fact, part of his condition meant that he lied a lot. Not just about stuff people would say, but everything else, too. "Who pissed all over the toilet seat?" Jenny would complain, knowing full well I had been out at work all day and hadn't gone to the little boys' room yet. Regan would say it wasn't him? Hmmm. Who did it then, the next door neighbour? At first it was small things like that. Then it got to larger things...like lying about the so-called permission he got that would mean he and I could do the nasty.

He begged and begged and in the end, even missing out on the second half of his game, I agreed. Although, I wasn't really going to fuck him. I was going to get him into the doggy-style position on the sofa and use my fingers to do the work. He would have been none the wiser and his badgering would stop. Plus, it meant that I didn't hurt Jenny, either. Sure, she knew he was bi, but

still, I was uncomfortable with the idea of fucking her boyfriend in their own lounge room.

He got all huggy and kissy and reached into his pocket to produce a condom. "Where's the lube?" I asked, thinking nothing more of it. He also produced a tube of that, too. Gee, he was prepared, wasn't he?

Now, he was already naked (well, he hadn't put on any clothes to begin with since dinner time) I was naked, too, now. Thing was, the room was quite dark, only the TV light to see by. Let's just say, most sports broadcasts don't saturate the room in any sort of useful light.

Which was where things went wrong.

After I put on the condom (so he could see I meant business even though I didn't) and he got into position, I started to smear that lube all over his arsehole, rubbing it in real good, emulating Sean. It had a strong smell but I didn't think anything of it. At first he was all oohs and ahhs. Loving every minute of my attention. Then, about a minute or so later, and just as I was about to enter him with my fingers, he yelled out like he was going through one of his manic moods. I was scared out of my mind. He kept screaming over and over that he was burning. He had jumped up off the couch and was running around the room in a fit. I didn't know what to do...until Jenny came in (obviously woken up) and turned on the light. I had scrambled into my clothes by then...thank fuck, so all she would have seen was Regan carrying on like he always did before he got on a downer.

She rushed to him. I hugged them both. It was then I noticed the tube of lubricant on one of the sofa's cushions. It was deep heat (the stuff you use to warm up muscles after an injury or soreness) I had rubbed deep-fucking-heat all over Regan's arse. No wonder the poor guy was yelling and screaming like a mad man.

I rushed him to the bathroom and turned on the shower, making sure the water was cold. I then washed him. By this time he was crying and I felt as guilty as all fuck. But you know what, all he said to me after I was certain the burning sensation had dissipated and I was happy he wasn't damaged down there, was, "I don't like anal sex, Mark." He said he just wanted to stick to hand jobs and sucking each other off.

I was happy with that.

I never told him about the deep heat. I never told Jenny what had happened either. But I did tell her about Regan's half time and full time entertainment. How we sucked each other off. Much to my surprise, she actually thanked me. I was taken aback. It was then she explained that Regan had been the best he had ever been since I had come to live with them. The doctor had even reduced his medication and he was able to work a paper route and a few other odd jobs. She knew we were doing something like that anyway,

and she didn't care...well, she tolerated it to tell the truth. It kept Regan's moods in the positive. Regan in a good mood was worth more than gold for Jenny.

I stayed with Regan and Jenny for two years. To this day, we are friends. Regan still has episodes, but not as severe, and she's happy about that. They got married, too. Why did I leave? You see, I met the one person who I would spend the rest of my life with while I was living with them. They held a party one day for Jenny's twenty-first and it was love at first sight from across the room. Yes, a cliché I know, but that's how it happened. Honest to God. In fact, I left them with their blessing about a week after that to be with my love. Regan didn't mind seeing me go because a new guy moved in with them (Jenny had invited him. She really is a smart woman, and one who cares deeply enough for Regan to let him be with guys for his own sake and hers). His name was Phil. He liked sport, too. Jenny liked that he liked sport.

From there on in, and as my teenage years came to a close, there was no vasoline, no rough play, no being called names, no secrets, no holding of ears, no deep heat. No, sir-ee. I had found my soul mate. But I'm not telling you any more, that wouldn't be right.

Just know, I am very, very happy, and for all my experiences with the few I have shared myself with, I am glad I had them because it has made me a better person. I now appreciate the finer things. The whispers in ears. The touch of skin. The feeling of someone I love against me. I appreciate what it is to be loved and to love back in equal measure. Can't ask for more than that in life, can you?

*"I don't care what the neighbours say, I'm gonna love you each and every day.
You can feel the beat within my heart.
Realize, sweet babe, we ain't ever gonna part."* Led Zepplin's, *Good Times,
Bad Times.*

The End